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THE

WISDOM AND GENIUS

OF

SHAKSPEARE;

COMPRISING

MORAL PHILOSOPHY—DELINEATIONS OF CHARACTER—
PAINTINGS OF NATURE AND THE PASSIONS—
SEVEN HUNDRED APHORISMS—AND
MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

WITH

Select and Original Notes, and Scriptural References:

THE WHOLE MAKING A TEXT BOOK FOR THE
PHILOSOPHER, MORALIST, STATESMAN, POET, AND PAINTER.

BY THE

REV. THOMAS PRICE,

Chaplain in Her Majesty's Service, Establishment at Woolwich.

PHILADELPHIA:

E. L. CAREY & A. HART.

1839.

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NEW YORK

PREFACE.

MANY works consisting of compilations from the writings of SHAKSPEARE have already appeared under different forms, but I am not aware that any thing has ever been attempted on the plan of the work now presented to the public. My principal object has been to exhibit the *Wisdom* and *Genius* of our author, as these are reflected in his lucid pages, which have been justly characterized "the richest, the purest, the fairest which genius uninspired ever laid open."*

The first Section contains the *Morals* of Shakspeare, which are very numerous and of an exalted character. There is more moral knowledge contained in a few lines, or a sentence of our author, than is to be found in a whole chapter of those works which treat expressly of Moral science. There is one thing worthy of special observation in the Morals of Shakspeare, which presents his character in a very interesting light; I refer to the strong tincture which they have of Divine truth, affording evidence of his mind having been deeply imbued with the pure morality of the Gospel. This highly interesting feature of his morals I have pointed out in many instances, by references to particular passages of Scripture.†

Although the first part of the work is designated Moral Philosophy, the reader must not infer from thence that there are no morals in the other Sections: the truth is, morals pervade the whole work, but many of them are so interwoven with the *Characters*, *Nature* and the *Passions*, &c., as not to admit of being separated.

Our author's paintings of the *Passions* are not

* *Times Newspaper*, Dec. 14, 1837.

† See particularly page 120, No. 713, to the end of the Section.

less deserving of our admiration than his moral wisdom and delineations of Characters. He is great master of the human heart, and depicts in an inimitable manner all the feelings of humanity, from the almost imperceptible emotions to the most tempestuous passions that agitate the breast of man. As A. W. Schlegel justly observes, "He lays open to us in a single word, a whole series of preceding conditions."

In that part of the work which respects *Nature*, I have exhibited to the reader those exquisitely beautiful natural images which abound throughout our author's writings, and which claim the admiration of every cultivated mind. This excellence has been often alluded to, and is thus beautifully expressed by one who was capable of appreciating it: "He was familiar with all beautiful forms and images, with all that is sweet or majestic in the simple aspects of nature, of that indestructible love of flowers, and odours, and dews, and clear waters—and soft airs and sounds, and bright skies and woodland solitudes, and moonlight bowers, which are the material elements of poetry,—and with that fine sense of their undefinable relation to mental emotion, which is its essence and vivifying soul—and which, in the midst of his most busy and atrocious scenes, falls like gleams of sunshine on rocks and ruins—contrasting with all that is rugged and repulsive, and reminding us of the existence of purer and brighter elements."*

Take also the sentiments of the following writers who speak in accordance with this work: "To instruct by delighting is a power seldom enjoyed by man, and still seldomer exercised. It is in this respect that Homer may be called the second of men, and Shakspeare the first. The wisdom of the Greek was not so universal as that of the Briton, nor his genius so omnipotent in setting it forth attractively. From the several works of the latter, a single work might be compiled little less worthy of divine sanction than any other extant, and by the beauty of its nature far more secure of human attention. But Shakspeare has done so much in this way, so nearly all that is sufficient, he has made

* *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xxviii. p. 473.

the laws of the Decalogue and all their corollaries so familiar, he has exhibited the passions and propensities, the feelings and emotions, incident to humanity, so freely, and as we might say graphically, that another such artist would be superfluous: Nature might create a second Shakspeare, but it would be bad economy. What the first has left undone, may be completed by a much less expense of Promethean fire than would go to the creation of a second. We are therefore not to look for a similar being, at least until we acquire new attributes, or are under a new moral dispensation. Spirits of an inferior order, a Milton, a Pope, or a Cowper, are potent enough to disseminate the remaining or minor truths of natural morality amongst the people; or rather to repeat, illustrate, and impress them on our hearts and memories. Writers of this class, whom we may call the lay-ministers of the Deity, to teach from the press instead of the pulpit, in the closet instead of the church, we may expect; and with them should be satisfied. Though we cannot reasonably hope for another high-prophet of profane inspiration to recommunicate to us the lessons of divine wisdom which are already to be found in Shakspeare, it is no presumption to hope that the spirit of illumination will descend upon humbler poets, and make them our secular guides in morality."*

The same remark as the above will be seen in the following quotation. The reader will also do well to consult the opinions of some eminent writers on the Sectional leaves.

"It is quite impossible to estimate the benefits which this country has received from the eternal productions of Shakspeare. Their influence has been gradual, but prodigious—operating at first on the loftier intellects, but becoming in time diffused over all, spreading wisdom and charity amongst us. There is, perhaps, no one person of any considerable rate of mind who does not owe something to this matchless poet. He is the teacher of all good,—pity, generosity, true courage, love. His works alone (leaving mere science out of the question) contain, probably, more actual wisdom

* *London Magazine*, Oct. 1, 1824.

than the whole body of English learning. He is the text for the moralist and the philosopher.* His bright wit is cut out 'into little stars:' his solid masses of knowledge are meted out in morsels and proverbs; and thus distributed, there is scarcely a corner, which he does not illuminate, or a cottage which he does not enrich. His bounty is like the sea, which, though often unacknowledged, is every where felt; on mountains and plains, and distant places, carrying its cloudy freshness through the air, making glorious the heavens, and spreading verdure on the earth beneath."†

It is with infinite satisfaction that I am borne out in my opinion of the nature of this work, by a similar remark of Coleridge. He says,

"I greatly dislike beauties and selections in general; but as proof positive of his unrivalled excellence, I should like to try Shakspeare by this criterion. Make out your amplest catalogue of all the human faculties, as reason or the moral law, the will, the feeling of the coincidence of the two (a feeling *sui generis et demonstratio demonstrationum*), called the conscience, the understanding or prudence, wit, fancy, imagination, judgment,—and then of the objects on which these are to be employed, as the beauties, the terrors, and the seeming caprices, of nature, the realities and the capabilities, that is, the actual and the ideal, of the human mind, conceived as an individual or as a social being, as in innocence or in guilt, in a play-paradise, or in a war-field of temptation; and then compare with Shakspeare, under each of these heads, all or any of the writers in prose and verse that have ever lived. Who that is competent to judge doubts the result?"‡

T. P.

Woolwich, June, 1838.

* And it might be added, for the statesman, poet, and painter.
† *Retrospective Review.*
‡ *Literary Remains*, vol. ii. p. 68.

A KEY to the figures at the end of each piece; as, 16—iv. 2.
id est, *King John, act* iv. *scene* 2.

1 Tempest.
2 Two Gentlemen of Verona.
3 Merry Wives of Windsor.
4 Twelfth Night.
5 Measure for Measure.
6 Much Ado about Nothing.
7 Midsummer Night's Dream.
8 Love's Labour's Lost.
9 Merchant of Venice.
10 As You Like It.
11 All's Well that Ends Well.
12 Taming of the Shrew.
13 Winter's Tale.
14 Comedy of Errors.
15 Macbeth.
16 King John.
17 King Richard II.
18 King Henry IV.—Part 1st.
19 Ditto Part 2d.
20 King Henry V.
21 King Henry VI.—Part 1st.
22 Ditto Part 2d.
23 Ditto Part 3d.
24 King Richard III.
25 King Henry VIII..
26 Troilus and Cressida.
27 Timon of Athens.
28 Coriolanus.
29 Julius Cæsar.
30 Antony and Cleopatra..
31 Cymbeline.
32 Titus Andronicus.
33 Pericles, Prince of Tyre.
34 King Lear.
35 Romeo and Juliet.
36 Hamlet.
37 Othello.

Several pieces were mislaid, and not discovered until it was too late to have them inserted in their respective Sections: they are therefore placed in the Miscellaneous part.

MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

"It may be said of Shakspeare, that from his works may b collected a system of civil and economical prudence.

* * * He has himself been imitated by all su ceeding writers; and it may be doubted, whether from a his successors more maxims of theoretical knowledge, c more rules of practical prudence, can be collected, tha he alone has given to his country."

DR. JOHNSO

MORAL

PHILOSOPHY.

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1 *Gifts, not our own.*

Heaven doth with us as we with torches do;
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not.* Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues: nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use.† 5—i. 1.

2 *The same.*

Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee. 5—i. 1.

3 *Faults, extenuation of.*

Oftentimes, excusing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse;
As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more, in hiding of the fault,‡
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.
16—iv. 2.

4 *Modern and present opinions contrasted.*

In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured:

* Matt. v. 15, 16. † Interest. Matt. xxv. 20, &c.
‡ *i. e.* Blemish.

And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights consideration;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe. 16—iv. 2.

5 *The future anticipated by the past.*

There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceased:
The which observed, a man may prophecy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life; which in their seeds,
And weak beginnings, lie intreasured. 19—iii. 1.

6 *Wise men superior to woes.*

Wise men ne'er wail their present woes,
But presently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself. 17—iii. 2.

7 *Apathy.*

Patience, unmoved, no marvel though she pause;*
They can be meek, that have no other cause.†
A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain.
14—ii. 1.

8 *Men's last words to be regarded.*

The tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony;
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain,
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.
He, that no more must say, is listen'd more
Than they, whom youth and ease have taught to glose;‡
More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives before:
The setting sun, and music at the close,

* To pause is to rest, to be in quiet.
† *i. e.* Who have no cause to be otherwise. ‡ Flatter.

As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last;
Writ in remembrance, more than things long past.
17—ii. 1.

9 *Self-interest, its influence.*

Commodity,* the bias of the world;
The world, who of itself is peised† well,
Made to run even, upon even ground;
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent.
16—ii. 2.

10 *Assured wisdom.*

They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern‡ and familiar things, supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.§ 11—ii. 3.

11 *Blessings undervalued, till irrecoverable.*

Love, that comes too late
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, That 's good, that 's gone: our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave;
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust.
11—v. 3.

12 *Wishes, unsubstantial.*

'Tis pity
That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt: that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think;‖ which ne'er
Returns us thanks. 11—i. 1.

* Self-interest. † Poised, balanced.
‡ Ordinary. § Fear means here, the object of fear.
‖ *i. e.* And show by realities what we now must only think.

13 *Treachery.*

Though those, that are betray'd.
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe. 31—i

14 *Undue grief.*

To persevere
In obstinate condolement,* is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:
It shows a will most incorrect† to heaven;
A heart unfortified, or mind impatient;
An understanding simple and unschool'd.‡ 36–

15 *Contentment.*

Blessed be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.§ 31–

16 *Intemperance.*

As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint: Our natures do pursue
(Like rats that ravin‖ down their proper bane)
A thirsty evil, and when we drink, we die. 5–

17 *Elevation, exposed to censure.*

O place and greatness, millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings! thousand 'scapes** of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies! 5—i

18 *Human actions viewed by Heaven.*

If pow'rs divine
Behold our human actions, (as they do,)
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. 13—i

* Condolement, for sorrow. † Incorrect, for untutore
‡ 1 Thess. iv. 13. § 1 Tim. vi. 6.
‖ Voraciously devour. ¶ Inquisitions, inquiries. ** Sall

19 *Certainty of Death.*

That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.
29—iii. 1.

20 *The value of Virtue.*

The honour of a maid is her name; and no legacy is so rich as honesty. 11—iii. 5.

21 *Desertion.*

The service of the foot
Being once gangrened, is not then respected
For what before it was. 28—iii. 1.

22 *Durability of Fame.*

Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,
Th' endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.* 8—i. 1.

23 *Honours not hereditary.*

Honours best thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers: the mere word's a slave,
Debauch'd on every tomb; on every grave,
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,
Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. 11—ii. 3.

24 *Confidence, not to be placed in man.*

O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep. 24—iii. 4.

25 *Submission to Providence.*

I do find it cowardly and vile,

* *i.e.* Through all succeeding ages.

For fear of what might fall, so to prevent*
The time of life :—(arming myself with patience)
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below. 29—v

26 *The love of Novelty.*

There is so great a fever on goodness, that dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in quest; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any l of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any dertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive make societies secure; but security enough to m fellowships accursed: much upon this riddle runs wisdom of the world. 5—iii.

27 *Miracles and means.*

Miracles are ceased;
And therefore we must needs admit the means,
How things are perfected. 20—i.

28 *The apprehension of evils.*

Doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do: For certainties
Either are past remedies: or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born. 31—i.

29 *Sincerity.*

I hold it cowardice
To rest mistrustful, where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love.
23—iv.

30 *The effects of Sorrow.*

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that, between their titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.
24—i

* To anticipate.

31 *Silent sincerity.*

Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound
Reverbs* no hollowness. 34—i. 1.

32 *Pride's mirror.*

He, that is proud, eats up himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise. 26—ii. 3.

33 *Nature and Art.*

Labouring art can never ransom nature
From her unaidable estate.
——Nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art,
That nature makes. You see, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: This is an art
Which does mend nature,—change it rather: but
The art itself is nature. 11—ii. 1. & 13—iv. 3.

34 *Detraction.*

The greatest are misthought
For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits† in our name. 30—v. 2.

35 *Dissimulation.*

That we were all, as some would seem to be,
Free from our faults, as faults from seeming free!
5—iii. 2.

36 *Custom, supreme in its power.*

What custom wills, in all things should we do't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to over-peer.‡ 28—ii. 3.

37 *Hardened impiety.*

When we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on't!) the wise gods seel§ our eyes;

* Reverberates.
† Merits, or demerits.
‡ Overlook.
§ Close up.

In our own filth drop our clear judgments; mak
Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.* 30—iii

38 *Procrastination.*

Fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor† to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary.
24—i

39 *Virtue contrasted with Vice.*

What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainte
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
22—ii

40 *The wretchedness of human dependence.*

O how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.§ 25—ii

41 *Prayers denied, often profitable.*

We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.‖ 30—i

42 *Lamentation.*

Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead,
cessive grief the enemy to the living.¶ 11—

43 *Recreation, a preventive of Melancholy.*

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,
But moody and dull Melancholy,
(Kinsman to grim and comfortless Despair;)
And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperature, and foes to life? 14—

* Rom. i. 28. 2 Thess. ii. 11. Isa. xliv. 20.
† Timorous thought and cautious disquisition are the dul
tendants on delay. ‡ Eph. vi. 14.
§ Ps. cxviii. 9. Isa. xiv. 12 ‖ Jas. iv. 3. ¶ Prov. x

44 *Hope and Despair.*

The instant action (a cause on foot)
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
We see th' appearing buds; which, to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair,
That frosts will bite them. 19—i. 3.

45 *Courage.*

By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occasion. 16—ii. 1.

46 *Pride, its universality.*

Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the very very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say, The city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say, that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says, his bravery is not on my cost
(Thinking that I mean him), but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; How, what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him; if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why then, my taxing like a wild-goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man. 10—ii. 7.

47 *Contentment.*

How, in one house,
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity?* 34—ii. 4.

48 *Effrontery of Vice.*

I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first. 13—iii. 2.

* Matt. vi. 24.

49 *Self-delusion.*

What things are we!
Merely our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends; so he, that contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.* 11—iv. 3.

50 *Calumny.*

The jewel, best enamelled,
Will lose his beauty; and though gold 'bides still,
That others touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold; and so no man that hath a name,
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.† 14—ii. 1.

51 *Base insinuations.*

The *shrug*, the *hum*, or *ha;* these petty brands,
That calumny doth use:—
For calumny will sear‡
Virtue itself:—these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
When you have said, she's goodly, come between,
Ere you can say, she's honest. 13—ii. 1.

52 *Impediments increase desire.*

All impediments in fancy's§ course
Are motives of more fancy. 11—v. 3.

53 *Reputation invaluable.*

The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is—spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest
Is—a bold spirit in a loyal breast. 17—i. 1.

54 *Adversity.*

Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean,
Where they should be relieved. 31—iii. 6.

* *i. e.* Betrays his own secrets in his own talk.
† Gold will long bear the handling; however, often *touching* will wear even gold; just so the greater character, though as pure as gold itself, may in time be injured by the repeated attacks of falsehood and corruption.
‡ Brand as infamous. § Love.

55 *Rumour, its diffusiveness.*

Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. 19—Induction.

56 *The same.*

Loud Rumour speaks:
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride;
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
19—Induction.

57 *Companionship.*

In companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit. 9—iii. 4.

58 *Friendship.*

Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore,* all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent: for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.†
6—ii. 1.

59 *Happiness, where delusive.*

O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! 10—v. ii.

60 *The effect of show on weak minds.*

The fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to th' interior, but, like the martlet,

* '*Therefore.*' *Let*, which is found in the next line, is understood here.
† Passion.

Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force* and road of casualty.

9-

61 *True Modesty.*

It is the witness still of excellency,
To put a strange face on his own perfection. 6-

62 *Intellectual advancement.*

For nature, crescent,† does not grow alone
In thews and bulk; but as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. 36

63 *Guile.*

O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal! 6–

64 *Hypocrisy.*

The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.‡
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart;
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath! 9-

65 *Fear unfits for action.*

The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
But coward-like with trembling terror die.

66 *Fame, the love of.*

Glory grows guilty of detested crimes;
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward pa
We bend to that the working of the heart. 8–

67 *Fickle-mindedness.*

O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongu
Either of condemnation or approof!
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite,
To follow as it draws!

* Power. † Increasing. ‡ M

68 *Duplicity.*

O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness,* made in crimes,
Making practice on the times,
Draw with idle spiders, strings†
Most pond'rous and substantial things! 5—iii. 2.

69 *Calumny.*

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou
shalt not escape calumny. 36—iii. 1.

70 *False praise.*

When we for recompense have praised the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good. 27—i. 1.

71 *Falsehood, its evil.*

Will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis
A punishment, or trial? Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true: To lapse in fulness
Is sorer,‡ than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings, than beggars.§ 31—iii. 6.

72 *Mercy.*

O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant. 5—ii. 2.

73 *Authority.*

Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting,‖ petty officer, [der.——
Would use his heaven for thunder: nothing but thun-
Merciful Heaven!
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled¶ oak,

* Appearance. † False and feeble pretences.
‡ *Sorer*, a greater or heavier crime.
§ The noble saying of John of France, 'That if truth were banished all other places of the earth, she ought still to find a dwelling in the hearts of kings.' ‖ Paltry. ¶ Knotted.

Than the soft myrtle!—O, but man, proud man!
Drest in a little brief authority—
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep. 5—ii. 2.

Divine Justice.

74

You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge! You are above,
34—iv. 2.

Unseasonable comfort.

75

'Tis like a pardon after execution:
That comfort comes too late;
That gentle physic, given in time, had cured me;
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
25—iv. 2.

Things to be valued by their worth.

76

From the lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
Where great additions* swell, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour: good alone
Is good, without a name; vileness is so:†
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. 11—ii

Fidelity.

77

Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope‡ malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow,
That is new trimm'd; but benefit no farther
Than vainly longing. 2

Judgment of weak minds not to be regarded

78

By sick interpreters, once‖ weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd;¶ what worst, as oft

* Titles.
† Good is good independent of any worldly distinct
vileness vile.
‡ Retard. § Encounter. ‖ Sometime. ¶

Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. 25—i. 2.

79 *Depravity.*

Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile:*
Filths savour but themselves. 34—iv. 2.

80 *Oppression.*

In the fatness of these pursy times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg;
Yea, curb† and woo, for leave to do him good.
36—iii. 4.

81 *Traducement.*

O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
To seduce! 36—i. 5.

82 *Flattery.*

O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf but not to flattery! 27—i. 2.

83 *Virtue and Vice.*

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes‡ of vice, and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone. 5—ii. 1.

84 *Satan outwitting himself.*

The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politic; he crossed himself by't: and I cannot think, but, in the end, the villanies of man will set him clear. 27—iii. 3.

85 *Carnality.*

Ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips. 27—iv. 3.

86 *Mental deformity and virtue.*

In nature there's no blemish, but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind:

* Titus i. 15. † Bend.

‡ 'Brakes of vice,' means *the engine of torture.* In Holinshed, p. 670, it is mentioned, 'the said Hawkins was cast into the Tower, and at length brought to the *brake*,' &c. This engine is still to be seen in the Tower.

Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous-evil
Are empty trunks,* o'erflourished† by the devil.
4—iii. 4.

87 *Virtue and Vice, their influence.*

Virtue, as it never will be moved,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate‡ itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage. 36—i. 5.

88 *Hypocrisy.*

'Tis too much proved,§—that, with devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself. 36—iii. 4.

89 *Age provident. Youth heedless.*

It seems, it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. 36—ii. 1.

90 *Instability of worldly glory.*

Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shows to a little oil, and root.‖
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
Upon whose age we void it up again
With poisonous spite and envy. 27—i. 2.

91 *Mankind, its general character.*

Who lives, that's not
Depraved, or depraves? who dies, that bears
Not one spurn to their graves of their friend's gift?¶
27—i. 2.

92 *Interposition.*

'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes

* In the time of Shakspeare, *trunks*, which are now deposited in lumber-rooms, were part of the furniture in apartments where company was received. They were richly ornamented on the top and sides with scrollwork, and emblematical devices, and were elevated on feet.

† Ornamented. ‡ Satiate. § Too frequent.

‖ *i. e.* The *glory of this life* is *just as much madness* in the eye of reason, as pomp appears to be when compared to the frugal rep of a philosopher. ¶ *i. e.* Given them by their friend

Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites. 36—v. 2.

93 *Developement.*

Time shall unfold what plaited* cunning hides,
Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.†
34—i. 1.

94 *Obstinacy, its evil.*

To persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. 26—ii. 2.

95 *Licentiousness.*

What rein can hold licentious wickedness,
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
20—iii. 3.

96 *Filial rebellion.*

That nature which contemns its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;‡
She, that herself will sliver§ and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use. 34—iv. 2.

97 *Disordered imaginations.*

Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste;
But with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur. 37—iii. 3.

98 *Repentance.*

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.
24—iv. 4.

99 *Frailty of man.*

Where's that palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions

* Folded, doubled.
† 'He that *coveretk* his sins shall not prosper.' Prov. xxviii. 13.
First folio reads,
'Who covers faults at last with shame derides.'
‡ Restrained within any certain bounds. § Tear off.

Keep leets,* and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful?† 37—iii. 3.

100 *Timidity and self-confidence.*

Blind Fear, that seeing Reason leads, finds safer footing than blind Reason stumbling without Fear.
26—iii. 2.

101 *Judgment influenced by circumstances.*

Men's judgments are
A parcel‡ of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. 30—iii. 11.

102 *Sorrows subdued.*

Gnarling§ sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.
17—i. 3.

103 *Cold comfort.*

Cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent. 28—iii. 1.

104 *Knowledge to be communicated.*

That man—how dearly ever parted,‖
How much in having, or without, or in,—
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver. 26—iii. 3.

105 *The same.*

The beauty that is borne here in the face,
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes; nor doth the eye itself
(That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye opposed

* Courts of equity.
† Who has so virtuous a breast, that some impure conc will not sometimes enter into it: hold a session there as ir lar court, and 'bench by the side' of authorised and lawful t Rom. vii. 18—24. Prov. v. 14.
‡ Are of a piece v
§ Growling.
‖ Excellently en

Salutes each other with each other's form,
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd, and is married there,
Where it may see itself. 26—iii. 3.

106 *The same.*

No man is the lord of any thing
(Though in and of him there be much consisting),
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught,
Till he behold them form'd in the applause,
Where they're extended; which, like an arch, reverberates
The voice again; or, like a gate of steel,
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. 26—iii. 3.

107 *Man not to be a slave to sense.*

What is a man,
If his chief good, and market* of his time,
Be but to sleep, and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, He, that made us with such large discourse,†
Looking before, and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust‡ in us unused. 36—iv. 4.

108 *Trifling with Time.*

We play the fools with the time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds, and mock us. 19—ii. 2.

109 *Posthumous fame.*

If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings, and the widow weeps. 6—v. 2.

110 *Adversity, its effects.*

Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Fast won—fast lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couched. 27—ii. 2.

* Profit. † Power of comprehension. ‡ Grow mouldy.

111 *Silent eloquence.*

Love, and tongue-tied simplicity,
In least, speak most, to my capacity. 7—v. 1.

112 *Extremity.*

The worst is not,
So long as we can say, *This is the worst.* 34—iv. 1.

113 *Mind the test of man.*

'Tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth* in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
12—iv. 3.

114 *Cultivation and Sterility.*

Our bodies are our gardens; to the which, our wills are gardeners: so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either to have it sterile with idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions. 37—i. 3.

115 *Misconception of motives.*

I am in this earthly world; where, to do harm,
Is often laudable; to do good, sometime,
Accounted dangerous folly. 15—iv.

116 *Pretended courtesy.*

Let the subject see, to make them know,
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within.† 5—

* Appeareth.

† Then only shows of kindness have their worth,
When outward courtesies truly declare
The heart that keeps within.

Merit, its value.

Who shall go about
ɜen fortune, and be honourable
ıut the stamp of merit! Let none presume
ɜar an undeserved dignity. 9—ii. 9.

Merit, too often unrewarded.

ıt estates, degrees, and offices,
ı not derived corruptly! and that clear honour
ı purchased by the merit of the wearer!
many then should cover, that stand bare!
many be commanded, that command!
much low peasantry would then be glean'd
the true seed of honour! and how much honour
d from the chaff and ruin of the times,
ı new varnish'd! 9—ii. 9.

Mercy, the fairest virtue.

ɜremony that to great ones 'longs,
he king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
narshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
ne them with one half so good a grace,
ercy does. 5—ii. 2.

Capriciousness of fortune.

fortune never come with both hands full,
ɾrite her fair words still in foulest letters?
ither gives a stomach, and no food,—
are the poor, in health; or else a feast,
akes away the stomach,—such are the rich,
have abundance, and enjoy it not. 19—iv. 4.

The power of prejudice.

There may be in the cup
ler steep'd, and one may drink; depart,
ɾet partake no venom; for his knowledge
infected; but if one present
bhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
he hath drank, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
violent hefts.* 13—ii. 1.

* Heavings.

122 *Court and country manners.*

Those, that are good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. 10—iii. 2.

123 *Precept and Example.*

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages, princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching.* The brain may devise laws, for the blood; but a hot temper leaps over a cold decree; such a hare is madness the youth, to skip over the meshes of good counsel the cripple. 9—i. 2.

124 *Labour sweetens leisure.*

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accident. 18—i. 2.

125 *Calumny, universal.*

No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes: What king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
5—iii. 2.

126 *Disease, its effects.*

Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils, that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil.
16—iii. 4

127 *Ceremony, its origin.*

Ceremony
Was but devised at first, to set a gloss
On faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs n
27

* John xiii. 17.

128 *Public justice.*

Thieves are not judged, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them. 17—iv. 1.

129 *Promises and Performances.*

Promising is the very air o' the time: it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will, or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it. 27—v. 1.

130 *Pleasure often preceded by labour.*

There be some sports are painful; but their labour
Delight in them sets off; some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. 1—iii. 1.

131 *Lenity and Cruelty.*

When lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner. 20—iii. 6.

132 *Posthumous good and evil.*

The evil, that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.
29—iii. 2.

133 *Love and Fear.*

Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.
36—iii. 2.

134 *Adoption.*

'Tis often seen,
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds. 11—i. 3.

135 *Patience and Cowardice compared.*

That which in mean men we entitle—patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts. 17—i. 2.

136 *Crisis.*

Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before. 15—iv. 2.

137 *Arrogance.*

Shall the proud lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,*
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve
And ruminate himself,—shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he? 26—ii. 3.

138 *Authority.*

Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?
And the creature run from the cur?
There thou might'st behold the great image of authority: a dog's obeyed in office. 34—iv. 6.

139 *Human nature.*

Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty. 11—ii. 3.

140 *Obedience to Princes.*

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but, to stubborn spirits,
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
25—iii. 1.

141 *Fickleness.*

What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering,† does become
The opposite of itself. 30—i. 2.

142 *The ill effects of neglected duty.*

Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves:
Omission to do what is necessary‡
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun. 26—iii. 3.

* Fat.

† *i. e.* Change of circumstances, that is, 'the pleasure of to-day by revolution of events, and change of circumstances, often loses its value to us, and becomes to-morrow a pain.'

‡ By neglecting our duty, we *commission* or enable that danger *dishonour* which could not reach us before, to lay hold upon us

143 *Connivance.*

Pardon, purchased by such sin,
For which the pardoner himself is in:
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is born in high authority:
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That for the fault's love, is the offender friended.
5—iv. 2.

144 *The advantage of caution.*

Things, done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear:
Things, done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. 25—i. 2.

145 *Virtue unsullied.*

O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught? 30—iv. 8.

146 *Flattery, its evil.*

He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
17—iii. 2.

147 *Wisdom, superior to Fortune.*

Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No change may shake it. 30—iii. 11.

148 *Calamity lightened by fortitude.*

He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort, which from thence he hears:
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
37—i. 3.

149 *Adversity, the test of character.*

In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men. The sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk?
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis,* and anon, behold

* The daughter of Neptune.

The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse: Where's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rivall'd greatness? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's show, and valour's worth, divide,
In storms of fortune: For, in her ray and brightness,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize,*
Than by the tiger: but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade, why, then the thing of courage,†
As roused with rage, with rage doth sympathise,
And with an accent tuned in self-same key,
Returns to chiding fortune. 26—i. 3.

150 *Determinations of Anger.*

What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending doth the purpose lose.
36—iii. 2.

151 *Authority.*

O place! O form!
How often dost thou with thy case,‡ thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming? 5—ii. 4.

152 *False valour.*

What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
23—i. 4.

153 *Self-praise no commendation.*

The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the praised himself bring the praise forth:
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame follows; that praise, sole pure transcends.§ 26—i.

* The gad-fly that stings cattle.
† It is said of the tiger, that in storms and high winds he and roars most furiously.
‡ Outside. § Prov. xxvii. 2.

154 *Ambition.*

Dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream. And I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

36—ii. 2.

155 *Foolery.*

A gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools.

8—v. 2.

156 *Tried fidelity.*

He that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story. 30—iii. 11.

157 *Danger of exaltation.*

Our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time;
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.* 28—iv. 7.

158 *False comfort.*

Men
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief,
Which they themselves not feel; but tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words:
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself. 6—v. 1.

159 *Theory and Practice*

There was never yet philosopher,
That could endure the toothache patiently;

*That is, exaltation, by exciting envy, often is the grave of power, and sinks fame in oblivion.

However, they have writ the style of gods,*
And made a pish at chance and sufferance. 6—v. 1.

160 *Cold friendship.*

Thou dost conspire against thy friend,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts. 37—iii. 3.

161 *Deceptive obedience.*

It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant;—
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advised respect. 16—iv. 2.

162 *Prudence.*

Who buys a minute's mirth, to wail a week?
Or sells eternity to get a toy?
For one sweet grape, who will the vine destroy?
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
Would with the sceptre straight be strucken down?
Poems.

163 *Authority.*

Authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top. 5—ii. 2.

164 *The power of conscience.*

A wicked conscience—
Mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.
26—v. 11.

165 *Superfluous excess.*

To be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard† a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue

* The style of gods, means, an exalted language; such as we m suppose would be written by beings superior to human calamiti and therefore regarding them with neglect and coldness.
† Lace.

Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess. 16—iv. 2.

166 *Kings, but men.*

The king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the element shows to him, as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions:* his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. 20—iv. 1.

167 *Men often blind to their faults.*

Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear,
Their own transgressions partially they smother:
O! how are they wrapt in with infamies,
That from their own misdeeds askance their eyes!
Poems.

168 *God's vengeance on the wicked.*

There is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some of beguiling virgins with the broken seal of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law, and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God:† war is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished, for before-breach of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and, where they would be safe, they perish.‡ Then, if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. 20—iv. 1.

* Qualities.
† Isa. x. &c., that is, punishment in their native country.
‡ Matt. x. 39, and xvi. 25.

169 *Man different only in exterior.*

Though mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust; yet reverence*
(That angel of the world) doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. 31—iv. 2.

170 *Death, common to all.*

Kings, and mightiest potentates, must die;
For that's the end of human misery. 21—iii. 2.

171 *Unwelcome news, thankless.*

The first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend. 19—i. 1.

172 *Prevention.*

As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented. 24—ii. 2.

173 *Death.*

Nothing can we call our own, but death;
And that small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
17—iii. 2.

174 *Conflict of Grace.*

The flesh being proud, *Desire* doth fight with *Grace*,
For there it revels, and when that decays,
The guilty rebel for remission prays. *Poems.*

175 *The failure of Hope.*

The ample proposition, that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promised largeness: checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd:
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.

* * * * * *

* *Reverence*, or due regard to subordination, is the power keeps peace and order in the world.

Why then
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works;
And think them shames, which are, indeed, nought else
But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love; for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affined* and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled. 26—i. 3.

176 *Virtue and Knowledge.*

I held it ever,
Virtue and cunning† were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 33—iii. 2.

177 *Glory and Wealth, their temptation.*

O, the fierce‡ wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who 'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
27—iv. 2.

178 *Office.*

'Tis the curse of service;
Preferment goes by letter,§ and affection,
Not by the old gradation,‖ where each second
Stood heir to the first. 37—i. 1.

* Joined by affinity. † Knowledge. ‡ Hasty, precipitate.
§ By *recommendation* from powerful friends.
‖ *Gradation*, established by ancient practice.

179 *Grief.*

Grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight.*
17—i. 2.

180 *Misconstruction.*

Men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean† from the purpose of the things themselves.
29—i. 3.

181 *Poverty and Riches.*

Poor and content, is rich, and rich enough ;‡
But riches, fineless,§ is as poor as winter,‖
To him that ever fears he shall be poor. 37—iii. 3.

182 *Disguise.*

Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant¶ enemy does much. 4—ii. 2.

183 *Nature, its weakness.*

Strange it is,
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds. 30—v. 1.

184 *Judgment governed by circumstances.*

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
34—iv. 6.

185 *Virtue.*

Virtue, that transgresses, is but patched with sin; and sin, that amends, is but patched with virtue.
4—i. 5.

186 *Human nature.*

The first time that we smell the air,
We wawl and cry:

* That is, no griefs, evidently affected, have a sympathetic influence by reaction upon others. The conceit is from a ball contrasted to a bladder. † Entirely.
‡ 'I have learned in whatever state,' &c.—Phil. iv. 11.
§ Endless, unbounded. ‖ *Winter*, producing no fruit
¶ Dexterous, ready fiend.

When we are born, we cry, that we are come
To this great stage of fools. 34—iv. 6.

187 *Vicissitudes of life.*

Sometimes, hath the brightest day a cloud:
And, after summer, evermore succeeds
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold;
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet. 22—ii. 4.

188 *The camomile and youth contrasted.*

Though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. 18—ii. 4.

189 *Pride, its effects.*

Two curs shall tame each other: Pride alone
Must tarre* the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.
26—i. 3.

190 *Men, their various characters.*

O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!
How some men creep in skittish Fortune's hall,
While others play the idiots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is fasting in his wantonness! 26—iii. 3.

191 *Contentment, its happiness.*

'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow. 25—ii. 3.

192 *Humility, feigned.*

'Tis a common proof†
That lowliness is young Ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees‡
By which he did ascend. 29—ii. 1.

* Provoke. † Experience. ‡ Low steps.

193 *Parental discipline neglected.*

Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,
Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire.*

194 *Deceiver of Females.*

How easy is it for the proper-false†
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms! 4—ii. 2.

195 *Stubbornness of mind.*

To wilful men,
The injuries, that they themselves procure,
Must be their schoolmasters. 34—ii. 4.

196 *Prayers insincere, ineffectual.*

The gods are deaf to hot and peevish‡ vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.——
It is the purpose, that makes strong the vow;
But vows, to every purpose, must not hold.§

197 *Determination with consideration.*

What we do determine, oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory;
Of violent birth, but poor validity:
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree;
But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be. 36—iii. 2.

198 *Blessings underrated.*

It so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles‖ we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack¶ the value; then we find
The virtue, that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours. 6—iv. 1.

199 *Mediocrity of life.*

Full oft 'tis seen
Our mean** secures us; and our mere defects
Prove our commodities. 34—iv.

*1 Sam. iii. 12, 13. † Fair deceiver.
‡ Foolish. § Eccles. v. 4, 5. ‖ While.
¶ Over-rate. ** Mean signifies a middle state.

200 *Disinterestedness.*

Never any thing can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it. 7—v. 1.

201 *Mental passions, their effects.*

The passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be done,*
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.†
33—i. 2.

202 *Disquietude.*

Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied. 21—iii. 3.

203 *Exaltation, its danger.*

They that stand high, have many blasts to shake them;
And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.
24—i. 3.

204 *Mercy pretended.*

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe. 5—ii. 1.

205 *Treason and murder, handmaids.*

Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either,s purpose.
20—ii. 2.

206 *Retributive justice.*

We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. 15—i. 7.

207 *Mischief.*

O mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
35—v. 1.

* But fear of what may happen.
† And *makes provision* that it may not be done.

208 *Ambition.*

Ambition puff'd,
Makes mouths at the invisible event;
Exposing what is mortal and unsure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,
Is, not to stir without great argument. 36—iv. 4.

209 *Anger, its mitigation.*

Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;*
But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.†
To be in anger, is impiety;
But who is man, that is not angry? 27—iii. 5.

210 *Corporal sufferings.*

The poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies. 5—iii. 1.

211 *The past and future.*

O thoughts of men accurst!
Past, and to come, seem best; things present, worst.
19—i. 3.

212 *Life its character.*

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing. 15—v. 5.

213 *Content and Discontent.*

Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:‡
The one is filling still, never complete;

* For aggravation.
† Homicide in our own defence, by a merciful interposition of the law, is considered justifiable.
‡ *i.e.* Arrives sooner at the completion of its wishes.

The other, at high wish. Best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.* 27—iv. 3.

214 *Treason, silent in its operations.*

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep;
And in his simple show he harbours treason.
The fox barks not, when he would steal the lamb.
22—iii. 1.

215 *Malice its extent.*

To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy† afterwards.
29—ii. 1.

216 *The value of a good name.*

Good name, in man, and woman,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:‡
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands:
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed. 37—iii. 3.

217 *Slander, certain in its aim.*

Slander,—
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,§
Transports his poison'd shot. 36—iv. 1.

218 *Peasant, and courtier.*

The age is grown so picked,‖ that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe. 36—v. 1.

219 *A tide in human life.*

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries:

* Best states contentless have a wretched being—a being worse than that of the worst states that are content.
† Malice. ‡ Prov. xxii. 1. § Mark. ‖ Spruce, affected.

And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures. 29—iv. 3.

220 *Fortune.*

When fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
16—iii. 4.

221 *Natural defects impair virtues.*

Oft it chances in particular men,
That, for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin,)
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,*
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausive manners;—that these men,—
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect;
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,†—
Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo)
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: The dram of base
Doth all the noble substance often dout,‡
To his own scandal.§ 36—i. 4.

222 *Insolence of power.*

Now breathless Wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
And pursy Insolence shall break his wind,
With fear and horrid flight. 27—v. 5.

223 *Riches not true which are to be courted.*

Conceit,‖ more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth.
35—ii. 6.

224 *Natural affection.*

A grandam's name is little less in love,
Than is the doting title of a mother;
They are as children, but one step below. 24—iv. 4.

* Humour.
† *Star*, signifies a scar of that appearanc
‡ Do out.
§ Eccles. x. 4.
‖ Imaginatio

225 *Pride's mirror.*

Pride hath no other glass
To show itself but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.
26—iii. 3.

226 *Neglect of departed friends.*

As we do turn our backs
From our companion, thrown into his grave;
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone. 27—iv. 2.

227 *Decay of pomp.*

Vast confusion waits
(As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast)
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.* 16—iv. 3.

228 *Love, the display of.*

The ostent† of our love, which, left unshown,
Is often left unloved. 30—iii. 6.

229 *Sufferings softened by sympathy.*

When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind;
Leaving free things,‡ and happy shows, behind:
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
34—iii. 6.

230 *Infirmity, its effects.*

Infirmity doth still neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves,
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind,
To suffer with the body. 34—ii. 4.

231 *The power of melancholy.*

O hateful Error, Melancholy's child!

* Greatness arrested from its possessor.
† Show, token. ‡ States clear from distress.

Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O Error, soon conceived,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.
29—v. 3.

232 *Truth and Beauty, their excellence.*

Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd;
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
But best is best, if never intermix'd. *Poems.*

233 *Man values only what he sees and knows.*

'Tis very pregnant,*
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,
Because we see it; but what we do not see,
We tread upon, and never think of it. 5—ii. 1.

234 *Friendship with the wicked, dangerous.*

The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear, to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger, and deserved death. 17—v. 1.

235 *Earth, Nature's mother.*

The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb:
And from her womb, children of divers kind,
We sucking on her natural bosom find;
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different. 35—ii. 3.

236 *Nature, oft perverted by man.*

O, mickle is the powerful grace,† that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile, that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth‡ some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometime's by actions dignified. 35—ii. 3.

237 *Good and evil mixed.*

Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and med'cine power:

* Plain. † Virtue. ‡ *i.e.* To the inhabitants of the earth.

For this being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed foes encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will;
And, where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.
35—ii. 3.

238 *Real happiness, where chiefly found.*

They are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing: It is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner* by white hairs, but competency lives longer. 9—i. 2.

239 *Ambition and content.*

Thoughts tending to *Ambition*, they do plot
Unlikely wonders. * * * *
Thoughts tending to *Content*, flatter themselves,—
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,
That many have, and others must sit there:†
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of such as have before endured the like. 17—v. 5.

240 *Misguided expectations.*

How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses! And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears! 11—iv. 3.

241 *Timidity, incapable of adventure.*

Impossible be strange attempts, to those
That weigh their pains in sense; and do suppose,
What hath been cannot be.‡ 11—i. 1.

242 *The love of life.*

O our lives' sweetness!
That with the pain of death we'd hourly die,
Rather than die at once! 34—v. 3.

* *Sooner comes*, sooner acquires, becomes old. † Exod. xxiii. 2.
‡ New attempts seem impossible to those who estimate their labour or enterprises by sense, and believe that nothing can be but what they see before them.

243 *Example.*

'Tis good for men to love their present pains,
Upon example; so the spirit is eased:
And, when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
With casted slough and fresh legerity.* 20—iv. 1.

244 *Energy.*

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
11—i. 1.

245 *Fortitude in trials.*

Wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms,
What though the mast be now blown over-board,
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot still: Is't meet, that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes, add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much;
Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have saved?
23—v. 4.

246 *Grief unavailing.*

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended,
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserved when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes. [thief;
The robb'd, that smiles, steals something from the
He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.
37—i. 3.

247 *Self-exertion.*

Men at some time are masters of their fates;
The fault is not in our stars,
But in ourselves. 29—i. 2.

* Lightness, nimbleness.

248 *Delays dangerous.*

That we would do,
We should do when we would; for this *would* changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this *should* is like a spendthrift's sigh,
That hurts by easing. 36—iv. 7.

249 *Patience.*

How poor are they, that have not patience!—
What wound ever did heal, but by degrees?
37—ii. 3.

250 *Evils, wrongly ascribed to Heaven.*

This is the excellent foppery of the world! that when we are sick in fortune (often the surfeit of our own behaviour), we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers,* by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on.† 34—i. 2.

251 *Death.*

How oft, when men are at the point of death,
Have they been merry? which their keepers‡ call
A lightning before death. 35—v. 3.

252 *The influence of infection.*

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow;
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
And husband nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die;
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:

* Traitors. † James i. 13, 14. ‡ Attendants.

For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester, smell far worse than weeds.
Poems.

253 *Prediction.*

Against ill chances, men are ever merry;
But heaviness foreruns the good event.* 19—iv. 2.

254 *Experience.*

Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth. 27—i. 1.

255 *Distrust.*

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt. 5—i. 5.

256 *Decaying nature of Love.*

There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,
Dies in his own too-much. 36—iv. 7.

257 *Time produces ingratitude.*

Time hath a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitudes;
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: Perseverance
Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. 26—iii. 3.

258 *The present opportunity to be taken.*

Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a straight so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,

* Careless gayety is the forerunner of calamity; vigilance, of success and permanent welfare.

Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost;—
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on. 26—iii. 3.

259 *Farewell and Welcome.*

Time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps-in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. 26—iii. 3.

260 *The praise of Virtue consists in action.*

O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was!
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time. 26—iii. 3.

261 *Prevalence of appearances.*

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,*
Though they are made and moulded of things past;
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt† o'er-dusted. 26—iii. 3.

262 *Solemnity.*

All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents.
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,‡
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys. 31—iv. 2.

263 *Prosperity and Adversity.*

Prosperity is the very bond of love;
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.
One of these is true:
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind. 13—iv. 3.

* New-fashioned toys. † Gold. ‡ Trifles.

264 *Refined Love.*

Nature is fine in love: and, where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.* 36—iv. 5.

265 *The effects of Poverty and Riches.*

Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several fortunes;
The greater scorns the lesser: Not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature.†
Raise me this beggar, and denude that lord;
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.
It is the pasture lards the browser's sides,
The want that makes him lean. 27—iv. 3.

266 *Sarcasm.*

He, that a fool doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob: if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomized
Even by the squand'ring glances of the fool.‡
10—ii. 7.

267 *Wisdom and folly.*

To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts,§ that you deem cannon-bullets. There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove. 4—i. 5.

* *Love* is the passion by which *nature is most* exalted and *refined;* and as substances *refined* and subtilized easily obey any impulse, or follow any attraction, some part of nature, so purified and *refined*, flies off after the attracting object, after the thing it loves.

† *i. e. Human nature, besieged as it is by misery*, admonished as it is of want and imperfection, when *elevated by fortune, will despise* beings of *nature like its own.*

‡ Unless men have the prudence not to appear touched with the sarcasms of a jester, they subject themselves to his power; and the wise man will have his folly *anatomized*, i.e. *dissected* and *laid open*, by the *squandering glances* or *random shots* of a fool.

§ Short arrows.

268 *Jests.*

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it. 8—v. 2.

269 *Folly, its effects.*

None are so surely caught,* when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school;
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.
The blood of youth burns not with such excess,
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.
Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity. 8—v. 2.

270 *Customs, new, heedlessly followed.*

New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.
25—i. 3.

271 *Fashion.*

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
(So it be new, there's no respect how vile,)
That is not quickly buzz'd into the ears? 17—ii. 1.

272 *Hollow friendship.*

The great man down, you mark, his favourite flies;
The poor advanced makes friends of enemies.
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend:
For who not needs, shall never lack, a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy. 36—iii. 2.

273 *Melancholy.*

Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep, when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? 9—i. 1.

*These are observations worthy of a man who has surveyed human nature with the closest attention.

274 *Power, loss of it, is loss of homage.*

'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: What the declined is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings, but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. 26—iii. 3.

275 *Love, in its spring and in its maturity.*

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seem-
I love not less, though less the show appear: [ing;
That love is merchandised, whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish every where.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops his pipe in growth of riper days;
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burdens every bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
Poems.

276 *Conscience.*

Who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action. 36—iii. 1.

277 *Time.*

What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with husks,
And formless ruin of oblivion. 26—iv. 5.

278 *Time, the effects of.*

Minutes, hours, days, weeks, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
23—ii. 4.

279 *Mortality.*

There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown, and grace, is dead.
15—ii. 3.

280 *Bad courses.*

But by bad courses may be understood,
That their events can never fall out good. 17—ii. 1.

281 *Virtue preserved.*

Virtue preserved from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last.
34—v. 3.

282 *Riches cannot procure happiness for their possessors.*

The aged man that coffers up his gold,
Is plagued with cramps, and gouts, and painful fits;
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,
And useless barns the harvest of his wits;
Having no other pleasure of his gain,
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.
So then he hath it, when he cannot use it,
And leaves it to be master'd by his young;
Who in their pride do presently abuse it;
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,
To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.

The sweets we wish for turned to loathed sours,
Even in the moment that we call them ours.
Poems.

283 *The consequences of evil.*

We bid ill be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment. 5—i. 4.

284 *Wisdom and Learning.*

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep search'd with saucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books. 8—i. 1.

285 *Over-studiousness.*

Universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries;
As motion, and long-during action, tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller. 8—iv. 3.

286 *The effects of the want of judgment and taste.*

When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, Understanding; it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room.* 10—iii. 3.

287 *Affections not felt are disbelieved or despised.*

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms!† 13—i. 2.

288 *Human nature.*

Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base:
Nature hath meal, and bran; contempt, and grace.
31—iv. 2.

* Implies, that the entertainment was mean, and the bill was extravagant. It is said by *Rabelais*, there was only one quarter of an hour in human life passed ill, and that was between the calling for the reckoning and the paying for it.

† Smith's theory of moral sentiments shows, agreeably to Thucydides, that sentiments, when above the tone of others, reach not their sympathy.

289 *Sorrow distorts appearances.*

Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which show like grief itself, but are not so:
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perspectives,* which, rightly gazed upon,
Show nothing but confusion; eyed awry,
Distinguish form. 17—ii. 2.

290 *Fortitude under afflictions.*

Bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. 30—iv. 12.

291 *Adversity, the uses of.*

Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head. 10—ii. 1.

292 *Rumour.*

From Rumour's tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs. 19—*Induction.*

293 *Time.*

Time. I,—that please some, try all; both joy, and terror,
Of good and bad; that make, and unfold, error.
13—iv. *Chorus.*

294 *Mankind different in exterior only.*

Are we not brothers?
So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. 31—iv. 2.

* Amongst *mathematical* recreations, there is one in *optics*, in which a figure is drawn, wherein all the rules of *perspective are inverted*, so that if held in the same position with those pictures which are drawn according to the rules of *perspective*, it can present *nothing but confusion:* and to be seen in form, and under a regular appearance, it must be looked upon from a contrary station; or, as Shakspeare says, *eyed awry*.

This curious double allusion to an optical experiment, not even now very familiar, shows the strength, comprehensiveness and subtilty, of the poet's observation. The anamorphosis cylinder and polymorphic prism are both introduced.

295 *Popularity.*

There have been many great men that have flattered the people, who never loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better ground. 28—ii. 2.

296 *Cruelty insecure.*

There is no sure foundation set in blood;
No certain life achieved by others' death. 16—iv. 2.

297 *Truth, beauty's ornament.*

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which *truth* doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,
As the perfumed tincture of the roses;
Hang on such thorns, and play so wantonly,
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses;
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves; sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made.
Poems.

298 *Time.*

The end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it. 26—iv. 5.

299 *Justice due to Heaven.*

If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men. 30—ii. 1.

300 *Station.*

To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in it, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.* 30—ii. 7.

* 'The being called into a huge sphere, and not being seen to move in it,' resembles sockets in a face where eyes should be [but are not]; which empty sockets, or holes without eyes, pitifully disfigure the countenance.

301 *Judgment.*

Heaven is above all; there sits a Judge,
That no king can corrupt. 25—iii. 1.

302 *Hypocrisy.*

O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue. 5—ii. 2.

303 *The danger of relying on our own strength.*

[*Lie in the lap of sin,*] and not mean harm?
It is hypocrisy against the devil:
They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.*
37—iv. 1.

304 *Pomp and power, their end.*

Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.
23—v. 2.

305 *Equality of human life.*

Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else, to fat us; and we fat ourselves for maggots: Your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but variable service; two dishes, but to one table; that's the end. 36—iv. 3.

306 *Insinuations, painful.*

'Tis better to be much abused,
Than but to know't a little. 37—iii. 3.

307 *The clearest sight without wisdom, blindness.*

What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness!
31—v. 4.

308 *A guilty conscience.*

Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
15—v. 1.

* Matt. iv. 7.

309 *Fear.*

The sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. 15—ii. 2.

310 *The variableness of mankind.*

The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes, and these conveyances of our blood,
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts. 28—v. 1.

311 *Confident security dangerous.*

The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. 26—ii. 2.

312 *Love, its dereliction.*

Sweet love, changing his property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.
17—iii. 2.

313 *Severe justice.*

After execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.* 5—ii. 2.

314 *Reverence due to Heaven.*

Shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? 5—ii. 2.

315 *Unstable friends.*

What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!
27—iv. 3.

316 *Ambition.*

Thriftless ambition, that will raven up
Thine own life's means! 15—ii. 4.

* This was the case of Queen Elizabeth after the execution of Essex.

317 *Retribution.*

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us.* 34—v. 3.

318 *Sorrow.*

Our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it. 30—iv. 13.

319 *Time, its fleetness.*

It is ten o'clock:
Thus may we see, how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine;
And after an hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. 10—ii. 7.

320 *Wickedness, its own reward.*

What mischiefs work the wicked ones;
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!
22—ii. 1.

321 *Earthly glory.*

O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? 29—iii. 1.

322 *Contention.*

When two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other. 28—iii. 1.

323 *God's procedure.*

You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
To have them fall no more; you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse;
And make them dread it to the doers' thrift.
31—v. 1.

324 *Omnipotence.*

Can we outrun the heavens?† 22—v. 2.

* God often punishes sin with sin. † Ps. cxxxix.

325 *Crime revealed.*

Blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augurs, and understood relations, have
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood. 15—iii. 4.

326 *Fear.*

Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. 22—v. 2.

327 *Circumspection in bounty.*

'Tis pity, bounty had not eyes behind;
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.
27—i. 2.

328 *Discretion of age.*

'Tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks have discretion, as they say, and know the world. 3—ii. 2.

329 *Fortitude.*

Yield not thy neck
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance. 23—iii. 3.

330 *Patience.*

With patience calm the storm. 23—iii. 3.

331 *Gifts bartered.*

There's none
Can truly say, he gives, if he receives. 27—i. 2.

332 *Envy.*

That monster Envy, oft the wrack
Of earned praise. 33—iv. 1.

333 *Human life.*

Reason thus with life:
. . . . A breath thou art,
(Servile to all the skiey influences,)
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art Death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,

And yet run'st toward him still: Thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st
Are nursed by baseness: Thou art by no means valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm: Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st.
Thou art not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust: Happy thou art not:
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get;
And what thou hast, forget'st: Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,*
After the moon: If thou art rich, thou art poor;
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And Death unloads thee: Friends hast thou none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo,† and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner: Thou hast nor youth, nor age;
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both: for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld;‡ and when thou art old, and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear.
5—iii. 1.

334 *Intemperance, the evil of it.*

Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. 15—iv. 3.

335 *Avarice.*

How quickly nature falls into revolt,
When gold becomes her object!
For this, the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care,
Their bones with industry:

* Affects, affections. † Leprous eruptions. ‡ Old age.

For this, they have engross'd and piled up
The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts, and martial exercises:
When, like the bee, tolling* from every flower
The virtuous sweets;
Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains. 19—iv. 4.

336 *Discordance.*

How sour sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives. 17—v. 5.

337 *Cowardice. Courage.*

Cŏwards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once. 29—ii. 2.

338 *Jests misplaced may be fatal.*

His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.
20—i. 2.

339 *Simplicity in pleasing.*

That sport best pleases, that doth least know how:
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Die in the zeal of them which it presents,
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth;
When great things labouring perish in their birth.
8—v. 2.

340 *Satiety.*

The cloy'd will,
(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,
That tub both fill'd and running,) ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage. 31—i. 7.

341 *Human corruption.*

All is oblique;
There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
But direct villany. 27—iv. 3.

* Taking toll, gathering.

342 *Brevity of life.*

Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage;
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age. 10—iii. 2.

343 *Infatuation.*

Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough. 34—iv. 1.

344 *The same.*

Sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we shall tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency. 26—iv. 4.

345 *Conscience.*

Conscience, conscience,
O, 'tis a tender place. 25—ii. 2.

346 *Exorbitant delights.*

Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchased, doth inherit pain.
8—i. 1.

347 *Excess not lasting.*

Violent fires soon burn out themselves:
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder:
Light Vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself. 17—ii. 1.

348 *Youth and age distinguished.*

Youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears.
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness.* 36—iv. 7.

* A young man regards show in dress; an old man health.

349 *Love elevates and refines.*

Base men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them.

37—ii. 1.

350 *The most promising hopes often blasted.*

As in the *sweetest* bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.
As the most *forward* bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes. 2—i. 1.

351 *Sincere vows.*

'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth;
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the Highest to witness.* 11—iv. 2.

352 *Silence, eloquent.*

The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails. 13—ii. 2.

353 *Delusion of imagination.*

O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
O, no! the apprehension of the good,
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

17—i. 3.

354 *Violence of love.*

This is the very ecstasy of love,
Whose violent property foredoes† itself,

* The sense is, we never swear by what is not holy, but take to witness the Highest—the Divinity. † Destroys.

And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heaven,
That does afflict our natures. 36—ii. 1.

355 *Furiousness of fear.*

To be furious,
Is, to be frighted out of fear: and, in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge:*
When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. 30—iii. 11.

356 *Excess of grief and joy.*

The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures† with themselves destroy:
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
36—iii. 2.

357 *Mental power.*

Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit. 29—i. 3.

358 *Duplicity.*

The harlot's cheek, beautied with plast'ring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,‡
Than is my deed to my most painted word.
36—iii. 1.

359 *Unjust pardon.*

Ignomy§ in ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses: lawful mercy is
Nothing akin to foul redemption. 5—ii. 4.

360 *Affliction, most felt by contrast.*

To be worst,
The lowest, and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance;‖ lives not in fear:
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. 34—iv. 1.

* Ostrich. † Determinations.
‡ That is, *compared with* the thing that helps it.
§ An ignominious ransom. ‖ Hope.

361 *Suspicion.*

What ready tongue Suspicion hath. 19—i. 1.

362 *Goodness often misinterpreted.*

To some kind of men,
Their graces serve them but as enemies.—
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it! 10—ii. 2.

363 *Man and Woman, comparative view of.*

Men have marble, women waxen, minds,
And therefore are they form'd as marble will;
The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange kinds
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill:
Then call them not the authors of their ill,
No more than wax shall be accounted evil,
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,
Lays open all the little worms that creep;
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep:
Through crystal walls each little mote will peep:
Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,
Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,
But chide rough Winter that the flower hath kill'd!
Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,
Is worthy blame. O, let it not be hild
Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd
With men's abuses: those proud lords, to blame,
Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.
Poems.

364 *Appearances often deceitful.*

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. 29—ii. 1.

365 *Prodigality of pirates.*

Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,
Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone:
While as the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,

And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shared, and all is borne away;
Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own.
22—i. 1.

366 *Treason.*

Treason is but trusted like the fox;
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors. 18—v. 2.

367 *Marriage.*

Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship.*

* * * * *

For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace. 21—v. 5.

368 *Female anger.*

A woman moved, is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it. 12—v. 2.

369 *Female ascendancy.*

Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty
Only for praise sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords? 8—iv. 1.

370 *Pleasure, more pursued than enjoyed.*

Who riseth from a feast,
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How, like a younker, or a prodigal,
The scarfed† bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth she return,

* By the discretionary agency of another.
† Decorated with flags.

With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd, by the strumpet wind!
9—ii. 6.

371 *The effects of a disordered mind.*

Who can be wise, amazed, temperate, and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man.
15—ii. 3.

372 *Knowledge gained by experience.*

Our courtiers say, all's savage but at court:
Experience, O thou disprov'st report!
The imperious* seas breed monsters; for the dish,
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish. 31—iv. 2.

373 *Revenge, not valorous.*

You cannot make gross sins look clear;
To revenge is no valour, but to bear. 27—iii. 5.

374 *Jealousy.*

Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. 37—iii. 3.

375 *The power of imagination.*

Conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft.† 34—iv. 6.

376 *Drunkenness.*

What's a drunken man like?
Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat‡ makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him. 4—i. 5.

377 *Pride and poverty.*

O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
4—iii. 1.

378 *Universal order.*

There's nothing, situate under heaven's eye,
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky.
14—ii. 1.

* Imperial. † When life is willing to be destroyed.
‡ *i.e.* Above the state of being warm.

379 *Reason, ineffectual to stay appetite.*

* * * * * *

Counsel may stop awhile, what will not stay;
For when we rage, advice is often seen
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
That we must curb it upon others' proof;
To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.
O appetite, from judgment stand aloof!
The one a palate hath that needs will taste,
Though reason weep and cry—*it is thy last.*

Poems.

380 *Occupation.*

What pleasure find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure? 31—iv. 4.

381 *The same.*

Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work. 13—iv. 3.

382 *Drunkenness.*

O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil! * * * O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts! 37—ii. 3.

383 *Misery.*

The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope. 5—iii. 1.

384 *Complaints unavailing.*

None can cure their harms by wailing them.
24—ii. 2.

385 *Time's progress.*

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before;
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.

Nativity once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And time that gave, doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow!
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.
Poems.

386 *The want of self-knowledge.*

Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain:
The least of which,
Loseth men's hearts; and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation. 18—iii. 1.

387 *Comparison.*

When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.
So doth the greater glory dim the less;
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. 9—v. 1.

388 *Reason subdued by passion.*

O strange excuse!
When Reason is the bawd to Lust's abuse. *Poems.*

389 *The judgment corrupted by gold.*

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, loved, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! O thou touch* of hearts!
Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue

* For touchstone.

Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire! 27—iv. 3.

390 *The evil of loose discipline.*

Now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight,
For terror, not to use; in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd: so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum. 5—i. 4.

391 *Impure poetry.*

Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen. 17—ii. 1.

392 *The curse of avarice.*

Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining:
And when great treasure is the meed proposed,
Though death be adjunct, there's no death supposed.

Those that much covet are of gain so fond,
That what they have not (that which they possess)
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
And so by hoping more they have but less;
Or gaining more the profit of excess
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
With honour, wealth, and ease, in waining age:
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
That one for all, or all for one, we gage:
As life for honour in fell battle's rage,
Honour for wealth, and oft that wealth doth cost
The death of all, and altogether lost.

So that in vent'ring all, we leave to be
The things we are for that which we expect:
And this ambitious foul infirmity,
In having much, torments us with defect
Of that we have: so then we do neglect

The thing we have, and all for want of wit,
Make something nothing, by augmenting it.
Poems.

393 *Experience necessary to complete the man.*

He cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world.
Experience is by industry achieved,
And perfected by the swift course of time. 2—i. 3.

394 *The character of true excellence.*

Value dwells not in particular will;
It holds its estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
As in the prizer; 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes, that is attributive
To what infectiously itself affects,*
Without some image of the affected merit.
I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;†
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment: How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench‡ from this, and to stand firm by honour:
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have soil'd them; nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespective sieve,§
Because we now are full. 26—ii. 2.

395 *The duty of conjugal fidelity.*

Nature craves,
All dues be render'd to their owners; Now,
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than wife is to the husband? if this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection;
And that great minds, of partial indulgence

* *The will dotes that attributed or gives the qualities which it affects;* that first causes excellence, and then admires it.
† *i. e.* Under the guidance of my will.
‡ Shrink, or fly off. § Basket.

To their benumbed* wills, resist the same;
There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory. 26—ii. 2.

396 *Gold all things obey.*

'Tis gold,
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers, false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand of the stealer; and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
Nay, sometimes hangs both thief and true man: What
Can it not do, and undo? 31—ii. 3.

397 *The mind contaminated by gold.*

Gold . . . . . This yellow slave
Will knit and break religious; bless the accursed;
Make the hoar leprosy adored; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench: this is it,
That makes the wappen'd† widow wed again;
She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To the April day again.‡ 27—iv. 3.

398 *The venom of Slander.*

Slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world; kings, queens, and states,§
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave,
This viperous slander enters. 31—iii. 4.

399 *Destiny.*

All unavoided‖ is the doom of destiny,—
When avoided grace makes destiny. 24—iv. 4.

400 *Honour.*

The due of honour in no point omit.¶ 31—iii. 5.

* Inflexible. † Sorrowful.
‡ *i. e.* Gold restores her to all the sweetness and freshness of youth.
§ Persons of highest rank. ‖ Unavoidable.
¶ Heb. ii. 3. Rom. xiii. 7.

401 *The world deluded by appearances.*

The world is still deceived with ornament.
In *Law*, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,*
Obscures the show of evil? In *Religion*,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many *Cowards*, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars;
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk?
And these assume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on *Beauty*,
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped† snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The scull that bred them, in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled‡ shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. 9—iii. 2.

402 *Futurity wisely concealed.*

O heaven! that one might read the book of fate;
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent
(Weary of solid firmness) melt itself
Into the sea! and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth,—viewing his progress through,

* Winning favour, pleasing.
† Curled. ‡ Treacherous.

What perils past, what crosses to ensue,—
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
19—iii. 1.

403 *Decaying love, its effects.*

When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle:
But, when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. 29—iv. 2.

404 *Friendship, its caprices.*

O, world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity: So, fellest foes,
Whose passions, and whose plots, have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues. 28—iv. 4.

405 *Sorrow, heaviest when unaided by the tongue.*

The heart hath treble wrong,
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.
An oven that is stopped, or river staid,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:
So of concealed sorrow may be said.
Poems.

406 *The effects of trials.*

You were used
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating: fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, crave
A noble cunning. 28—iv. 1.

407 *Female frailty.*

Women are frail;
Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
. . . . . Nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints. 5—ii. 4.

408 *Inexperience.*

The untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet dived into the world's deceit:
No more can you distinguish of a man,
Than of his outward show; which, God he knows,
Seldom, or never, jumpeth with the heart.
24—iii. 1.

409 *Violent commotion.*

Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing! 30—i. 3.

410 *Hypocrisy.*

It oft falls out,
To have what we'd have, we speak not what we mean.
5—ii. 4.

411 *Oppression.*

You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.
9—iv. 1.

412 *Danger of precipitancy.*

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot,
That it do singe yourself:* We may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it? 25—i. 1.

413 *Marriage.*

Earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,

* Dan. iii. 22.

Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.
7—i. 1.

414 *The same.*

Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
. . . . However we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are. 4—ii. 4.

415 *Filial ingratitude.*

Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
For lifting food to't? 34—iii. 4.

416 *Calumny.*

If I am traduced by tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing—let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake*
That virtue must go through. 25—i. 2.

417 *Benefit of communication with friends.*

You do, surely, but bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.
36—iii. 2.

418 *Human nature alike in all.*

Hath not a *Jew* eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a *Christian* is? if you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? 9—iii. 1.

419 *Good may be extracted from evil.*

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out;

* Thicket of thorns.

We may gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself. 20—iv. 1.

420 *Flattery.*

Should dying men flatter with those that live?
No, no; men living flatter those that die. 17—ii. 1.

421 *Anticipation of evil.*

To fly the boar before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit, where he did mean no chase.
24—iii. 2.

422 *Honour not exempt from detraction.*

Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honour? A word. What is in that word, honour? What is that honour? Air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He that died o'Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it. 18—v. 1.

423 *Exasperation.*

Bad is the trade must play the fool to sorrow,
Ang'ring itself and others. 34—iv. 1.

424 *Filial ingratitude.*

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster!* 34—i. 4.

425 *Desirableness of meekness.*

Who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils? 21—iii. 1.

426 *Self-inspection.*

Thy *Glass* will show thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy *Dial* how thy precious minutes waste;

* The sea-monster, is the hippopotamus, the hieroglyphical symbol of impiety and ingratitude. Sandys, in his Travels, says, "that he killeth his sire, and ravisheth his own dam."

The *vacant Leaves* thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning may'st thou taste.
The wrinkles which thy Glass will truly show,
Of mouthed graves will give the memory;
Thou by thy Dial's shady stealth may'st know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.
Look, what thy memory cannot contain,
Commit to these waste Blanks, and thou shalt find
Those children nursed, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

Poems.

427 *Greatness most exposed to scandal.*

The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate;
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
The moon being clouded presently is miss'd
But little stars may hide them when they list.

The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
And unperceived fly with the filth away;
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay.
Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day.
Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,
But eagles gazed upon with every eye.

Poems.

428 *Humility.*

Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better. 5—ii. 4.

429 *Kings, like other Men.*

Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues. 13—iv. 1.

430 *Accusation.*

When shall he think to find a stranger just,
When he himself, himself confounds, betrays
To sland'rous tongues the wretched hateful days?*

Poems.

Matt. vii. 1—5.

431 *Honour dearer than life.*

Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds honour far more precious dear* than life.
26—v. 3.

432 *Malice.*

Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs? 28—v. 3.

433 *Duty fearless.*

To plainness honour's bound,
When majesty stoops to folly. 34—i. 1.

434 *Fidelity in servitude.*

Every good servant does not all commands:
No bond, but to do just ones. 31—v. 1.

435 *Peace, in what sense a victory.*

A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser. 19—iv. 2.

436 *The sight of sorrow, its effects.*

To see sad sights moves more, than hear them told;
For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy motion, that it doth behold;
When every part a part of woe doth bear,
'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear.
Deep sounds make lesser noise, than shallow fords;
And sorrow ebbs being blown with wind of words.
Poems.

437 *Self-wretchedness.*

The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make,
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake. 34—iii. 2.

438 *Filial ingratitude.*

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child! 34—i. 4.

* Valuable.

439 *Honours, their dangers.*

Too much honour:
O, 'tis a burden, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.
25—iii. 3.

440 *Worldly opinion of things.*

What things there are,
Most abject in regard, and dear in use!
What things again most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth! 26—iii. 3.

441 *Human corruption.*

The world is grown so bad,
That wrens may prey where eagles dare not perch.
24—i. 3.

442 *Affections, false.*

Your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that,
Which would increase his evil. 28—i. 1.

443 *Self-praise.*

We wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them. 11—i. 3.

444 *The cruelty of oppression.*

'Tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man. 25—v. 2.

445 *Famine contrasted with plenty.*

Famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness ever
Of hardness is mother. 31—iii. 4.

446 *Father.*

A father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table. 13—iv. 3.

447 *Love betrays itself like murder.*

A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon,
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.
4—iii. 2.

448 *Female profligacy.*

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid, as in woman. 34—iv. 2.

449 *Violent love boundless.*

This is the monstruosity in love,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit. 26—iii. 2.

450 *Dependance on the great fruitless.*

Poor wretches, that depend
On greatness' favour, dream,
Wake, and find nothing.*
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steeped in favours. 31—v. 4.

451 *Punishment due to the guilty only.*

Why should the private pleasure of some one
Become the public plague of many mo?
Let sin, alone committed, light alone
Upon his head that hath transgressed so;
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe,
For one's offence, why should so many fall,
To plague a private sin in general?

Poems:

452 *The power of guilt.*

Great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits.† 1—iii. 3.

453 *Jealousy.*

I never gave him cause. . . . .
But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous, for they are jealous: 'tis a monster,
Begot upon itself, born on itself. 37—iii. 4.

454 *Debatement.*

A night is but small breath, and little pause,
To answer matters of deep consequence. 20—ii. 4.

* "It shall ever be as when an hungry man dreameth, and behold he eateth, but he awaketh, and his soul is empty."—Isa. xxix. 8.
† Gen. xlii. 21, 22.

455 *Conscience.*

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy* seems prologue to some great amiss:
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt. 36—iv. 4.

456 *The right exercise of power.*

Hast thou command? by Him that gave it thee,
From a pure heart command thy rebel will:
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
Poems.

457 *Face, index of the mind.*

There's no art,
To find the mind's construction in the face.
15—i. 4.

458 *Policy.*

Men must learn now with pity to dispense;
For policy sits above conscience. 27—iii. 2.

459 *Love.*

Love is not love,
When it is mingled with respects,† that stand
Aloof from the entire point.‡ 34—i. 1.

460 *Jealousy.*

The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
14—v. 1.

461 *Gratitude.*

Gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer, thanks. 11—iv. 4.

462 *Imbecility.*

Old fools are babes again; and must be used
With checks, as flatteries,—when they are seen abused.
34—i. 3.

463 *No value in a name alone.*

What's in a name? that, which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet. 35—ii. 2.

* Trifle. † *i. e.* With cautious and prudential considerations.
‡ "*Who seeks for aught in love but love alone?*"

464 *Right qualifications of man.*

Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man? 26—i. 2.

465 *Friends, in what sense valuable.*

What need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them: and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. 27—i. 2.

466 *An ill word often dangerous.*

One doth not know,
How much an ill word may empoison liking. 6—iii. 1.

467 *Sympathy.*

Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. 29—iii. 1.

468 *Mirth not suitable to sorrow.*

Sad souls are slain in merry company;
Grief best is pleased with grief's society.
True sorrow then is feelingly surprised,
When with like semblance it is sympathised.
Poems.

469 *Want of principle.*

As the unthought-on accident* is guilty
To what we wildly do: so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies†
Of every wind that blows. 13—iv. 3.

470 *Fame, where dangerous.*

Better leave undone, than by our deed acquire
Too high a fame, when him we serve's away. 30—iii. 1.

471 *The effect of over-indulgence.*

What doth cherish weeds, but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold, but too much lenity? 23—ii. 6.

* The unexpected discovery. † As to a jack, or mill.

472 *Silence most expressive of happiness.*

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much. 6—ii. 1.

473 *Daringness.*

O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do! not knowing what they do! 6—iv. 1.

474 *Suspension of life.*

Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The overpressed spirits. 33—iii. 2.

475 *Practice and Theory.*

The art and practic part of life
Must be the mistress to the theoric.* 20—i. 1.

476 *Contentiousness.*

Some kind of men put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour. 4—iii. 4.

477 *Hollow friends.*

Friendship's full of dregs:
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs,
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies. 27—i. 2.

478 *Human imperfection.*

Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need? 30—v. 2.

479 *Avarice.*

Avarice
Grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeding lust.† 15—iv. 3.

480 *Faithless friendship.*

Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand
Is perjured to the bosom? 2—v. 4.

481 *Contention.*

Where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:

* Theory. † Than *summer-sinning* lust.

Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all.
12—ii. 1.

482 *Suspicion.*

Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
22—iii. 2.

483 *Selfishness.*

We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender; and, when he's old, cashier'd.
. . . . . Others there are,
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lined their coats,
Do themselves homage. 37—i. 1.

484 *Violent desires.*

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoy'd no sooner, but despised straight;
Past reason hunted; and, no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad:
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof,—and proved, a very woe;
Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream:
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.
Poems.

485 *Man changed by outward circumstances.*

At all times alike
Men are not still the same; 'Twas time and griefs,
That framed him thus; time, with his fairer hand
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him. 27—v. 2.

486 *The effects of fear and sloth.*

Ebbing men,
Most often do so near the bottom run,
By their own fear, or sloth. 1—ii. 1.

487 *Resignation.*

The time will bring on summer,
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet, as sharp.* 11—iv. 4.

488 *Ingratitude.*

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind†
As man's ingratitude:
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd‡ not. 10—ii. 7.

489 *Carefulness.*

For my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little. 36—iv. 5.

490 *Man to be studied before trusted.*

'Tis not a year or two shows us a man:
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungrily, and when they are full,
They belch us. 37—iii. 4.

* As *briars* have *sweetness* with their *prickles*, so shall *troubles* be recompensed with joy.
† Unnatural. ‡ Remembering.

491 *Grief in experience and inexperience.*

. . . . . .

True grief is fond, and testy as a child,
Who, wayward once, his mood with nought agrees.
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild;
Continuance tames the one, the other wild,
Like an unpractised swimmer, plunging still,
With too much labour, drowns for want of skill.
Poems.

492 *Affliction sanctified.*

Affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. 13—v. 3.

493 *The power of natural affection.*

Unreasonable creatures feed their young:
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them (even with those wings
Which sometimes they have used with fearful flight)
Make war with them that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
23—ii. 2.

494 *The same.*

The poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,*
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
15—iv. 2.

495 *Service seldom duly rewarded.*

The merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer. 11—iii. 6.

496 *Satanic craftiness.*

Oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.† 15—i. 3.

497 *The frailty of beauty.*

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,

* Fight for. † Acts xvi. 16—18.

How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall time's best jewel from time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back!
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?

Poems.

498 *Modest silence.*

What poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practised accents in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome: Trust me,
Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence. 7—v. 1.

499 *Conscience.*

Conscience, it makes a man a coward; a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him. 24—i. 4.

500 *Troubles aggravated by the view of what would relieve them.*

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore:
He ten times pines, that pines beholding food:
To see the salve, doth make the wound ache more;
Great grief grieves most at that would do it good:
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'erflows;
Grief dallied with, nor law nor limits knows.

Poems.

501 *The power of fear.*

Fear, and be slain; no worse can come, to fight:

And fight and die, is death destroying death;
Where fearing dying, pays death servile breath.
17—iii. 2.

502 *Time tedious to the afflicted.*

Short time seems long, in sorrow's sharp sustaining,
Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps,
And they that watch, see time how slow it creeps.
Poems.

503 *Guilt its own tormentor.*

Better be with the dead,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. 15—iii. 2.

504 *Hypocrisy.*

Some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischief. 29—iv. 1.

505 *Revenge.*

Can vengeance be pursued farther than death?
35—v. 3.

506 *A noble resolve.*

Had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.
28—i. 3.

507 *Sorrows eased by being imparted.*

Why should calamity be full of words?
Windy attorneys to their client woes,
Airy succeeders of intestate joys,*
Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope; though what they do impart
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.
24—iv. 4.

508 *Flattery.*

He that's once denied, will hardly speed.
——This
Is the world's soul; and just of the same piece
Is every flatterer's spirit. 27—iii. 2.

509 *The influence of envy.*

My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.† 29—ii. 3.

* Joys that are dead. † Envy.

510 *Sorrow.*

Sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt, that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe.
7—iii. 2.

511 *Somnambulism.*

A great perturbation in nature ! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.
15—v. 1.

512 *The instability of human happiness.*

This is the state of man ; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him :
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost ;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his fruit,*
And then he falls. 25—iii. 2.

513 *The same.*

Then was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit : but in one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather. 31—iii. 3.

514 *The danger of elevation.*

Stoop. . . . This gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens ; and bows you
To morning's holy office : The gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet† through
And keep their impious turbands on, without
Good-morrow to the sun. 31—iii. 3.

515 *Town and country life contrasted.*

Often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded‡ beetle in a safer hold

* *Root* is received by all the commentators, but evidently wrong ; if *fruit* be taken, then the metaphor throughout is complete.—In confirmation of this, it may be observed that frosts do not nip the roots of trees and plants ; they are so deep in the earth as to be protected from the influence of frosts. And it is therefore not to be thought that Shakspeare, who was so minute and accurate an observer of nature, should have written *root*.

† Strut, walk proudly. ‡ Scaly-winged.

Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life*
Is nobler, than attending for a check;†
Richer, than doing nothing for a babe;‡
Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd.

. . . . . .

Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly; the art o' the court,
As hard to leave, as keep: whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
The fear's as bad as falling; the toil of the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame, and honour; which dies i' the [search;
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
Must court'sy at the censure. 31—iij. 3.

516 *Secrecy.*

. . . . Affairs, that walk at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks despatch by day. 25—v. 1.

517 *Death terrible to the wicked.*

Death is a fearful thing,
And shamed life a hateful.
To die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless§ winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world, or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment,
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death. 5—iii. 1.

* Rustic life.
† Command, control.
‡ A puppet, or plaything for children.
§ Invisible.

518 *Greatness, the pain of separating from.*

The soul and body rive* not more in parting,
Than greatness going off. 30—iv. 11.

519 *Predictions.*

When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks;
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.
24—ii. 3.

520 *The same.*

Before the days of change, still is it so:
By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see
The water swelled before a boist'rous storm,
But leave it all to God. 24—ii. 3.

521 *Instability of life.*

An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
19—i. 3.

522 *The desire of novelty.*

It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he, which is, was wish'd until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er loved, till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd by being lack'd.† This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to, and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion. 30—i. 4.

523 *The effects of care on age and youth.*

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain.
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.
35—ii. 3.

524 *Impartiality to be shown in judging.*

He, who the sword of Heaven shall bear,
Should be as holy as severe:
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;

* Split. † Missed.

More nor less to others paying,
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking! 5—iii. 2.

525 *Suspicion.*

Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! 9—i. 3.

526 *Modesty.*

Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? 5—ii. 2.

527 *Life.*

Hold the world but as the world,
A stage, where every man must play a part. 9—i. 1.

528 *The frailty of man.*

We all are men,
In our own natures frail; and capable
Of our flesh, few are angels. 25—v. 2.

529 *Ambition.*

Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.
21—i. 2.

530 *Pleasure, preferred to knowledge.*

Who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment. 30—i. 4.

531 *Mind uncultivated.*

'Tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,
Possess it merely.* 36—i. 2.

532 *Opportunity personified.*

Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring;
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers;
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing;

* Entirely.

What virtue breeds, iniquity devours:
We have no good that we can say is ours:
But ill annexed opportunity
Or kills his life, or else his quality.

O, *Opportunity!* thy guilt is great:
'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's treason;
Thou set'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;
Whoever plots the sin, thou 'point'st the season;
'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason;
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,
Sits *Sin*, to seize the souls that wander by him.

Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath:
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd;
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth;
Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!
Thou plantest scandal, and displacest laud:
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
Thy private feasting to a public fast;
Thy smoothing title to a ragged name;
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste:
Thy violent vanities can never last.
How comes it then, vile *Opportunity*,
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
And bring him where his suit may be obtain'd?
When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end?
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chain'd?
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pained?
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee;
But they ne'er meet with *Opportunity*.

The patient dies while the physician sleeps;
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;
Advice is sporting while infection breeds;
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds:
Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid;
They buy thy help: but *Sin* ne'er gives a fee,

He gratis comes; and thou art well appay'd:
As well to hear as grant what he hath said.

* * * * * *

Guilty thou art of murder and of theft;
Guilty of perjury and subornation;
Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift;
Guilty of incest, that abomination:
An accessary by thine inclination
To all sins past, and all that are to come,
From the creation to the general doom.

Poems.

533 *Time personified.*

Mis-shapen *Time*, copesmate of ugly night,
Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care;
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's snare;
Thou nursest all, and murderest all, that are.

* * * * * *

Time's glory is to calm contending kings;
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light;
To stamp the seal of time on aged things;
To wake the morn, and centinel the night;
To wrong the wronger, till he render right;
To ruinate proud buildings, with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers;
To fill with worm-holes stately monuments;
To feed oblivion with decay of things;
To blot old books, and alter their contents;
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings;
To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs;
To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,
And turn the giddy round of fortune's wheel:
To show the beldame daughters of her daughter;
To make the child a man, the man a child;
To slay the tiger, that doth live by slaughter;
To tame the unicorn, and lion wild;
To mock the subtle, in themselves beguiled;
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.
Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
Unless thou could'st return to make amends?

One poor retiring minute in an age,
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends;
Lending him wit, that to bad debtors lends.

Poems.

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534 *Moral conquest.*

Brave conquerors!—for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires. 8—i. 1.

535 *Every place a home to the wise.*

All places, that the eye of heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens:*
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity. 17—i. 3.

536 *The proffered means of Heaven to be embraced.*

The means, that heaven yields, must be embraced,
And not neglected; else, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse;
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.
17—iii. 2.

537 *Self-conquest.*

Better conquest never can'st thou make,
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against those giddy loose suggestions. 16—iii. 1.

538 *Acquaintanceship to be formed with caution.*

It is certain that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company. 19—v. 1.

* Tit. i. 15.

539 *Sorrow not to be courted.*

In wooing sorrow let's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.
17—v. 1.

540 *The solemnity of oaths.*

The truth thou art unsure
To swear, swear* only not to be forsworn;
Else, what a mockery should it be to swear!
16—iii. 1.

541 *Resignation to the will of God.*

Heaven me such usage send,
Not to pick bad from bad; but, by bad, mend!
37—iv. 3.

542 *Knowledge to govern ourselves.*

Let's teach ourselves. Ah, honourable stop,
Not to outsport discretion. 37—ii. 3.

543 *Anger to be controlled by reason.*

Let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about: To climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first: Anger is like
A full hot horse; who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. 25—i. 1.

544 *Sufferance.*

Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. 36—iii. 4.

545 *Virtuous conflict.*

O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars, who shall be most right!
26—iii. 2.

546 *The sin of suicide.*

Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine,
That cravens my weak hand. 31—iii. 4.

547 *The danger of delay.*

Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them. 11—v. 3.

* Old copy reads *swears.*

548 *The encouragement to hope.*

What! we have many goodly days to see:
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl;
Advantaging their loan with interest,
Of ten-times-double gain of happiness. 24—iv. 4.

549 *Equanimity.*

Weigh thy value with an even hand. 9—ii. 7.

550 *Confidence in the future.*

Doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood. 6—iv. 1.

551 *Temperance.*

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly. 10—ii. 3.

552 *The effects of anger.*

Is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same? 26—ii. 2.

553 *Fidelity.*

You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. 28—ii. 3.

554 *The same.*

How long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong? 17—ii. 1.

555 *Intemperance.*

Poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. 30—ii. 2.

556 *The evil of duelling.*

You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
To bring manslaughter into form, set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born:
He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe; and make his wrongs
His outsides; wear them like his raiment, carelessly;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis, to hazard life for ill? 27—iii. 5.

557 *Consideration.*

Stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow incurable:
For, being green, there is great hope of help.
22—iii. 1.

558 *Compassion recommended to the proud.*

Take physic, Pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'st shake the superflux* to them,
And show the heavens more just. 34—iii. 4.

559 *The duty owing to ourselves and others.*

Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy
Rather in power, than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key; be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. 11—i. 1.

560 *Self-knowledge.*

I will chide no breather in the world, but myself; against whom I know most faults. 10—iii. 2.

561 *Imperfections belong to the best.*

Thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought

* Superfluity.

From that it is disposed :* Therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes :
For who so firm that cannot be seduced ? 29—i. 2.

562 *Honourable causes need no oath.*

What other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engaged ?——
Unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt : but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think, that, or our cause, or our performance,
Did need an oath. 29—ii. 1.

563 *News, good and bad.*

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news : Give to a gracious message
An host of tongues : but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt. 30—ii. 5.

564 *Submission.*

Ask God for temperance ; that's the appliance only,
Which your disease requires. 25—i. 1.

565 *Humility recommended.*

Love and meekness,
Become a churchman better than ambition.
25—v. 2.

566 *Forethought.*

Determine on some course,
More than a wild exposure to each chance
That starts i' the way before thee. 28—iv. 1.

567 *The same.*

Since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
29—v. 1.

568 *The sin of ambition.*

I charge thee fling away ambition ;
By that sin fell the angels, how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't ?

* Disposed to.

Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not!
Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's. 25—iii. 2.

569 *Jests unbecoming to age.*

How ill white hairs become a fool, and jester!
19—v. 5.

570 *The danger of false accusation.*

Take good heed,
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul! 25—i. 3.

571 *The same.*

Be certain what you do; lest your justice
Prove violence. 13—ii. 2.

572 *Frivolity.*

Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools!
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!
Poems.

573 *The advantage of sincerity.*

Taunt my faults
With such full license, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick winds* lie still; and our ills told us,
Is as our earing.† 30—i. 2.

574 *Things unavoidable not to be deplored.*

Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determined things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. 30—iii. 6.

575 *Suicide.*

You ever-gentle gods
Let not my worser spirit‡ tempt me again
To die before you please! 34—iv. 6.

* The sense is, that man not agitated by censure, like soil not ventilated by *quick winds*, produces more evil than good.
† Tilling, ploughing; prepares us to produce good seed.
‡ Corrupt nature,—a depraved nature.

576 *Perseverance.*

If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State statues only. 25—i. 2.

577 *Mildness to be used in differences.*

That which combined us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard: When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds: Then,
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness* grow to the matter. 30—ii. 2.

578 *The same.*

Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours,
Let's not confound† the time with conference harsh:
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now. 30—i. 1.

579 *Persuasion.*

May'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed. 18—i. 2.

580 *Ingratitude, how extinguished.*

We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their‡ quantity. 27—v. 5.

581 *Kindness.*

Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it. 30—iii. 4.

582 *Reason to be regarded.*

Do not banish reason
For inequality:§ but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear, where it seems hid;
And hide the false, seems true. 5—v. 1.

* Let not ill-humour be added.
† Censure.
‡ *Their* refers to *rages*.
§ Apparent inconsistency.

583 *Praise to be bestowed seasonably.*

Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare, till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert, before his birth; and, being born, his addition* shall be humble. 26—iii. 2.

584 *Injuries.*

We thought not good to bruise an injury, till it were full ripe. 20—iii. 6.

585 *Passion allayed by reason.*

Be advised:
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion. 25—i. 1.

586 *Suspicion.*

If I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre† is not big enough to bear
A schoolboy's top. 13—ii. 1.

587 *The exuberance of lenity.*

This too much lenity
And harmful pity, must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his, that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he, that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on;
And doves will peck, in safeguard of their brood.
23—ii. 2.

588 *Humanity.*

I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharged,
And duty in his service perishing. 7—v. 1.

* Title.

† *i. e.* If the proofs which I can offer will not support the opinion I have formed, no foundation can be trusted.

589 *Honour and policy.*

Honour and policy, like unsevered friends,
I' the war do grow together: Grant that, and tell me,
In peace, what each of them by th' other lose,
That they combine not there. '28—iii. 2.

590 *Drunkenness.*

Drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment. 37—ii. 3.

591 *The necessity of repose.*

These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste. 25—v. 1.

592 *Honour.*

See, that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it. 11—ii. 1.

593 *Justice to self.*

Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
Which thy duty owes. 11—ii. 3.

594 *Honour disinterested.*

If you shall cleave to my consent,*—when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.—
So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd. 15—ii. 1.

595 *Caution in choosing friends.*

Where you are liberal of your loves, and counsels,
Be sure, you be not loose: for those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. '25—ii. 1.

* Cleave to *me constant*.

596 *Honesty misinterpreted.*

If my offence be of such mortal kind,
That neither service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purposed merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit;
So shall I clothe me in a forced content,
And shut myself up in some other course,
To fortune's alms. 37—iii. 4.

597 *Patience.*

Let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross. 7—i. 1.

598 *The same.*

Oh, you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience; and with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance!* 5—v. 1.

599 *Silent sorrow.*

Give sorrow words; the grief, that does not speak,
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.
15—iv. 3.

600 *Kindness.*

Your gentleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.
10—ii. 7.

601 *An over-regard for the world.*

You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.
9—i. 1.

602 *The necessity of mental cultivation.*

Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
22—iii. 1.

603 *Forbearance.*

Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing. 28—iv. 2.

* False appearance, hypocrisy.

604 *Self-inspection.*

You talk of pride; O that you could turn your eyes towards the napes* of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! 28—ii. 1.

605 *Studies to be pursued according to taste and pleasure.*

Continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoics, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,†
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured;
Talk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk;
Music and poesy use to quicken‡ you;
The mathematics, and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you:
No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en;—
In brief, study what you most affect. 12—i. 1.

606 *Action and elocution.*

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. . . . . Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'er-step not the modesty of nature. 36—iii. 2.

607 *The mirror of nature.*

Hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and

* With allusion to the fable, which says that every man has a bag hanging before him, in which he puts his neighbour's faults, and another behind him in which he stows his own.

† Harsh rules. Perhaps it should be *ethics* instead of *checks*.

‡ Animate.

the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure.* 36—iii. 2.

608 *Extenuation.*

Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice. 37—v. 2.

609 *Submission to the will of God.*

Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st.
17—i. 3.

610 *Ingratitude.*

O, see the monstrousness of man,
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!
27—iii. 2.

611 *Sincerity.*

May your deeds approve,
That good effects may spring from words of love.
34—i. 1.

612 *Wisdom without action.*

Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils. 29—iv. 3.

613 *Benediction.*

The grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round! 37—ii. 1.

614 *Nature content with little.*

O, reason not the need: our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's. 34—ii. 4.

615 *Plea of adversity.*

If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be. 10—ii. 7.

* Impression, resemblance.

616 *Observation.*

Thou can'st tell, why one's nose stands i' the middle of his face ?

Why, to keep his eyes on either side his nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

34—i. 5.

617 *Reverence due to wisdom.*

Those that I reverence, those I fear; the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them. 31—iv. 2.

618 *The benefit of reparation.*

If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking. 19—iv. 1.

619 *The mind to be regulated.*

Weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them. 10—ii. 7.

620 *Discretion necessary to old age.*

You are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine: you should be ruled and led
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you yourself. 34—ii. 4.

621 *A heart fortified by patience.*

Since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's* reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his. 9—iv. 1.

622 *Self-examination.*

Go to your bosom;
Knock there; and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as his is,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother. 5—ii. 2.

* Hatred, malice.

623 *Precipitancy to be avoided.*

Reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him,
Lest, you should chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger, who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded. 28—iv. 6.

624 *Accusation to be supported by knowledge.*

If I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises; all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake; I tell you,
'Tis rigour, and not law. 13—iii. 2.

625 *Submission.*

My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear:
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practised, wise intentions. 19—v. 2.

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626 *Advice to young men.*

Obey thy parents, keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array. . . . Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy pen from lenders' books. 34—iii. 4.

527 *The same.*

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act. 36—i. 3.

628 *The same.*

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar. 36—i. 3.

629 *The same.*

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm* with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. 36—i. 3.

* Palm of the hand.

630 *The same.*

Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee.
36—i. 3.

631 *The same.*

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure,* but reserve thy judgment.
36—i. 3.

632 *The same.*

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man. 36—i. 3.

633 *The same.*

Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.†
36—i. 3.

634 *The same.*

To thine ownself be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man. 36—i. 3.

635 *Parents to be consulted in marriage concerns.*

Reason, my son
Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason,
The father (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel
In such a business. 13—iv. 3.

636 *Beauty transient.*

Women are as roses; whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.
4—ii. 4.

637 *The danger of dalliance.*

Do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood. 1—iv. 1.

* Opinion. † Economy, thriftiness.

638 *Chastity.*

The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshaked
That temple, thy fair mind. 31—ii. 1.

639 *Advice to females.*

Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under:* many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to advise you farther; but, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no farther danger known, but the modesty which is so lost. 11—iii. 5.

640 *The same.*

When the blood burns how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a making,—
You must not take for fire.
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence;
Set your entreatments† at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. 36—i. 4.

641 *The same.*

Do not believe his vows: for they are brokers
Not of that die which their investments show,
But mere imploratorsǂ of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile. 36—i. 4.

642 *The same.*

The chariestǁ maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes:
The canker galls the infants of the spring,

* They are not the things for which their names would make them pass.
† Favours, objects of entreaty.
ǂ Implorers.
ǁ Most cautious.

Too oft before their buttons be disclosed;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth,
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then: best safety lies in fear;
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.
36—i. 3.

643 *The same.*

Weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent* ear you list† his songs;
Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open
To his unmastered‡ importunity.
Fear it, fear it,
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire. 36—i. 3.

644 *Example and precept.*

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless§ libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read.‖ 36—i. 3.

645 *Beauty heightened by goodness.*

The hand, that hath made you fair, hath made you good: the goodness, that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, should keep the body of it ever fair. 5—iii. 1.

646 *Grief alleviated by submission to Heaven.*

Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now Heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But Heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was—her promotion;
For 'twas your heaven, she should be advanced:
And weep ye now, seeings he is advanced
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?

* Believing. † Listen to. ‡ Licentious.
§ Careless. ‖ Regards not his own lessons.

O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well.
35—iv. 5.

647 *Conjugal affection needful in wives.*

Fie, fie, unknit that threat'ning unkind brow;
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;
And in no sense is meet or amiable. 12—v. 2.

648 *The same.*

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance: commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe,
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt. 12—v. 2.

649 *The same.*

I am ashamed, that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world;
But that our soft conditions* and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts?
12—v. 2.

650 *The same.*

My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you, I am bound for life, and education;
My life and education, both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty,
I am hitherto your daughter: but here's my husband;
And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,

* Gentle tempers.

So much I challenge, that I may profess
Due to my [illegible]d. 37—i. 3.

651 *The venomous effects of jealousy.*

O beware of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on. 37—iii. 3.

652 *Equivocation.*

But yet,—
I do not like *but yet*, it does allay
The good precedence;* fye upon *but yet:*
But yet is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. 30—ii. 5.

653 *Violent delights have short duration.*

Violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume: the sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so,
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.† 35—ii. 5.

654 *Delusion.*

For love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul;
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. 36—iii. 4.

655 *The force of habit.*

That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat
Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this;
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on: Refrain to-night:
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: the next more easy:
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either curb the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. 36—iii. 4.

* Preceding. † Precipitation produces mishap.

656 *Conscience.*

Leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. 36—i. 5.

657 *Needful severity.*

Thou hast cleft my heart in twain.
. . O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half. 36—iii. 4.

658 *Grief not to be cherished.*

Lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition. 17—ii. 2.

659 *Mental anguish.*

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the *foul** bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart? 15—v. 3.

660 *Resignation to the will of God enjoined.*

Do not, for ever, with thy vailed lids
Seek for thy nobler father in the dust:
Thou know'st, 'tis common; all, that live, must die,
Passing through nature to eternity. 36—i. 2.

661 *The value of faithful servants.*

If I
Had servants true about me;† that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour, as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts,—they would do that,
Which should undo more doing. 13—i. 2.

662 *The severity of age to youth.*

You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young; you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls. 19—i. 2.

663 *Youth.*

Deal mildly with his youth;
For young hot colts, being raged, do rage the more.
17—ii. 1.

* All the editions read *stuff'd*, which is evidently wrong. It should be *foul* bosom, as in *As You Like It:* "Cleanse the *foul* body of the infected world."—Act. ii. scene 7. † Eph. vi. 5—7.

664 *Oppression to be avoided.*

Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you correct them. 25—iii. 2.

665 *The same.*

Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death. 5—ii. 1.

666 *Courage and cowardice.*

Turn head, and stop pursuit: for coward dogs
Most spend their mouths,* when what they seem to threaten,
Runs far before them. 20—ii. 4.

667 *Ingratitude.*

I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood. 4—iii. 4.

668 *Anger controlled.*

Pray be counsell'd:
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger,
To better vantage. 28—iii. 2.

669 *Fidelity.*

Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours. 25—iii. 2.

670 *Kindness to be exercised.*

The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in; you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster. 1—ii. 1.

* Waste, exhaust.

671 *Benignity.*

God's benison go with you; and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!*
15—ii. 4.

672 *The act of opposing one thing to another.*

Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,
The lustre of the better shall exceed,
By showing the worse first. 26—i. 3.

673 *Forgiveness.*

The power, that I have on you, is to spare you;
The malice towards you, to forgive you. 31—v. 5.

674 *Melancholy.*

Fish not with this melancholy bait,
For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion. 9—i. 1.

675 *Servitude.*

Service shall with steeled sinews toil;
And labour shall refresh itself with hope. 20—ii. 2.

676 *The necessity of forethought.*

In whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are placed too late:
You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast:
Suspect still comes, where an estate is least.
27—iv. 3.

677 *Drunkenness.*

It hath pleased the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath: one imperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.
37—ii. 3.

678 *Implacability.*

Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish. 24—i. 4.

679 *Simplicity's plea.*

Let me know my trespass
By its own visage: if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine. 13—i. 2.

* Matt. v. 9.

680 *Mercy.*

Like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth.
But kill not all together. 27—v. 5.

681 *The wisdom of concealment.*

I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair
When it is least expected. 5—iv. 3.

682 *Anger.*

Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial. 11—ii. 3.

683 *Past sorrows not to be cherished.*

Let us not burden our remembrances
With a heaviness that's gone. 1—v. 1.

684 *Magnanimity.*

Dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none. 15—i. 7.

685 *Reflection.*

I would, you would make use of that good wisdom whereof I know you are fraught;* and put away these dispositions, which of late transform you from what you rightly are. 34—i. 4.

686 *Extremity.*

Who is't can say, *I am at the worst?* 34—iv. 1.

687 *Reason.*

Mingle reason with your passion. 34—ii. 4.

688 *Tenderness in judging.*

Breathe his faults so quaintly,
That they may seem the taints of liberty:
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind;
A savageness† in unreclaimed blood,
Of general assault.‡ 36—ii. 1.

* Stored. † Wildness.
‡ *i. e.* Such as youth in general is liable to.

689 *Reconciliation.*

Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed. 17—i. 1.

690 *Courage.*

Let me take away the harms I fear,
Nor fear still to be taken. 34—i. 4.

691 *The same.*

Steel thy fearful thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution. 22—iii. 1.

692 *Contamination.*

This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rest sound;
This, let alone, will all the rest confound.
17—v. 3.

693 *Guilty conscience.*

Bear not along
The clogging burden of a guilty soul. 17—i. 3.

694 *Fortitude.*

Conquer fortune's spite,
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt you.
23—iv. 6.

695 *Attention.*

Fasten your ears on my advisings. 5—iii. 1.

696 *Self-exposure.*

Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator.
14—iii. 2.

697 *Prudence.*

It is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest. 6—i. 3.

698 *Self-discernment.*

An had you an eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.
4—ii. 5.

699 *The danger of extremes.*

I shunn'd the fire for fear of burning;
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.
2—i. 3.

700 *Ill-timed counsel.*

Bid a sick man in sadness make his will;
Ah, word ill-urged to one that is so ill! 35—i. 1.

701 *Mental conflict.*

Conceit and grief and eager combat fight;
What wit sets down, is blotted straight with will;
This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill:
Much like, a press of people at a door,
Throng her inventions, which shall go before.
Poems.

702 *Guilt retaliated.*

I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.* 25—v. 2.

[redacted] *Passion.*

Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.
22—v. 1.

704 *Reconciliation.*

The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,
But lately splinted, knit, and join'd together,
Must gently be preserved, cherish'd, and kept.
24—ii. 2.

705 *Mercy.*

How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?
9—iv. 1.

706 *Friends parting.*

Farewell: The leisure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so-long-sunder'd friends should dwell upon.
24—v. 3.

707 *Benediction.*

What heaven more will
That thee may furnish,† and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! 11—i. 1.

708 *The same.*

Prosperity be thy page! 28—i. 5.

* Gen. xlii. 21, 22.
† '*Furnish*,' that may help thee with more and better qualifications.

709 *The same.*

The best wishes, that can be forged in your thoughts, be servants to you! 11—i. 1.

710 *The same.*

The best and wholesomest spirits of the night
Envelope you. 5—iv. 2.

711 *The same.*

The heavens rain odours on you! 4—iii. 1.

712 *The same.*

The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on your heads like dew! 31—v. 5.

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713 *Devotion.*

God knows, of pure devotion.* 22—ii. 1.

714 *Consolation to believers.*

Now, God be praised! that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!
22—ii. 1.

715 *Providence.*

There is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all. 36—v. 2.

716 *Divine superintendence.*

Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well, [us,
When our deep plots do pall;† and that should teach

* John iv. 24. Phil. iii. 3. † Fail.

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will. 36—v. 2.

717 *Grace.*

Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell;
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace
Yet grace must still look so. 15—iv. 3.

718 *The same.*

That word—grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but profane. 17—ii. 3.

719 *The soul.*

The immortal part needs a physician; though that be sick, it dies not. 19—ii. 2.

720 *Death.*

'Tis a vile thing to die,
When men are unprepared, and look not for it.
24—iii. 2.

721 *The same.*

Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all. 34—v. 2.

722 *The same.*

Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
When death's approach is seen so terrible!
22—iii. 3.

723 *Hypocrisy.*

Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
That thou wilt war with God?* 24—i. 4.

724 *The brevity of life.*

The time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour. 18—v. 2.

* Ps. lv. 21.

725 *Supplication.*

Whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,—
To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down? 36—iii. 3.

726 *God the cause of all causes.*

He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes.* Great floods have flown
From simple sources;† and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.‡
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.

. . . . . .

It is not so with Him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows:
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of Heaven we count the act of men.
11—ii. 1.

727 *Fall of man and redemption.*

All the souls that were, were forfeit once;§
And He, that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy?‖ How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are?¶ O, think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.** 5—ii. 2.

728 *Mercy.*

The quality of mercy is not strain'd:
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven

* An allusion to Daniel judging the two elders. See also Matt. xi. 25, and 1 Cor. i. 27.
† *i. e.* When Moses smote the rock in Horeb.—Exod. xvii. 5, 6, &c.
‡ Referring to the children of Israel passing the Red Sea, when miracles had been denied by Pharaoh.
§ Rom. iii. 10—23.
‖ John iii. 16.
¶ Ps. cxxx. 3.
** Eph. iv. 24—32.

Upon the place beneath:* it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above the scepter'd sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;†
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice.
Consider this,—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.‡ 9—iv. 1.

729 *God's mercies to be remembered.*

Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.
22—ii. 1.

730 *The same.*

Heaven set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!
22—iv. 9.

731 *Provocation against Heaven.*

The heavens do low'r upon you, for some ill;
Move them no more, by crossing their high will.§
35—iv. 5.

732 *Divine judgment.*

If my suspect be false, forgive me, God;
For judgment only doth belong to thee! 22—iii. 2.

733 *Condemnation.*

Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all. 22—iii. 3.

734 *The terrors of guilt in death.*

O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!

* Mercy is seasonable in the time of affliction, as clouds of rain in the time of drought.—Eccles. xxxv. 20. † Micah vii. 18.
‡ Matt. vi. 12, 14, 15. § Deut. ix. 8. Ps. cvi. 43.

O, beat away the busy meddling fiend,
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from this bosom purge this black despair!
22—iii. 3.

735 *The danger of trifling before God.*

Take heed, you dally not before your king;
Lest He, that is the supreme King of kings,
Confound your hidden falsehood. 24—ii. 1.

736 *Murder.*

The great King of kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded,
That thou shalt do no murder.
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.
24—i. 4.

737 *The same.*

Blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth.*
17—i. 1.

738 *Submission to God's will.*

Put we our quarrel to the will of Heaven,
Who, when he sees the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.
17—i. 2.

739 *The same.*

God will be avenged for the deed;
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
He needs no indirect nor lawless course,
To cut off those that have offended him. 24—i. 4.

740 *Trust in Providence.*

He that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail!† 35—i. 4.

741 *Reformation.*

Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past: avoid what is to come:‡
And do not spread the compost§ on the weeds,
To make them ranker. 36—iii. 4.

* Gen. iv. 10.
† Prov. iii. 6.
‡ Matt. iii. 8.
§ Manure.

742 *True repentance.*

Arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.
. . . . But lest you do repent,
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,*—
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven;
Showing, we'd not spare heaven,† as we love it,
But as we stand in fear. 5—ii. 3.

743 *The same*

Try what repentance can:‡ What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one can not repent?
O wretched state! O bosom, black as death!
O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged! 36—iii. 3.

744 *False repentance.*

When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects: Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew His name;
And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception. 5—ii. 4.

745 *The same.*

Pray, can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will;
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. 36—iii. 3.

746 *The same.*

May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft tis seen, the wicked prize, itself
Buys out the law: But 'tis not so above:
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd

* 2 Cor. vii. 10. † Spare to offend heaven. ‡ Rom. ii. 5.

Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. 36—iii. 3.

747 *The same.*

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go.
36—iii. 3.

748 *God's care over his creatures.*

He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,*
Be comfort to my age! 10—ii. 3.

749 *Conversion.*

I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am. 10—iv. 3.

750 *Submission to the Divine will.*

I shall be well content with any choice,
Tends to God's glory, and my country's weal.
21—v. 1.

751 *God the Christian's hope.*

God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet.†
22—ii. 3.

752 *Self-abasement.*

Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride;
Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,
Quite from himself, to God. 20—v. 1.

753 *Pleading with God.*

Withhold thine indignation, mighty Heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!‡
16—v. 6.

754 *God the widow's friend.*

Heaven, the widow's champion and defence.§
17—i. 2.

* Matt. vi. 26.
† Ps. xxxvii. 39.—xlvi. 1.—cxix. 105.
‡ 1 Cor. x. 13.
§ Exod. xxii. 22, 23. Ps. lxviii. 5.

755 *Heaven.*

Heaven,
The treasury of everlasting joy! 22—ii. 1.

756 *Divine sovereignty.*

The words of heaven;—on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.* 5—i. 3.

757 *Grace.*

Chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace. 21—v. 4.

758 *Want of resignation.*

God is much displeased,
That you take with unthankfulness his doing;
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd—ungrateful,
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,
For it requires the debt it lent you.† 24—ii. 2.

759 *Authority given from God.*

From whom hast thou this great commission?
From that supernal Judge, that stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right. 16—ii. 1.

760 *Faith in supernatural power.*

What impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.‡
11—ii. 1.

761 *The evil of feigned prayer.*

That high All-seer which I dallied with,
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their master's bosoms.
24—v. 1.

* Rom. ix. 15.—It shows that Shakspeare had a *most correct* idea of the nature of Divine sovereignty.
† Job i. 21. ‡ Rom. iv. 18—21.

762 *Divine protection.*

If angels fight,
Weak men must fall; for heaven still guards the right. 17—iii. 2.

763 *Sincere devotion.*

When holy and devout religious men,
Are at their beads,* 'tis hard to draw them thence:
So sweet is zealous contemplation. 24—iii. 7.

764 *Triumph over death.*

Holy
Men, at their death, have good inspirations.† 9—i. 2.

765 *The evil of contention between Christians.*

I always thought,
It was both impious and unnatural,
That such immanity‡ and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith. 21—v. 1.

766 *Obduracy.*

If when you make your prayers,
God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
How would it fare with your departed souls?§ 22—iv. 7.

767 *Earthly crosses and cares.*

Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and grief. 17—ii. 2.

768 *Humility.*

More will I do:
Though all that I can do is nothing worth;‖
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon. 20—iv. 1.

769 *Joy in death.*

My joy is—death;
Death, at whose name I oft have been afeard,
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.¶ 22—ii. 4.

* Prayers.
† Gen. xlix. 18; l. 24. 1 Cor. xv. 55.
‡ Barbarity, savageness.
§ Ps. cxxx. 3.
‖ Luke xvii. 10.
¶ Luke xvii. 33. John xii. 25.

770 *The same.*

To sue to live, I find, I seek to die;
And seeking death, find life.* 5—iii. 1.

771 *Devotional retirement.*

I myself will lead a private life,
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise.†
23—iv. 6.

772 *Joyous expectation of death.*

I every day expect an embassage
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence.‡
24—ii. 1.

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773 *Shakspeare's humility.*

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O if (I say) you look upon this verse,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse!
But let your love even with my life decay:
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.
Poems.

774 *The same.*

O, lest the world should task you to recite
What merit lived in me, that you should love
After my death,—dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove;

* Phil. i. 21. † A holy resolution. ‡ James iv. 14.

Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I,
Than niggard truth would willingly impart;
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
For I am shamed by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

Poems.

775 *His detestation of a theatrical life.*

Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new.
Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely; but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays proved thee my best of love.
Now all is done, save what shall have no end:
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A God in love, to whom I am confined.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
E'en to thy pure and most loving breast.

Poems.

776 *The same.*

O for my sake do thou with Fortune chide,*
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide,
Than public means, which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.
Pity me then, and wish I were renew'd;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eysell,† 'gainst my strong infection;

* The editor is confident that our author, who was so sound a moralist, meant not by what he here says, to cast any reflection on Divine Providence. The expressions made use of are merely poetical: Fortune, in the language of poetry, is an imaginary being, supposed to distribute the lots of life according to her own humour.

† Vinegar.

No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance to correct correction.

Poems.

777 *His cure of self-love.*

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,
And all my soul, and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account;
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass, shows me myself indeed,
Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read,
Self so self-loving were iniquity.

Poems.

778 *Contemplation on the shortness of life.*

That time of year thou may'st in me behold,
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang,
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day
As after sun-set fadeth in the west;
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie;
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by.

Poems.

779 *An apostrophe to his soul.*

Poor SOUL, the centre of my sinful earth,*
Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine *within*, and suffer dearth,
Painting thy *outward walls* so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,†
Dost thou upon thy *fading mansion* spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy BODY'S end?

* 'Vile body.' Phil. iii. 1. † Ps. xc. 10.

Then, *Soul*, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy *terms Divine* in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed,* *without* be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men:†
And, death once dead, there's no more dying then.

Poems.

780 *The foundation of his faith and hope in Christ alone.*

"In the name of God, amen. I, William Shakspeare, at Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, gent.; in perfect health and, memory God be praised! do make and ordain this, my last will and testament, in manner and form following; that is to say:

"First, I commend my soul into the hands of God my creator, hoping, and *assuredly believing*, through the *only merits* of Jesus Christ my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting; and my body to the earth whereof it is made."

* * * * * * * *

From his Will.

* Feeding upon Christ by faith.
† Luke xx. 36—55. 1 Cor. xv. 55. Rev. xxi. 4.

DELINEATIONS

OF

CHARACTER.

"The mind of Shakspeare was as a magic mirror, in which all human nature's possible forms and combinations were present, intuitively and inherently—not conceived—but as connatural portions of his own humanity."

Quarterly Review.

I set you up a glass,
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

36—iii. 4.

NOBLE CHARACTERS,

ACCORDING TO THEIR RESPECTIVE VIRTUES AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

1

It much repairs* me
To talk of your good father: In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest,
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour.
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awakened them; and his honour
Clock to itself, knew the true minute, when
Exception bid him speak, and, at this time,
His tongue obeyed his hand: who were below him,
He used as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled: Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which follow'd well, would demonstrate them now
But goers backward.

* * * * * *

His plausive words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to bear,—*Let me not live,*—
Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out,—*let me not live,* quoth he,
After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff

* To repair, signifies to renovate.

Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies*
Expire before their fashions. 11—i. 2.

2.

A son who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride.
18—i. 1.

3

He is gracious, if he be observed;†
He hath a tear for pity and a hand
Open as day for melting charity;
Yet notwithstanding, being incensed, he's flint;
As humorous as winter,‡ and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
His temper, therefore, must be well observed;
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclined to mirth:
But, being moody, give him line and scope;
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working. 19—iv. 4.

4

Never a man's thought in the world keeps the roadway better than thine. 19—ii. 2.

5

The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity, till now:
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea;
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
And flow henceforth in formal majesty. 19—v. 2.

6

I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit. 5—iii. 1.

7

This fellow's of exceeding honesty,

* Perhaps *feathers*.
† Has an attention shown him.
‡ He abounds in capricious fancies, as winter abounds in moisture.

And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings. 37—iii. 3.

8

I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well-divulged,* free, learn'd, and valiant,
And, in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person. 4—i. 5.

9

Your desert speaks loud, and I shall wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves with characters of brass
A forted residence, 'gainst the tooth of time,
And razure of oblivion. 5—v. 1.

10

The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o' the earth. 28—v. 5.

11

There is a kind of character in thy life,
That, to the observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold. 5—i. 1.

12

Thou had'st rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower. 28—iii. 2.

13

In thy face I see
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty. 22—iii. 1.

14

He's gentle; never schooled, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts† enchantingly beloved. 10—i. 1.

15

He is precise;
Stands at a guard‡ with envy; scarce confesses,

* Well spoken of by the world. † Of all ranks. ‡ On his defence.

That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone. 5—i. 4.

16

My blood that hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me; for, accordingly,
You tread upon my patience; but, be sure,
I will from henceforth rather by myself,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition;*
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect,
Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the proud.
18—i. 3.

17

He doth rely on none;
But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self-admission. 26—ii. 3.

18

I have of late (but, wherefore, I know not), lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises: and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a steril promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. 36—ii. 2.

19

My love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns,
Have grace and favour in them. 37—iv. 3.

20

Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none. 34—i. 2.

21

His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;

* Disposition.

And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow,)
He is complete in feature, and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman. 2—ii. 4.

22

As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you; but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it.* 30—ii. 2.

23

His honesty rewards him in itself. 27—i. 1.

24

'Twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest. 28—i. 9.

25

A man,
More sinn'd against, than sinning. 34—iii. 2.

26

A well-accomplish'd youth,
Of all, that virtue love, for virtue loved:
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
8—ii. 1.

27

He hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise, were a malice, that giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it. 28—ii. 2.

28

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,

* Nor my greatness work without mine honesty.

Framed in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and no doubt, right royal,—
The spacious world cannot again afford. 24—i. 2.

29

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.
2—ii. 7.

30

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't: though thy tackle's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel. 28—iv. 5.

31

Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know,
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; then hold me dangerous.
29—i. 2.

32

He was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest. 31—iv. 2.

33

You are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again. 29—iv. 3.

34

Thou mine of bounty. 30—iv. 6.

35

His love was an eternal plant;*
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun;
Exempt from envy,† but not from disdain. 23—iii. 3.

* A perennial one. † Malice, or hatred.

36

If I, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.
21—ii. 4.

37

He was too good to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones. 31—v. 5.

38

A true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless* in his tongue;
Not soon provoked, nor, being provoked, soon calm'd:
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he shows;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair† thought with breath.
26—iv. 5.

39

I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified;
For I have ever verified‡ my friends,
(Of whom he's chief,) with all the size that verity§
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle‖ ground,
I have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise
Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing.¶ 28—v. ii.

40

The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves.
8—i. 1.

41

There's something in me, that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof. 4—iii. 4.

* No boaster. † Unsuitable to his character.
‡ Proved to. § Truth. ‖ Deceitful. ¶ Lie.

42

His noble hand
Did win what he did spend. 17—ii. 1.

43

A most incomparable man; breath'd,* as it were,
To an untirable and continuate goodness. 27—i. 1.

44

I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness. 37—i. 3.

45

He was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth. 35—iii. 2.

46

Be'st thou sad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes
So does it no man else. 30—i. 5.

47

The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute. 22—iv. 4.

48

The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure. 37—ii. 3.

49

He is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him:
Half all men's hearts are his. 31—i. 7.

50

Have you not set mine honour at the stake,

* Inured by constant practice.

And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts,
That tyrannous heart can think? 4—iii. 1.

51

He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
He hears no music:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be moved to smile at any thing. 29—ir 2.

52

Be assured, you'll find a difference,
Between the promise of his greener days,
And these he masters now; now he weighs time,
Even to the utmost grain. 20—ii. 4.

53

I am not a day of season,*
For thou may'st see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once: but to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way. 11—v. 3.

54

I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant. 25—ii. 1.

55

He wears the rose
Of youth upon him; from which the world should note
Something particular. 30—iii. 11.

56

His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so, and shake a friend. 19—iv. 1.

57

Let his lack of years, be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. 9—iv. 1.

* *i. e.* Of uninterrupted rain.

58

I espy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye. 17—i. 3.

59

While others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity ;*
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is—plain, and true,—there's all the reach of it.
26—iv. 4.

60

An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds. 37—v. 2.

61

I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he must need me.† 27—i. 1.

62

As my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour.
25—iii. 2.

63

What I did, I did in honour,
Led by the impartial conduct of my soul;
And never shall you see, that I will beg
A ragged and forestall'd remission.‡ 19—v. 2.

64

What thou would'st highly,
That would'st thou holily. 15—i. 5.

65

I have ever loved the life removed ;§
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery, keeps.‖
5—i. 4.

* *While others*, by their art, gain high estimation, I, by honesty, obtain a plain simple approbation.
† Cannot but want my assistance.
‡ If he will grant me pardon unasked, so—if not, I will not condescend to solicit it. § Retired. ‖ Showy dress resides.

66

What a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good;
His promises fly so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes
For every word. 27—i. 2.

67

Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle,
He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:
Lofty, and sour, to them that loved him not;
But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
25—iv. 2.

68

That art most rich, being poor;
Most choice forsaken; and most loved despised!
34—i. 1.

69

I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on.
29—iii. 2.

70

I was created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; and therefore tell me, will you have me?
20—v. 2.

71

His summer leaves all faded,
By envy's hand. 17—i. 2.

72

I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion. 8—v. 2.

73

I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament. 29—iii. 1.

74

The thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility. 10—ii. 7.

75

Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloom'd and fruitful were the next.
21—i. 6.

76

If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself. 3—iii. 4.

77

'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. 30—ii. 7.

78

'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth. 26—iv. 5.

79

I know not,
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal. 30—ii. 6.

80

You shall find, his vanities fore-spent*
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly;
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots,
That shall first spring, and be most delicate.†
20—ii. 4.

* Wasted, exhausted.

† What justness, beauty and dignity, in a base comparison! It is recorded of the expeller of the Tarquins, that he presented emblematically at Delphos, a solid rod of *gold* enclosed in a rough *wooden* staff.

81

A man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain. 28—v. 5.

82

He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again. 36—i. 2.

83

His large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts. 27—i. 1.

84

He's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. 31—iii. 4.

85

Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
Thou hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time.
26—iv. 5.

86

Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abused
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks? 24—i. 3.

87

I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm. 10—iii. 2.

88

I care not, (so much I am happy
Above a number,) if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,
Envy and base opinion set against them,
I know my life so even. 25—iii. 1.

89

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it.
29—v. 5.

90

Your very goodness and your company,
O'erpays all I can do. 31—ii. 4.

91

I was amazed*
Under the tide: but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood; and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will. 16—iv. 2.

92

I am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indisposed and sickly fit
For the sound man. 34—ii. 4.

93

Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
17—i. 1.

94

We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition. 19—iv. 1.

95

For life, I prize it,
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for.† 13—iii. 2.

96

The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too: yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an angel came,

* Stunned, confounded.
† "The glory of a man, is from the honour of his father."—Ecclus. iii. 11.

And whipp'd the offending Adam* out of him;
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelope and contain celestial spirits. 20—i. 1.

97

Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart;
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,†
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
Who dares then to be half so kind again?
For bounty that makes gods, does still mar men.
27—iv. 2.

98

If hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender it here; I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit. 2—v. 4.

99

I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance. 13—i. 1.

100

He is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken.
28—v. 2.

101

I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself. 29—i. 2.

102

I and my bosom must debate awhile,
And then I would no other company. 20—iv. 1.

103

The good I stand on is my truth, and honesty.
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person: which I weigh‡ not,
Being of those virtues vacant. 25—v. 1.

* The old man of sin. Man in an unregenerate state. Luke xv. 17, 18, 19.

† Propensity, disposition. ‡ Value.

104

My endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet filed with my abilities.* 25—iii. 2.

105

Read not my blemishes in the world's report.
30—ii. 3.

106

'Tis mu ch he dares;
And to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. 15—iii. 1.

107

I study,
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness,
By virtue 'specially to be achieved. 12—i. 1.

108

You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance,† authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.
3—ii. 2.

109

A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd!
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms;
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
(If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,)
Is a sharp wit match'd with‡ too blunt a will:
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.
8—ii. 1.

110

He
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,

* My endeavours, though less than my desires, have *filed*, that is, have one (an equal) pace with my abilities.
† In the greatest companies. ‡ *i. e.* Combined.

His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not. 30—iv. 10.

111

I . . . .
Am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder; for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,
Than I myself. 25—v. 1.

112

This the noble nature
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue,
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze nor pierce? 37—iv. 1.

113

He is a man, setting his fate aside,*
Of comely virtues:
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice
(An honour in him, which buys out his fault);
But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe:
And with such sober and unnoted passion†
He did behave‡ his anger, ere 'twas spen,
As if he had but proved an argument. 27—iii. 5.

114

The dearest friend, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies. 9—iii. 2.

115

For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping. 30—v. 2.

* *i. e.* Putting this action of his, which was predetermined by fate, out of the question.

† *i. e.* Passion so subdued, that no spectator could note its operation.

‡ Manage, govern.

116

He covets less,
Than misery* itself would give; rewards
His deeds with doing them: and is content
To spend the time, to end it. 28—ii. 2.

117

I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, required
I should do so in honour. 28—iii. 2.

118

His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*
29—v. 5.

119

Spare in diet;
Free from gross passion, or of mirth, or anger;
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood;
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest compliment;†
Not working with the eye, without the ear,‡
And, but in purged judgment, trusting neither.
20—ii. 2.

120

Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant. 34—v. 1.

121

Thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting-up of day. 19—iv. 4.

122

I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyoked humour of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun;
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,

* Avarice. † Accomplishment.
‡ *i. e.* Did not trust the air or look of any man, till he had tried him by inquiry and conversation.

That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.

* * * * * *

So when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;*
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
18—i. 2.

* * * * * *

Presume not that I am the thing I was:
For heaven doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former self;
So will I those that kept me company. 19—v. 5.

123

O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers!
19—ii. 2.

124

I have no tongue but one. 5—ii. 4.

125

There is a fair behaviour in thee,
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character. 4—i. 2.

126

He was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality. 11—i. 1.

127

Weigh him well,
And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy.
26—iv. 5.

* Expectations.

128

He's opposite to humanity. He outgoes
The very heart of kindness. 27—i. 1.

129

No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given. 27—ii. 2.

130

He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god:
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. 31—i. 7.

131

Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour. 28—iii. 2.

132

He is the card* or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent† of what part a gentleman would see. 36—v. 2.

133

And, but he's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st call him
A goodly person. 1—i. 2.

134

He is as full of valour, as of kindness;
Princely in both. 20—iv. 3.

135

Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say, thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill, and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part. 4—i. 4.

136

He hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue

* Compass or chart. † The country and pattern for imitation.

is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks. 6—iii. 2.

137

I cannot flatter; I defy
The tongues of soothers. 18—iii. 4.

138.

He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart. 16—iv. 1.

139

And here have I the daintiness of ear,
To check time broke in a disorder'd string;
But, for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.
17—v. 5.

140

That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dews fall every where. 25—i. 3.

141

I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love.
30—iii. 2.

142

One, that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which professed to make him rejoice. 5—iii. 2.

143

After your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than ill report while you live. 36—ii. 2.

144

You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way. 28—v. 1.

145

Modest wisdom plucks me,
From over-credulous haste.* 15—iv. 3.

* Over-hasty credulity.

146

May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years.
Ever beloved, and loving, may his rule be!
And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument! 25—ii. 1.

147

On whose bright crest Fame with her loudest O yes
Cries, *This is he.* 26—iv. 5.

148

I throw mine eyes to Heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with. 23—i. 4.

149

A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged years play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse. 8—ii. 1.

150

There appears much joy in him: even so much, that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness. A kind overflow of kindness: There are no faces truer than those that are so washed. 6—i. 1.

151

Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,
But praying to enrich his watchful soul. 24—iii. 7.

152

He is of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirmed honesty. 6—i. 1.

153

He did not look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipled of the bravest. 11—i. 2.

154

Thou map of honour, thou most beauteous inn,
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodged in thee?
17—v. 1.

155

Dexterity so obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does; and does so much,
That proof is call'd impossibility. 26—v. 5.

156

He hath a daily beauty in his life. 37—v. 1.

157

Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you. 4—iii. 4.

158

No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops, that waited
Upon my smiles. 25—iii. 2.

159

When I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate. 37—i. 2.

160

Faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up. 10—iii. 5.

161

My mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me. 28—i. 9.

162

In the managing of quarrels, you may see he is

wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with the most Christian-like fear.
6—ii. 3.

163

O good old man; how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for promotion;
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having:* it is not so with thee.
10—ii. 3.

164

I cannot cog, and say, thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping hawthorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Buckler's-bury† in simple-time. 3—iii. 3.

165

Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks. 18—v. 2.

166

My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
And passion, having my best judgment collied,
Assays to lead the way. 37—ii. 3.

167

If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well: wherein, if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.
5—iii. 2.

168

Thus stand my state,
Like to a ship, that, having 'scaped a tempest,
Is straightway calm'd, and boarded with a pirate.
22—iv. 9.

* Even with the *promotion* gained by service, is service extinguished.
† Formerly chiefly inhabited by druggists.

169

I am disgraced, impeach'd and baffled here;
Pierced to the soul with slander's venom'd spear.
17—i. 1.

170

I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad, when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend to no man's business; laugh, when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour. 4—i. 3.

171

Too full of the milk of human kindness. 15—i. 5.

172

Mine honesty shall be my dower. 23—iii. 2.

173

Faster than spring-time showers, comes thought on thought;
And not a thought, but thinks on dignity.
22—iii. 1.

174

There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience. 26—v. 2.

175

I'll play the orator,
As if the golden fee, for which I plead,
Were for myself. 24—iii. 5.

176

I have sounded the very base string of humility.
18—ii. 4.

177

In his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. 15—i. 4.

178

* * * * * *

His real habitude gave life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,

Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case:
All aids themselves made fairer by their place;
Came for additions, yet their purposed trim
Pieced not his grace, but were all graced by him.
So on the tip of his subduing tongue
All kind of arguments, and question deep,
All replication prompt, and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep:
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will;
That he did in the general bosom reign
Of young, of old; and sexes both enchanted.

* * * * * *

Poems.

INFERIOR AND TRIFLING CHARACTERS.

179

Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:
Some, that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

9—i. 1.

180

There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness* entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, *I am Sir Oracle,*
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!

* Obstinate silence.

I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; who, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers, fools.
9—i. 1.

181

This fellow's wise enough to play the fool;
And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time;
And, like the haggard,* check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
As full of labour as a wise man's art;
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit;
But wise men, folly fallen,† quite taint their wit.
4—iii. 1.

182

I do know him valiant,
And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,
And quickly will return an injury. 20—iv. 7.

183

With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds. 28—ii. 3.

184

This milky gentleness, and course of yours,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more attask'd‡ for want of wisdom,
Than praised for harmful mildness. 34—i. 4.

185

As you are old and reverend, you should be wise.
34—i. 4.

186

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. 15—ii. 2.

187

His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his

* A hawk not well trained. † *i. e.* Wise men fallen into folly.
‡ Liable to reprehension.

tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical.* 8—v. 1.

188

Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for the effect† of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear. 31—iv. 2.

189

Your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.
8—v. 2.

190

A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:
One, whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony.
8—i. 1.

191

He has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing. 11—iv. 3.

192

O, he's as tedious
As is a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house:—I had rather live
With cheese and garlic, in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates,‡ and have him talk to me,
In any summer-house in Christendom. 18—iii. 1.

193

I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is po-

* Boastful. † Effect for defect. ‡ Dainties.

litic; nor the lady's, which is nice;* nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects; and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me, is a most humorous sadness. 10—iv. 1.

194

The body of your discourse is sometimes guarded† with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any farther, examine your conscience.‡ 6—i. 1.

195

I know them, yea,
And what they weigh even to the utmost scruple:
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,
Go antic'ly, and show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,
And this is all. 6—v. 1.

196

He is every man in no man: if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering: he will fence with his own shadow. 9—i. 2.

197

He'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not marked, or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy. 6—ii. 1.

198

O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover;§ as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on

* Trifling. † Trimmed.
‡ "Flout," &c. Before you endeavour to distinguish yourself any more by antiquated allusions, examine whether you can fairly claim for your own: or, Examine, if your sarcasms touch yourself.
§ Mistress.

one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all's brave, that youth mounts, and folly guides.
10—iii. 4.

199

He will steal himself into a man's favour, and, for a week, escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.
11—iii. 6.

200

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical fantasms, such insociable and point-device* companions, such rackers of orthography. 8—v. 1.

201

I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone. Unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged.
4—i. 5.

202

O dear discretion, how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words: and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter. 9—iii. 5.

203

How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him, but I am heart-burned an hour after. 6—ii. 1.

204

To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.
11—ii. 4.

205

He has been yonder i' the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow, this half hour. 4—ii. 5.

* Finical exactness.

206

I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind. 11—i. 1.

207

Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit;
By and by it will strike. 1—ii. 1.

208

You are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. 31—v. 3.

209

He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is: in a retreat, he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp. 11—iv. 3.

210

A very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience. 28—ii. 1.

211

Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother. 6—i. 1.

212

This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whale's bone.*
8—v. 2.

213

I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. *Ca, ha!* He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs: *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *qui a les narines de feu!* When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk; he trots the air; the earth sings, when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

* The tooth of the horse-whale.

He's of the colour of the nutmeg.——

And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness, while his rider mounts him; he is, indeed, a horse: and all other jades you may call—beasts. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, from the rising of the lark, to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world (familiar to us, and unknown,) to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus: *Wonder of nature!* 20—iii. 7.

214

They begin to smoke me; and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find, my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue. 11—iv. 1.

215

I have trod a measure;* I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one. 10—v. 4.

216

This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. 19—iii. 2.

217

Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou would'st appear most ugly. 30—ii. 5.

* A stately solemn dance.

218

Thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot-worshippers. 26—v. 1.

219

He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected; framed to make women false.
37—i. 3.

220

Here's a stay,
That shakes the rotten carcase of old death
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas;
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and bounce;
He gives the bastinado with his tongue;
Our ears are cudgell'd. 16—ii. 2.

221

If he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy. 4—iii. 2.

222

They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps. They have lived long in the alms-basket of words! 8—v. 1.

223

You might have truss'd him, and all his apparel, into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him; a court; and now has he land and beeves. 19—iii. 2.

224

Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue; that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself, at his return into London, under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in great commander's names; and they will learn you by rote, where services were done;—at such and such a sconce,* at such a breach,

* An intrenchment hastily thrown up.

at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: And what a beard of the general's cut, and a horrid suit of the camp, will do among foaming bottles, and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on! but you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellous mistook. 20—iii. 6.

225

He hath much land, and fertile; let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess: 'Tis a chough;* but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt. 36—v. 2.

226

My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer. 29—iii. 1.

227

Will you have me, lady?
No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days; your grace is too costly to wear every day. 6—ii. 1.

228

My master is deaf. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good. 19—i. 2.

229

O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove, the king of gods: and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*;† if ye take not that little little less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons,‡ and cutting the web. 26—ii. 3.

* A bird like a jackdaw.
† The wand of Mercury, which is wreathed with serpents.
‡ *i. e.* Without drawing their swords to cut their webs: they use no means but those of violence.

230

See you those clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say, these robes are not gentleman born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours. 13—v. 2.

231

I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense,*
And he grows angry. 37—v. 1.

232

Here comes Monsieur Le Beau, with his mouth full of news, which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young. 10—i. 2.

233

He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man, and a soldier; and now is he turned orthographer; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. 6—ii. 3.

234

Why, what's the matter,
That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness? 6—v. 4.

235

I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddied in fortune's moat, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure. 11—v. 2.

236

I do remember him, like a man made after a supper of a cheese-paring: when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invisible: he was the very genius of famine. 19—iii. 2.

* To the quick.

237

It is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal. 19—i. 2.

238

Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. 13—ii. 1.

239

Thy bones are hollow: impiety has made a feast of thee. 5—i. 2.

240

A rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty. 10—ii. 7.

241

O, he is the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song,* keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house,—of the first and second cause:† Ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay!‡ 35—ii. 4.

242

Men of all sorts take a pride to gird‖ at me: the brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to vent any thing, that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. 19—i. 2.

243

He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under presentation of that, he shoots his wit. 10—v. 4.

244

He is knight, dubbed with unhacked rapier, and on carpet consideration. 4—iii. 4.

* By notes pricked down.

† A gentleman of the first rank of the first eminence among duellists, and will tell you of the *first cause* and the *second cause* for which a man is to fight

‡ Terms of the fencing school. ‖ Gibe.

245

O, you are sick of self-love, and taste with a distempered appetite. 4—i. 5.

246

He is a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent stomach. 6—i. 1.

247

A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations;
Which, out of use, and staled by other men,
Begin his fashion. 29—iv. 1.

248

I cannot tell for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court. 13—iv. 2.

249

What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?
16—ii. 1.

250

Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single?* and every part about you blasted with antiquity?† and will you yet call yourself young? Fye, fye, fye.
19—i. 2.

251

You are rather point-device‡ in your accoutrements; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other. 10—iii. 2.

252

Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains, and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! 4—iv. 1.

* Small. † Old age. ‡ Over-exact.

253

He hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear, he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth.
9—i. 2.

254

Thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou :—
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant.
12—iv. 3.

255

I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.
4—i. 3.

256

For a *quart d'ecu* he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually. 11—iv. 3.

257

He will lie with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool; drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be swine drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw.
11—iv. 3.

258

He is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so;
And will as tenderly be led by th' nose,
As asses are. 37—i. 3.

259

He his special nothing ever prologues. 11—ii. 1.

260

Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood;*
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own? 18—i. 3.

* Mind, humour.

261

From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him. 6—iii. 2.

262

Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;—
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they show
Something too liberal;—pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit. 9—ii. 2.

263

It is a wonderful thing, to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: (They, by observing him, do hear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man:) their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent, like so many wild-geese. 19—v. 1.

264

He wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.* 6—i. 1.

265

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father. 25—i. 4.

266

Give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby; or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two-and-fifty horses: why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal. 12—i. 2.

267

My good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. 11—ii. 3.

* Mould for a hat.

268

He borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows, kindly in your company. 2—ii. 4.

269

Your words and performances are no kin together. 37—iv. 2.

270

I'll tell thee what, a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour: Dost thou think, I care for a satire, or an epigram? No; if a man will be beaten with brains, he shall wear nothing handsome about him: In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion. 6—v. 4.

271

A milk-sop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over-shoes in snow? 24—v. 3.

272

Do but see his vice;
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as the other. 37—ii. 3.

273

You are as a candle, the better part burnt out. 19—i. 2.

274

He does smile his face into more lines, than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies.* 4—iii. 2.

275

I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. 19—i. 2.

* A clear allusion to a map engraved for Linschoten's *Voyages*, an English translation of which was published in 1598. This map is *multilineal* in the extreme, and is the first in which the *Eastern Islands* are included.

276

They'll take suggestion* as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour. 1—ii. 1.

277

He's not yet thorough warm: force† him with praises;
Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry. 26—ii. 3.

278

Thou idle immaterial skein of sleive‡ silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou! Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such water-flies; diminutives of nature! 26—v. 1.

279

The melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal §—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where; ‖ for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing. 4—ii. 4.

280

I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet, ¶ or a worm-eaten nut. 10—iii. 4.

281

He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical; a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth. 13—iv. 3.

282

That's a shealed peascod.** 34—i. 4.

283

Thou half-penny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. 8—v. 1,

* Any hint. † Stuff. ‡ Coarse, unwrought.
§ A precious stone of all colours.
‖ Intent every where, *i. e.* inconstant. ¶ An empty goblet.
** A mere husk, which contains nothing.

284

He would not swear; praised women's modesty: and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they do no more adhere and keep place together than the hundredth Psalm to the tune of *Green Sleeves.* 3—ii. 1.

285

You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard.
16—ii. 1.

286

A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. 13—iv. 2.

287

You strike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post. 6—ii. 1.

288

He's quoted* for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debosh'd;†
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth. 11—v. 3.

289

He speaks an infinite deal of nothing.——His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them, they are not worth the search.
9—i. 1.

290

Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks. 13—i. 2.

291

How oddly he is suited! I think, he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.
9—i. 2.

* Noted. † Debauched.

292

In his brain,—
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. 10—ii. 7.

293

'Tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing,* and to jest,
Tongue far from heart. 5—i. 5.

294

A time pleaser; and affectioned† ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths:‡ the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all, that look on him, love him. 4—ii. 3.

295

He's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality. 11—iii. 6.

296

He will look upon his boot, and sing; mend the ruff,§ and sing; ask questions, and sing; pick his teeth, and sing: I know a man that had this trick of melancholy, sold a goodly manor for a song. 11—iii. 2.

297

He doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself. 9—i. 2.

298

I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without a book. 26—ii. 1.

299

Why, is not this a lamentable thing, that we should

* The farther she is from her nest, where her heart is with her young ones, she is the louder, or perhaps all tongue.
† Affected. ‡ The row of grass left by a mower.
§ The folding at the top of the boot.

be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-moy's*, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *bons*, their *bons!** 35—ii. 4.

300

You are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords, and honourable personages, than the heraldry of your birth and virtues gives you commission. 11—ii. 3.

301

It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer. 34—iv. 2.

302

That great baby, you see there, is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts. 36—ii. 2.

303

When he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a-mending; with terms unsquared,†
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd,
Would seem hyperboles. 26—i. 3.

304

I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart; but the saying is true,—The empty vessel makes the greatest sound. 20—iv. 4.

305

I know you can do very little alone; for your helps are many; or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. 28—ii. 1.

306

Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. 10—i. 2.

307

Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, a

* In ridicule of Frenchified coxcombs. † Unadapted.

stride and a stand; ruminates like an hostess, that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politic regard,* as who should say—there were wit in his head, an 'twould out; and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. 26—iii. 3.

308

My invention
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from frize,
It plucks out brains and all. 37—ii. 1.

309

Thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes: What eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat. 35—iii. 1.

310

This lapwing† runs away with the shell on his head. He did comply‡ with his dug, before he suck'd it. Thus has he (and many more of the same breed, that, I know, the drossy§ age dotes on,) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty‖ collection, which carries them through and through the most fond¶ and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out. 36—v. 2.

311

He waxes desperate with imagination. 36—i. 4.

312

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen,
As you are toss'd with. 18—ii. 3.

* A sly look.
† A bird which runs about as soon as it is hatched.
‡ Compliment. § Worthless. ‖ Frothy.
¶ For *fond*, read *fanned*.

313

One,
Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,*
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie. 1—i. 2.

314

One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes.
31—ii. 3.

315

If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldest not have slipped out of my contemplation.
26—ii. 3.

316

If he, compact of jars,† grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.
10—ii. 7.

317

Thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing in the middle. 34—i. 4.

318

Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrellous as the weasel. 31—iii. 4.

319

Thou core of envy!
Thou crusty batch of nature! 26—v. 1.

320

You have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words. 2—ii. 4.

321

I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound: but when he performs, astronomers foretell it; it is prodigious,‡ there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon, when he keeps his word. 26—v. 1.

* "Of it" should be *oft*.
† Made up of discord.
‡ Portentous, ominous.

322

A gentleman, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month. 35—ii. 4.

323

Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling* when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think, his mother's milk were scarce out of him. 4—i. 5.

324

He hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book: he hath not eat paper, as it were; hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts. 8—iv. 2.

325

I had rather be a kitten, and cry—mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers:
I had rather hear a brazen canstick* turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on an axletree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry;
'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.
18—iii. 1.

326

Though the chameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals, and would fain have meat. 2—ii. 1.

327

A base slave,
A hilding‡ for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent. 31—ii. 3.

328

This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.
34—ii. 4.

* A codling anciently meant an immature apple.
† Candlestick. ‡ A low fellow, only fit to wear a livery.

329

Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?
4—iii. 4.

330

Look how imagination blows him! 4—ii. 5.

331

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. 31—ii. 1.

332

Thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be in love, may sigh it off.
5—i. 3.

333

Thou art an old love-monger. 8—ii, 1.

334

You speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights. 26—ii. 2.

335

Lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. 26—ii. 1.

336

What a disgrace it is to me to remember thy name, or to know thy face to-morrow. 19—ii. 2.

337

A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint.
26—i. 3.

338

I am nothing, if not critical.* 37—ii. 1.

339

There can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes. 11—ii. 4.

* Censorious.

340

What need'st thou run so many miles about,
When thou mayst tell thy tale the nearest way?
24—iv. 4.

341

This is he
That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy;
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms; nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly; and, in ushering,
Mend him who can: the ladies call him, sweet;
The stairs as he treads on them kiss his feet.
8—v. 2.

342

You have got a humour there,
Does not become a man; 'tis much to blame:—
They say, that *ira furor brevis est*,
But yond' man's ever angry. 27—i. 2.

343

I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back.
18—ii. 4.

344

A traveller! I fear, you have sold your own lands, to see other men's: then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.
10—iv. 1.

345

The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before the treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state,* as a thing made† for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finished with his bidding. 28—v. 4.

* Chair of state. † To resemble.

346

Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets* under his advanced plumes. 4—ii. 5.

347

The patch is kind enough: but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat. 9—ii. 5.

348

I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tyber† in't; said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint: hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter; and spend my malice in my breath. 28—ii. 1.

349

In our last conflict four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. 6—i. 1.

350

Thou art not honest: or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward;
Which hoxes‡ honesty behind, restraining
From course required. 13—i. 2.

351

Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect§ thy base-born heart?
23—ii. 2.

352

Get thee glass eyes;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not. 34—iv. 6.

* Struts. † Water of the Tiber. ‡ To hox is to hamstring.
§ To show thy meanness of birth by thy indecent railing.

353

I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need. 13—iv. 3.

354

Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? 9—iii. 5.

355

I am not fat enough to become the function well; nor lean enough to be thought a good student: but to be said, an honest man, and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly, as to say a careful man, and a great scholar. 4—iv. 2.

356

This man hath robbed many beasts of their particular additions;* he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant: a man, into whom nature hath so crowded humours, that his valour is crushed† into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue, that he hath not a glimpse of; nor any man an attaint, but he carries some strain of it: He is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair:‡ He hath the joints of every thing; but every thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use; or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight. 26—i. 2.

357

He will never follow any thing
That other men begin. 29—ii. 1.

358

This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeon's peas;
He is wit's pedler. 8—v. 2.

359

Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current. 24—i. 3.

360

His purse is empty already; all his golden words are spent. 36—v. 2.

* Characters. † Mingled. ‡ Grain.

361

Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin. 9—iv. 1.

362

What a spendthrift he is of his tongue! 1—ii. 1.

363

That they call compliment, is like the encounter of two dog-apes. 10—ii. 5.

364

Hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion?* Shall I never see a bachelor of three-score again? Go to, i'faith: an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. 6—i. 1.

365

You shall find there
A man, who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.
I must not think, there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodness:
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchased;† what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses. 30—i. 4.

366

Manhood is melted into courtesies,‡ valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones§ too: he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie, and swears it. 6—iv. 1.

367

There's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touched with love: if he be sad, he wants money. 6—iii. 2.

* *i. e.* Subject his head to the disquiet of jealousy.
† Procured by his own fault. ‡ Ceremony.
§ Not only men, but trim ones, are turned into tongues; *i. e.* not only *common* but *clever* men.

368

I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty years; and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.
18—ii. 2.

369

You shall see him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up. 19—v. 1.

370

Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse. 19—iii. 2.

371

An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse: The inside of a church! Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil of me. 18—iii. 3.

372

Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop,—but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp. 18—iii. 3.

373

Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme; for, I am sure, I shall turn sonnetteer. Devise, wit; write pen; for I am four whole volumes in folio. 8—i. 2.

374

That unletter'd small-knowing soul. 8—i. 1.

375

I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. 18—i. 2.

376

A most acute juvenal; voluble and free of grace!
8—iii. 1.

377

You are so fretful, you cannot live long. 18—iii. 3.

378

Thou art the Mars of malcontents. 3—i. 3.

379

He capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday,* he smells April and May. 3—iii. 2.

380

What shalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans?†
Who cannot be new built; nor has no friends,
So much as but to prop him? 31—i. 6.

381

Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship, to have a reverend care of your health. 19—i. 2.

382

One that lies three-thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten. 11—ii. 4.

383

No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,
You are so empty of them. 26—ii. 2.

384

A knave; a rascal, an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave; a lily-liver'd, action-taking knave; a glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave. 34—ii. 2.

385

I am an ass indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have served him from the hour of my na-

* Out of the common style. † That inclines towards its fall.

tivity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows: When I am cold, he heats me with beating: when I am warm, he cools me with beating. I am waked with it, when I sleep; raised with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcomed home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door. 14—iv. 4.

386

Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance. 13—iv. 3.

387

I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice,—I have lost it with hollaing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth farther, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding: and he, that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. 19—i. 2.

388

I am a courtier. See'st thou not the air of the court, in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it, the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness, court-contempt? 13—iv. 3.

389

Thou rag of honour! 24—i. 3.

390

I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.
You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so: Lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not show'd them how you were disposed,
Ere they lack'd power to cross you. 28—iii. 2.

391

I will be proud. I will read politic authors. I will

wash off gross acquaintance. I will be point-device, the very man. 4—ii. 5.

392

Methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit. 4—i. 3.

393

Let the doors be shut upon him; that he may play the fool nowhere but in 's own house. 36—iii. 1.

394

How like a fawning publican he looks! 9—i. 3.

395

Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is little better than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. 9—i. 2.

396

His heart's meteors tilting in his face. 14—iv. 2.

397

This is some fellow,
Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb,
Quite from his nature:* He cannot flatter, he!—
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth:
An they will take it, so; if not he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly† ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely. 34—ii. 2.

398

What's his fault?

The flat transgression of a school-boy; who, being overjoyed with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion and he steals it. 6—ii. 1.

* Forces his *outside* or his appearance to something totally different from his natural disposition. † Simple or rustic.

399

Tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

For them all together; which maintained so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. 6—v. 2.

400

And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humorous sigh;
A critic; nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal so magnificent!
This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy;
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
Sole imperator and great general
Of trotting paritors,* O my little heart!
And I to be a corporal of his field,
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!
What? I! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a repairing; ever out of frame;
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right?

* * * * * *

And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague,
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might. 8—iii. 1.

401

Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid welcome
To knaves, and all approachers. 27—iv. 3.

402

Being once chafed, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance. 28—iii. 3.

* The officers of the spiritual courts who serve citations.

403

Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth. 26—i. 3.

404

A knave very voluble; no farther conscionable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection. A slippery and subtle knave; a finder-out of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself. 37—ii. 1.

405

What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle when he went to school.
So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite. 29—i. 2.

406

That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman!—His industry is—up stairs, and down stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. 18—ii. 4.

407

A hungry lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man. 14—v. 1.

408

A man, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate. 13—iv. 1.

409

This is in thee a nature but affected,

A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune. 27—iv. 3.

410

The world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with works;
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts;
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit. 8—v. 2.

411

Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art;
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast:
Unseemly woman, in a seeming man!
Or ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both!
Thou hast amazed me:
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
35—iii. 3.

412

O, sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the *Retort courteous;* the second, the *Quip modest;* the third, the *Reply churlish;* the fourth, the *Reproof valiant;* the fifth, the *Countercheck quarrelsome;* the sixth, the *Lie with circumstance;* the seventh, the *Lie direct.* All these you may avoid, but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an *If.* I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If,* as *If you said so, then I said so;* and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *If.* 10—v. 4.

413

O knowledge ill-inhabited! worse than Jove in a thatched house. 10—iii. 2.

414

This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands.

* * * * *

And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then we take down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons. 29—iv. 1.

415

A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow. 5—iii. 2.

416

He ambled up and down
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled and soon burn'd:
Had his great name profaned with their scorns;
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative:
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity:
That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey; and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded. 18—iii. 2.

417

I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury. 4—v. 1.

418

He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them. 10—iii. 4.

419

My friends—they praise me, and make an ass of me; now, my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so

that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes. 4—v. 1.

420

Hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.
5—i. 4.

421

Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
22—v. 1.

422

I am a feather for each wind that blows. 13—ii. 3.

423

Thou should'st not have been old, before thou had'st been wise. 34—i. 5.

424

Well, whiles I am a beggar I will rail,
And say, there is no sin, but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say,—there is no vice, but beggary. 16—ii. 2.

425

Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost. 24—i. 2.

426

These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is caked, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And Nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.
27—ii. 2.

427

Your speech is passion,
But, pray you, stir no embers up. 30—ii. 2.

428

Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding. 28—iv. 2.

429

'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition, but, therewithal, the unruly waywardness, that infirm and choleric years bring with them. 34—i. 1.

430

His discontents are unremovably
Coupled to nature. 27—v. 2.

431

I see no more in you, than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work. 10—iii. 5.

432

A man, whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense. 5—i. 5.

433

How green are you, and fresh in this old world!
16—iii. 4.

434

Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,
He makes important: Possess'd he is with greatness;
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath; imagined worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
He in commotion rages,
And batters down himself: What should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it
Cry—*No recovery.* 26—ii. 3.

435

No care, no stop! so senseless of expense,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot: Takes no account
How things go from him; nor resumes no care
Of what is to continue: Never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
What shall be done? He will not hear, till feel.
27—ii. 2.

436

Alas, he is shot through the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft.* 35—ii. 4.

437

There should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,
And all this court'sy! The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.† 27—i. 1.

438

You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose. 13—ii. 1.

439

He would make his will
Lord of his reason. 30—iii. 11.

440

Your wisdom is consumed in confidence. 29—ii. 2.

441

What would you have me? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one. 33—iv. 6.

442

They should be good men; their affairs‡ as§ righteous:
But all hoods make not monks. 25—iii. 1.

* Arrow.
† Man is degenerated; his strain or lineage is worn down to a monkey. ‡ Professions. § *As*, i. e. are.

443

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs.
37—iii. 3.

444

Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in the pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to the ear,
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs.* 12—i. 2.

445

I know not why I am so sad;
It wearies me; you say, it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself. 9—i. 1.

DEPRAVED AND HYPOCRITICAL CHARACTERS.

446

In the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs,† water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped‡
All by the name of dogs: the valued file

* Fright boys with bug-bears. † Wolf-dogs. ‡ Called.

Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him closed; whereby he does receive
Particular addition,* from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
15—iii. 1.

447

Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile;
And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions. 23—iii. 2.

448

Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting† itself;
And all the embossed sores, and headed evils,
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Would'st thou disgorge into the general world.
10—ii. 7.

449

Swear his thought over
By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or, by oath, remove, or counsel, shake
The fabric of his folly; whose foundation
Is piled upon his faith,‡ and will continue
The standing of his body. 13—i. 2.

450

Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infused itself in thee: for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starved, and ravenous. 9—iv. 1.

* Title, description. † Sting-fly. ‡ Settled belief.

451

Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,—
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine!—O think, what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed; stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
13—iii. 2.

452

I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words, that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration. 19—ii. 1.

453

Can you not see? or will you not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself;
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, peremptory, and unlike himself?
We know the time, since he was mild and affable.
* * * * * *
But meet him now, and be it in the morn,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,
And passeth by with stiff, unbowed knee. 22—iii. 1.

454

O, thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?*
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow.
4—v. 1.

455

Over-proud,
And under-honest; in self-assumption greater,
Than in the note of judgment. 26—ii. 3.

456

O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
19—iv. 4.

* Skin.

457

Pride went before, ambition follows him. 22—i. 1.

458

As dissolute, as desperate: yet through both
I see some sparkles of a better hope,
Which elder days may happily bring forth.
17—v. 3.

459

The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd; and the soul of every man
Prophetically does fore-think thy fall. 18—iii. 2.

460

He cannot temperately transport his honours
From where he should begin, and end; but will
Lose those that he hath won. 28—ii. 1.

461

Beware of yonder dog;
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and, when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death:
Have not to do with him, beware of him,
Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks on him;
And all their ministers attend on him. 24—i. 3.

462

A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.* 5—iv. 2.

463

Trust not to those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such rheum;†
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse‡ and innocency. 16—iv. 3.

464

What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?
23—v. 5.

* Desperately wicked. † Moisture. ‡ Pity.

465

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines,
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
His heart. 9—iv. 1.

466

My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
22—iii. 1.

467

Thy face is, visor-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds. 23—i. 4.

468

A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame.
16—iv. 2.

469

True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
Were, in his time, thought false: and Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity
From most true wretchedness: So, thou,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false, and perjured,
From thy great fail. 31—iii. 4.

470

I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind;
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will no doubt, tempt him to any thing.
24—iv. 2.

471

Thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no farther than this world,
And squar'st thy life according. 5—v. 1.

472.

The hopes we have in him touch ground,
And dash themselves to pieces. 19—iv. 1.

473

I took him for the plainest harmless't creature,
That breath'd upon the earth a Christian;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue.
24—iii. 5.

474

So finely bolted* didst thou seem:
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man, and best endued,†
With some suspicion. 20—ii. 2.

475

Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the ten commandments, but scraped one out of the table.‡ 5—i. 2.

476

In following him I follow but myself;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern,§ 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am. 37—i. 1.

477

Thou art a traitor and a miscreant!
Too good to be so, and too bad to live;
Since, the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly. 17—i. 1.

478

The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him. 15—i. 1.

* Sifted.
† Endowed.
‡ The eighth.
§ Outward show, civility.

479

If you were *born* to honour, show it now;
If *put* upon you, make the judgment good
That thought you worthy of it. 33—iv. 6.

480

You play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;
But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I am sure
Thou hast a cruel nature. 25—v. 2.

481

Think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind,* grow mischievous. 29—ii. 1.

482

A serviceable villain,
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,
As badness would desire. 34—iv. 6.

483

Milk-liver'd man!
That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Why hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering. 34—iv. 2.

484

Correction and instruction must both work,
Ere this rude beast will profit. 5—iii. 2.

485

Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch. 30—i. 2.

486

Tetchy† and wayward was thy infancy; [rious;
Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild, and fu-
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous;
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred.
24—iv. 4.

* Nature. † Cross.

487

Fear, and not love, begets his penitence;
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent, that will sting thee to the heart.
17—v. 3.

488

Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in't. 27—iv. 3.

489

Upon thy eyeballs murd'rous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.
22—iii. 2.

490

Thus merely with the garment of a grace,
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd,
That th' unexperienced gave the tempter place,
Which like a cherubim above them hover'd.
Poems.

491

None serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too. 15—v. 4.

492

What shall I say to thee, thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
Thou that did'st bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost might'st have coin'd me into gold—
Would'st thou have practised on me for thy use?
'Tis so strange,
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.
* * * * * *
I will weep for thee;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man. 20—ii. 2.

493

The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much-troubled breast.
16—iv. 2.

494

Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself. 10—i. 3.

495

Came he right now* to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;
And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first conceived sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words.
22—iii. 2.

496

Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward;
Thou little valiant, great in villany!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! 16—iii. 1.

497

An inhuman wretch,
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy. 9—iv. 1.

498

Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he's disposed as the hateful raven.
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
For he's inclined as are the ravenous wolves,
Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit?
22—iii. 1.

499

'Tis not impossible,
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings,† characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain. 5—v. 1.

* Just now. † Habits and characters of office.

500

His gift is in devising impossible* slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany.† 6—ii. 1.

501

Abhorred slave;
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill. 1—i. 2.

502

Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!
Follow you envious courses, men of malice;
You have Christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. 25—iii. 2.

503

Mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face. 37—iv. 1.

504

Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable and false. 17—ii. 3.

505

Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes;
That, when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him. 6—v. 1.

506

And am I then a man to be beloved?
O monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
23—iii. 2.

507

Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is. 30—iii. 11.

* Incredible. † In his devising slanders.

508

There is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour.
36—ii. 2.

509

Being fed by us, you used us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,*
Useth the sparrow: did oppress our nest;
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That even our love durst not come near your sight,
For fear of swallowing. 18—v. 1.

510

Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye. 24—iv. 2.

511

A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture† can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. 1—iv. 1.

512

A fearful eye thou hast: Where is that blood,
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm. 16—iv. 2.

513

His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content;
. . . . . .
So mild, that Patience seem'd to scorn his woes.
. . . . . .
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,
A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe;
Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled so
That blushing red no guilty instance gave,
Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,
He entertain'd a show so seeming just,

* The cuckoo's chicken, who being hatched and fed by the sparrow, in whose nest the cuckoo's egg was laid, grows in time able to devour her nurse. † Education.

And therein so ensconced his secret evil,
That jealousy itself could not mistrust,
False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust
Into so bright a day such black-faced storms,
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.
Poems.

514

Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.* 5—iii. 1.

515

The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends. When thou wast in thy gilt, and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much curiosity;† in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despised for the contrary. 27—iv. 3.

516

He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule. 15—v. 2.

517

Allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep him warm; and furred with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing. 5—iii. 2.

518

Why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us;
Play judge, and executioner, all himself? 31—iv. 2.

519

In seeking tales and informations,
Against this man, (whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,)
Ye blew the fire that burns ye. 25—v. 2.

520

Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd. 34—ii. 2.

* An establish'd habit.
† For too much finical delicacy. [Here is the depth, precision, and acuteness, of Aristotle.]

521

His show
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering* bank,
With shining checker'd slough,† doth sting a child,
That, for the beauty, thinks it excellent. 22—iii. 1.

522

This cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, best
Not wake him in his slumber. 25—i. 1.

523

He hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition.
28—i. 1.

524

O that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace! 35—iii. 2.

525

Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,†
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks.§
27—iii. 6.

526

If thou wert honourable,
Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st; as base, as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour. 31—i. 7.

527

How fairly this lord strives to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like those, that, under hot ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire. Of such a nature is his politic love. 27—iii. 3.

*i. e. In the flowers growing on the bank. †Skin.
‡ Flies of a season. § Jacks of the clock.

528

I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have 't with saying, Good morrow. 28—iii. 3.

529

He hath no friends, but who are friends for fear.
24—v. 2.

530

Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? 27—iii. 1.

531

How he coasts,
And hedges, his own way.* But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death. 25—iii. 2.

532

Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice. 34—iii. 2.

533

If the devil have given thee proofs for sin,
Thou wilt prove his. 5—iii. 2.

534

Too bad for bad report. 31—i. 1.

535

Thou know'st no law of God nor man;
No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.
24—i. 2.

536

O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical!

* Not to take the direct and open path, but to steal covertly through circumvolutions.

Dove-feather'd raven! wolvish-ravening lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned saint, an honourable villain! 35—iii. 2.

537

Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
If not a usuring kindness; and as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one? 27—iv. 3.

538

He that will give good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring. 28—i. 1.

539

This top-proud fellow,
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions,*) by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous. 25—i. 1.

540

All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach. 25—iii. 2.

541

False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. 34—iii. 4.

542

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain. 24—v. 3.

543

Such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain [sion
Which are too intrinse† t' unloose: smooth every pas-
That in the nature of their lords rebels;
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;

* Honest indignation. † Perplexed.

Renege,* affirm, and turn their halcyon† beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters,
As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.
34—ii. 2.

544

His red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice.
22—iii. 1.

545

Thou art a slave, whom fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.
27—iv. 3.

546

I do the wrong and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroach,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
But then I sigh, and with a piece of scripture,
Tell them—that God bids us do good for evil.
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.
24—i. 3.

547

I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw.
Intending‡ deep suspicion: ghastly looks,
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time to grace my stratagems. 24—iii. 5.

548

No man's pie is freed
From his ambitious finger. 25—i. 1.

549

Profane fellow!
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,
But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base
To be a groom: thou wert dignified enough,

* Disown.
† The bird called the king-fisher, which, when dried, and hung by a thread, is supposed to turn his bill to the point from whence the wind blows.
‡ Pretending.

Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be styled
The under-hangman of the kingdom; and hated
For being preferr'd so well. 31—ii. 3.

550

If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.* 27—iv. 3.

551

From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn. 31—iii. 5.

552

You know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.
24—i. 2.

553

Insulting tyranny begins to jet. 24—ii. 4.

554

Thou wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature and the son of hell! 24—i. 3.

555

Thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead! 19—ii. 4.

556

His humour
Was nothing but mutation; ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse. 31—iv. 2.

557

The composition, that your valour and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing.† 11—i. 1.

* Dr. Johnson says, that "Dryden has quoted two verses of Virgil, to show how well he could have written satires." Shakspeare has here given a specimen of the same power by a line bitter beyond all bitterness, in which Timon tells Apemantus that he had not virtue enough for the vices which he condemned.

† To fly for safety.

558

From the extremest upward of thy head,
To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,
A most toad-spotted traitor. 34—v. 3.

559

And what may make him blush in being known,
He'll stop the course by which it might be known.
33—i. 2.

560

Spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you. 15—iii. 5.

561

A wretch whom nature is ashamed,
Almost to acknowledge hers. 34—i. 1.

562

He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,
Ill-faced, worse-bodied, shapeless every where;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;
Stigmatical in making,* worse in mind. 14—iv. 2.

563

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
23—i. 4.

564

I will converse with iron-witted fools,
And unrespective boys; none are for me,
That look into me with considerate eyes. 24—iv. 2.

565

With doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.
7—iii. 2.

566

There is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tiger. 28—v. 4.

* Marked by nature with deformity.

567

O villains, vipers,
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man! 17—iii. 2.

568

This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both; for he is equal ravenous,
As he is subtle; and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform it. 25—i. 1.

569

Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness. 1—i. 2.

570

For he is set so only to himself,
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him. 27—v. 2.

571

Thou art as opposite to every good,
As the antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion.*
O, tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
23—i. 4.

572

One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough;
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff; [mands
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that counter-
The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands.
14—iv. 2.

573

The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood. 31—v. 2.

574

Thou art reverent
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.
21—iii. 1.

* The north.

575

Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man. 9—iii. 2.

576

A hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both. 13—i. 2.

577

I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect. 3—iii. 1.

578

This outward-sainted deputy,
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth enmew,*
As falcon doth the fowl,—is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell. 5—iii. 1.

FEMALE CHARACTERS.

SUPERIOR.

579

She is beautiful; and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman; therefore to be won. 21—v. 3.

580

In her youth
There is a prone† and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men; beside, she hath prosperous art,
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade. 5—i. 3.

* Shut up. † Prompt.

581

Happy in this, she is not yet so old,
But she may learn; and happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours, to be directed. 9—iii. 2.

582

She did make defect, perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.—
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety. 30—ii. 2.

583

Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admired. 30—i. 1.

584

I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairer! for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities,* there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too; in her, they are the better for their simpleness;† she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness. 11—i. 1.

585

Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be ashamed to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. 9—ii. 3.

586

My shame will hang upon my richest robes,
And show itself, attire me how I can. 22—ii. 4.

587

O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!

* Qualities of good breeding and condition.
† Her excellencies are the better because they are artless.

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
29—ii. 4.

588

For she is *wise*, if I can judge of her;
And *fair* she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And *true* she is, as she hath proved herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul. 9—ii. 6.

589

She will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her. 1—iv. 1.

590

All, that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate;*
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all
That happiness and prime can happy call. 11—ii. 1.

591

She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do more than she is requested——
In any honest suit; she's framed as fruitful
As the free elements. 37—ii. 3.

592

Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queen's. 13—iv. 3.

593

She hath all courtly parts more exquisite,
Than lady, ladies, woman;† from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all. 31—iii. 5.

* *i. e.* May be counted among the gifts enjoyed by thee.
† Than any *lady*, than all *ladies*, than all *womankind*.

594

She's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her. 31—iii. 5.

595

For I am sick, and capable* of fears;
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears. 16—iii. 1.

596

Her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: we cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove. 30—i. 2.

597

All of her, that is out of door most rich,
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird.† 31—i. 7.

598

Thou look'st
Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd truth to dwell in. 33—v. 1.

599

A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself. 37—i. 3.

600

Her smoothness,
Her very silence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her. 10—i. 3.

601

A maiden hath no tongue but thought. 9—iii. 2.

* Susceptible. † The Phœnix.

602

She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of any soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be looked against.
3—ii. 2.

603

She bore a mind that envy could not but call fair.
4—ii. 1.

604

Thy tender-hefted nature* shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness; her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burn. 34—ii. 4.

605

Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth. 34—i. 1.

606

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low; an excellent thing in woman.
34—v. 3.

607

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with it. 1—i. 2.

608

O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her! when liver, brain, and heart,†
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied and fill'd
(Her sweet perfections) with one self king!
4—i. 1.

609

She'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;

* A bosom agitated by tender passions.
† Liver, brain, and heart, are admitted in poetry as the residence of passions, judgment, and sentiment; these are what Shakspeare calls her *sweet perfections*.

And, in strong proof of chastity well-arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide th' encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold. 35—i. 1.

FEMALE CHARACTERS.

SUBORDINATE.

610

Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising* what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak. 6—iii. 1.

611

Make the doors† upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and, 'twill out at the keyhole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney. 10—iv. 1.

612

You have a nimble wit; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. 10—iii. 2.

613

O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear! Of so high and plenteous wit and invention! 37—iv. 1.

614

Mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets.
10—iii. 5.

* Undervaluing. † Bar the doors.

615

O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd:
She was a vixen when she went to school;
And, though she be but little, she is fierce.
7—iii. 2.

616

'Tis such fools as you,
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper,
Than any of her lineaments can show her.
10—iii. 5.

617

She is too disdainful;
I know, her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.* 6—iii. 1.

618

Your face hath got five hundred pounds a-year;
Yet sell your face for five-pence, and tis dear.
16—i. 1.

619

She creeps;
Her motion and her station† are as one;
She shows a body rather than a life;
A statue, than a breather. 30—iii. 3.

620

I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured,
But she would spell him backward; if fair-faced,
She'd swear, the gentleman should be her sister;
If black, why nature, drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut:
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why a block, moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out;
And never gives to truth and virtue that,
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth. 6—iii. 1.

* A species of hawk. † Standing.

621

I would, my horse had the speed of your tongue; and so good a continuer. 6—i. 1.

622

You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun, in Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. 28—i. 3.

623

Constant you are;
But yet a woman: and for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I well believe,
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee. 18—ii. 3.

624

If they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad. 6—ii. 1.

625

I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books. . . .
No: an he were, I would burn my study. 6—i. 1.

626

She cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear'd. 6—iii. 1.

627

O thou public commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds. 37—iv. 2.

628

She is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father. 2—iii. 1.

629

She is too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this

commendation I can afford her; that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome. 6—i. 1.

630

Let them anatomize her; see what breeds about her heart: Is there any cause in nature, that makes these hard hearts? 34—iii. 6.

631

Lady, you have a merry heart. . . . Yea, I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care. 6—ii. 1.

632

O,
Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant,
Can tickle where she wounds! 31—i. 2.

633

Her beauty and her brain go not together:* She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.† 31—i. 3.

634

Would I (being but a moonish youth) grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles, for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing (as boys and women are the most part cattle of this colour); would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him. 10—iii. 2.

635

Come, an it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. 19—ii. 1.

636

Whose warp'd looks proclaim
What store her heart is made of. 34—iii. 6.

* Her beauty and sense are not equal.
† Anciently almost every sign had a motto, or some attempt at witticism, underneath it.

637

She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking. 37—ii. 1.

638

Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have more beauty,
(As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,)
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
10—iii. 5.

639

O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! 20—ii. 2.

640

You are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended.
37—ii. 1.

641

What, my dear lady Disdain! are you yet living?
6—i. 1.

642

Thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd with thy tongue. 6—ii. 1.

643

She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her, she would infect to the north star. . . . She would have made Hercules have turned spit; yea, and have cleft his club, to make the fire too. 6—ii. 1.

644

The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;
Above the sense of sense: so sensible

Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings,
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter
things. 8—v. 2.

645

God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. 36—iii. 1.

646

I saw her hand; she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think,
That her old gloves were on; but 'twas her hands;
She has a huswife's hand. 10—iv. 3.

PAINTINGS

OF

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LESSING.

PAINTINGS

OF

NATURE AND THE PASSIONS.

1

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines* of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;†
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it. 9—v. 1.

2

The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower.
7—iii. 1.

3

Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the watery glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass.
7—i. 1.

4

The moon, like to a silver bow,
New bent in heaven. 7—i. 1.

* A small flat dish, used in the administration of the Eucharist.

† "Touching musical harmony, whether by instrument or by voice, it being but of high and low sounds in a due proportionable disposition, such notwithstanding is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath in the very part of man which is most divine, that some have been thereby induced to think that the soul itself by nature is, or hath in it, harmony."—*Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity*, B. v.

5

The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven. 9—ii. 7.

6

Peace, hoa, the moon sleeps with Endymion,*
And would not be awaked! 9—v. 1.

7

Yon gray is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow.†
35—iii. 5.

8

The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.
21—i. 4.

9

How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky‡ hill! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.
The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;§
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretells a tempest, and a blustering day. 18—v. 1.

10

The glorious sun,
Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist;
Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,
The meager cloddy earth to glittering gold.
16—iii. 1.

11

As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort‖ swells. 15—i. 1.

12

The weary sun hath made a golden set,

* A shepherd of Caria, who, for insolently soliciting Juno, was condemned to a sleep of thirty years; Luna visited him by night in a cave of Mount Latmus.

† Reflection of the moon. ‡ Woody.

§ That is, to the sun's, to which the sun portends by his unusual appearance. ‖ The opposite to comfort.

And by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow. 24—v. 3.

13

The sun hath made his journal greeting to
The under-generation.* 5—iv. 3.

14

See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun !†
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a younker, prancing to his love!
23—ii. 1.

15

Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
35—iii. 5.

16

Look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.
36—i. 1.

17

The morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness. 1—v. 1.

18

Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd.
5—iv. 2.

19

Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.
Poems.

* Antipodes.
† Aurora takes for a time her farewell of the sun, when she dismisses him to his diurnal course.

20

The wolves have prey'd: and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray.*
6—v. 3.

21

Night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger. 7—iii. 2.

22

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
30—iv. 4.

23

The glowworm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire. 36—i. 5.

24

The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day. 36—i. 1.

25

The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
21—ii. 2.

26

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes. 31—ii. 3.

27

Look, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the vail and dark'ning of the sun,
To close the day up, life is done. 26—v. 9.

* Night—dragon wing.

28

How still the evening is,
As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony! 6—ii. 3.

29

Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood. 15—iii. 2.

30

The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
24—v. 3.

31

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn. 15—iii. 3.

32

This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick,
It looks a little paler: 'tis a day,
Such as the day is, when the sun is hid. 9—v. 1.

33

Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouse.
15—iii. 2.

34

By the clock 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
Is it night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
When living light should kiss it? 15—ii. 4.

35

Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot task hath ended in the west:
The owl, night's herald, shrieks, 'tis very late;
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest;
And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light,
Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

36

Swift, swift, you dragons of the night!—that dawning
May bare the raven's eye. 31—ii. 2.

37

The gaudy, babbling, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades,
That drag the tragic melancholy night;
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings,
Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
22—iv. 1.

38

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' mansion; such a wagoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately. 35—iii. 2.

39

Sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her vaulty prison stows the day. *Poems.*

40

The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth.
26—v. 9.

41

Now the hungry lion roars,
  And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
  All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
  Whilst the scritch-owl, scritching loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
  In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
  That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
  In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
  By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
  Following darkness like a dream. 7—v. 2.

42

The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest. 31—ii. 2.

43

Civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black. 35—iii. 2.

44

—— The bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight;——
The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal. 15—iii. 2.

45

That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders, and in outrage, bloody here;
But when, from under this terrestrial ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves.
17—iii. 2.

46

Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-out-running were not: The fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake. 1—i. 2.

47

We often see against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack* stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death: anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region. 36—ii. 2.

* Light clouds.

48

The cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven. 29—i. 3.

49

Things, that love night,
Love not such nights as these: the wrathful skies
Gallow* the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves: Since I was man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry
The affliction, nor the fear. 34—iii. 2.

50

Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: Thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.
That, which is now a horse, even with a thought,
The rack† dislimns: and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.
My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape. 30—iv. 12.

51

Yon gray lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.
29—ii. 1.

52

Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing‡ fires,
Vaunt couriers§ to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,

* Scare, or frighten.
† Fleeting clouds.
‡ Quick as thought.
§ *Avant courriers.* French.

And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Carck nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,
That make ingrateful man! 34—iii. 2.

53

Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land;
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt* on them,
Can hold the mortise?
Do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chilling billow seems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shaked surge, with high and monstrous main,
Seems to cast water on the burning bear,†
And quench the guards of th' ever-fixed pole:
I never did like molestation view
On the enchafed flood. 37—ii. 1.

54

The yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up. 15—iv. 1.

55

The moon shines bright:—In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise; in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul towards the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.
In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.
In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waved her love
To come again to Carthage.
In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs,
That did renew old Æson. 9—v. 1.

* *Meet* would probably be better.
† The constellation near the polar star.

56

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down
Steeples and moss-grown towers. 18—iii. 1.

57

A red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gust and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.
Poems.

58

I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have rived the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds.
29—i. 3.

59

The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,—
The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other, to enjoy by rage and war. 17—ii. 4.

60

Well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping Winter treads. 35—i. 2.

61

Flora
Peering in April's front. 13—iv. 3.

62

The violets now
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring.
17—v. 2.

63

An envious sneaping* frost,
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.
8—i. 1.

64

The pleached bower,
Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter; like favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it. 6—iii. 1.

65

That same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flowrets' eyes,†
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.
7—iv. 1.

66

This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty frieze, buttress,
Nor coigne of vantage,‡ but this bird hath made
His pendant bed, and procreant cradle: Where they
Most breed and haunt, I have observed, the air
Is delicate. 15—i. 6.

67

The year growing ancient,—
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter. 13—iv. 3.

68

This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses. 15—i. 6.

69

Go, bind thou up yon dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make the sire

* Nipping.
† The *eye* of a flower is the technical term for its centre.
‡ Convenient corner.

Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.—
Go thou, and, like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays,
That look too lofty in the commonwealth:
All must be even in our government.—
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.
. . . . . We at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees;
Lest, being over-proud with sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself.
. . . . . All superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live.
17—iii. 4.

70

Behold the earth hath roots;
Within this mile break forth a hundred springs:
The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips;
The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush
Lays her full mess before you. 27—iv. 3.

71

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips* and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with lush† woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in. 7—ii. 2.

72

Here's flowers for you:
Hot lavender, mint, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping; these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age. 13—iv. 3.

* The greater cowslip. † Vigorous.

73

O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall
From Dis's* wagon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength;
. . . . bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of. 13—iv. 3.

74

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry,
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer, merrily:
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.
1—v. 1.

75

I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt,† telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her seat, down topples she,
And *tailor* cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips and loffe;
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear,
A merrier hour was never wasted there. 7—ii. 1.

* Pluto. † An innocent old woman.

76

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot. 8—v. 2.

77

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough briar,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moones sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs* upon the green:
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear. 7—ii. 1.

78

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:

* Circles.

To his music, plants, and flowers,
Ever sprung; as sun, and showers,
There had been a lasting spring.
Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art;
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or, hearing die. 25—iii. 1.

79

The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture* stolen
From general excrement: each thing's a thief;
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. 27—iv. 3.

80

The snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there, all smother'd up in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again. *Poems.*

81

The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait. 6—iii. 1.

82

The Pontic sea,
Whose icy current, and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic, and the Hellespont. 37—iii. 3.

83

Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign;
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguised;
Of what she was, no semblance did remain:
Her blue blood changed to black in every vein,

* Compost, manure.

Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed,
Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

Poems.

84

These gray locks, the pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like aged, in an age of care;
These eyes,—like lamps, whose wasting oil is spent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent:
Weak shoulders overborne with burd'ning grief;
And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground:—
Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,
Unable to support this lump of clay,—
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave. 21—ii. 5.

85

With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: Thou shalt not lack
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azured hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock* would,
With charitable bill (O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground† thy corse. 31—iv. 2.

86

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:

* The red-breast.
† Probably a corrupt reading for *wither round* thy corse.

The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the light'ning flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure* rash:
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign† to thee, and come to dust. 31—iv. 2.

87

I will rob Tellus‡ of her weeds,
To strew thy green with flowers; the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a chaplet, hang upon thy grave,
While summer days do last. 33—iv. 1.

88

How use doth breēd a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns;
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And, to the nightingale's complaining notes,
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was! 2—v. 4.

89

How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows, and choughs,§ that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles: half way down,
Hangs one that gathers samphire:‖ dreadful trade!
Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice: and yon' tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock;¶ her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight: The murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,

* Judgment.
† Seal the same contract.
‡ Earth.
§ Daws.
‖ A vegetable gathered for pickling.
¶ Her cock-boat.

Cannot be heard so high: I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple* down headlong. 34—iv. 6.

90

The dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles† o'er his base into the sea,
The very place puts toys‡ of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath. 36—i. 4.

91

From the dread summit of this chalky bourn:§
Look up a-height; the shrill-gorged‖ lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard. 34—iv. 6.

92

These things seem small and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds. 7—iv. 1.

93

Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The season's difference; as, the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,—
This is no flattery: these are counsellors,
That feelingly persuade me what I am.

* * * * * *

And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.
10—ii. 1.

94

Pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,

* Tumble. † Hangs. ‡ Whims.
§ *i. e.* This chalky boundary of England. ‖ Shrill-throated.

And, mark, what object did present itself!
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast,
To prey on nothing, that doth seem as dead:
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother. 10—iv. 3.

95

Natural graces, that extinguish art. 21—v. 3.

96

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's* ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
35—i. 5.

97

Her stature, as wand-like straight;
As silver-voiced: her eyes as jewel-like,
And cased as richly: in pace another Juno;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
The more she gives them speech. 33—v. 1.

98

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss;
* * * * * *

* An Ethiopian, a black.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet: whose perfect white
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
Her eyes like marigolds, had sheath'd their light;
And, canopied in darkness, sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day. *Poems.*

99

Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud:
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown. 8—v. 2.

100

Her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece. 9—i. 1.

101

That whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster. 37—v. 2.

102

You seem to me as Dian in her orb;
As chaste as is the bud, ere it be blown. 6—iv. 1.

103

She looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew. 12—ii. 1.

104

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A shining gloss, that fadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud;
A brittle glass, that's broken presently;
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as good lost, is seld or never found,
As faded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead, lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,
So beauty blemish'd once, for ever's lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost. *Poems.*

105

The fringed curtains of thine eye. 1—i. 2.

106

I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter* of Agenor had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.
· · · I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air:
Sacred and sweet, was all I saw in her. 12—i. 1.

107

I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love:
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord. 9—ii. 9.

108

If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale-white shown:
Then, if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know,
For still her cheeks possess the same,
Which native she doth owe.† 8—i. 2.

109

She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat (like Patience on a monument)
Smiling at grief. 4—ii. 4.

110

Thine eye would emulate the diamond. 3—iii. 3.

* Europa. † Of which she is naturally possessed.

111

My beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise;
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's* tongues.
8—ii. 1.

112

Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes,—that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,—
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
10—iii. 5.

113

Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends: Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider; and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: But her eyes,—
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnish'd. 9—iii. 2.

114

Fairest lady—
What! are men mad? hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones†
Upon the number'd beach? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
Twixt fair and foul? 31—i. 7.

115

He hath achieved a maid,
That paragons description, and wild fame;

* Chapman, is market-man.
† The pebbles on the sea shore are so much of the same size and shape, that *twinn'd* may mean *as like as twins.*

One, that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in the essential vesture of creation,
Does bear all excellency.* 37—ii. 1.

116

The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,
That's curded by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple. 28—v. 3.

117

I take thy hand; this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it;
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,
That's bolted† by the northern blasts twice o'er.
13—iv. 3.

118

'Tis beauty truly blent,‡ whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy. 4—i. 5.

119

O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purged the air of pestilence;
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me. 4—i. 1.

120

Thou dost look
Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
Extremity out of act.§ 33—v. 1.

* "*Does bear all excellency.*" This is the reading of the quarto. In the folio it is "*Do's tyre the ingenieur.*" Mr. Steevens remarks that "the reading of the *quarto* is so flat and unpoetical, when compared with that sense which seems meant to have been given in the *folio*, that I heartily wish some emendation could be hit on, which might entitle it to a place in the text." The following is suggested, *Attires the engineer*, that is, *adorns the general*. "The woman is the glory of the man."—1 Cor. xi. 7. "A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband."—Prov. xii. 4. Achilles is called "a rare *engineer*."

† The sieve used to separate flour from bran is called a bolting cloth.

‡ Blended, mixed together.

§ By her beauty and patient meekness disarming Calamity, and preventing her from using her uplifted sword. *Extremity*, for the utmost of human suffering.

121

What's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris rounds thine eye?*
11—i. 3.

122

If two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow. 9—iii. 5.

123

O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
7—iii. 2.

124

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish, all the world.
8—iv. 3.

125

Where is any author in the world,
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye? 8—iv. 3.

126

Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!
For thou hast given me in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts. 22—i. 1.

127

O, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear?
But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not wear?
What breast so cold that is not warmed here?
O cleft effect! cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extincture hath!

Poems.

* There is something exquisitely beautiful in this representation of that suffusion of colours which glimmers around the sight when the eyelashes are wet with tears.

128

When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew.

. . . . . .

What, still in tears?
Evermore showering? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;
Who,—raging with thy tears, and they with them,—
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body. 35—iii. 5.

129

See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting
Each object with a joy. 31—v. 5.

130

Tears,—'tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. 11—i. 1.

131

Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes. 28—iv. 1.

132

His eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,*
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.
9—ii. 9.

133

Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there.
8—v. 2.

* So curious an observer of nature was our author, and so minutely had he traced the operation of the passions, that many passages of his works might furnish hints to painters. In the above passage, we have the outline of a beautiful picture.

134

Now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd, she was a queen
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

. . . . . .

Patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better day:* Those happy smiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.—In brief, sorrow
Would be a rarity most beloved, if all
Could so become it. 34—iv. 3.

135

The Aprils in her eyes: It is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on. 30—iii. 2.

136

My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. 15—i. 4.

137

By noting of the lady, I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions start
Into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness, bear away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appeared a fire,
To burn the errors, that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth. 6—iv. 1.

138

There might you have beheld one joy crown another: so, and in such manner, that, it seem'd, sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. 13—v. 2.

* "*A better day.*" This is adopted by the commentators, and is without sense. *Like an April day*, is suggested as the right reading, and proved to be so, by the next piece.

139

Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart;
Write till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity:
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poet's sinew;
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
2—iii. 2.

140

Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!
And quarter'd in her heart. 16—ii. 2.

141

If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous* love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:
If not complete, O say, he is not she:
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that she is not he:
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such a she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in.
16—ii. 2.

142

The Roman dame,
Within whose face beauty and virtue strived
Which of them both should underprop her fame,
When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for shame;

* Pious.

When beauty boasted blushes, in despite
Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white.

But beauty, in that white intituled,
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field;
Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
Which virtue gave the golden age to gild
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield;
Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,—
When shame assail'd, the red should fence the white.
Poems.

143

Time, whose million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
Divert strong minds to the course of altering things.
Poems.

144

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls, all silver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard:
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow.
Poems.

145

Dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And more inconstant than the wind, who wooes
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.
35—i. 4.

146

The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagined, felt.
31—iv. 2.

147

If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand;
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think)
And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,
That I revived, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!
35—v. 1.

148

I dream'd, there was an emperor Antony;
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man! 30—v. 2.

149

A dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial. 35—ii. 2.

150

The innocent sleep;
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave* of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast. 15—ii. 2.

151

'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: The flame o' the taper
Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids,
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows: White and azure, laced
With blue of heaven's own tinct.†
. . . . . On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip. 81—ii. 2.

* Sleave, is unwrought silk. 'Ravell'd sleave of care,'—*the brain.*
† *i. e.* The white skin laced with blue veins.

152

Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures,* nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound. 29—ii. 1.

153

Downy sleep, death's counterfeit. 15—ii. 3.

154

O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!
Grim Death! how foul and loathsome is thine image!
12—*Induction*, 1.

155

To bed, to bed: Sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants, empty of all thought! 26—iv. 2.

156

As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour
When it lies starkly† in the traveller's bones.
5—iv. 2.

157

Sleep, gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,

* Shapes created by the imagination. † Stiffly.

Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours on the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly,* death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy, in an hour so rude;
And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? 19—iii. 1.

158

O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying! 31—ii. 2.

159

See the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still sleep mock'd death. 13—v. 3.

160

The golden dew of sleep. 24—iv. 1.

161

Our foster-nurse of nature is repose. 34—iv. 4.

162

I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find,
They are inclined to do so. . . . .
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter. 1—ii. 1.

163

The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpower'd. 17—v. 1.

164

The life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality. 16—v. 7.

* Noise.

165

O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes,
In their continuance, will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them insensible; and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies;
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 16—v. 7.

166

Thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd;
And all the shrouds wherewith my life should sail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered:
And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,
And module* of confounded royalty. 16—v. 7.

167

Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward here to die.
17—v. 5.

168

If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms. 5—iii. 1.

169

Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head and perish. 25—iii. 1.

170

Death,——
Being an ugly monster,
'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words: or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war. 31—v. 3.

* Model.

171

Now, boast thee, death! in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! 30—v. 2.

172

Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field. 35—iv. 5.

173

Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life;
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?*
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false; since it is true,
That I must die here, and live hence by truth!
16—v. 4.

174

Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it: he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
As 'twere a careless trifle. 15—i. 4.

175

O, my love! my wife!
Death that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous;
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
35—v. 3.

* In allusion to the images made by the witches.

176

I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And lived by looking on his images. 24—ii. 2.

177

All things, that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral;
Our instruments to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.
35—iv. 5.

178

O'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep.
7—iii. 2.

179

O, now doth death line his dead chaps with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feasts, mouthing the flesh of men,
In undetermined differences of kings. 16—ii. 2.

180

His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died, fearing God.
25—iv. 2.

181

Full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.
25—iv. 2.

182

Grief softens the mind,
And makes it fearful and degenerate. 22—iv. 3.

183

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:
Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn, and all the world relieveth:
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumined with her eye.

Poems.

184

She shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moisten'd: then away she started
To deal with grief alone. 34—iv. 3.

185

In the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart. 17—i. 3.

186

Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day:
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.

17—iii. 2.

187

Lo! here the hopeless merchant of this loss,
With head declined, and voice damm'd up with woe,
With sad set eyes and wretched arms across,
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
The grief away, that stops his answer so;
But wretched as he is, he strives in vain;
What he breathes out, his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide
Out-runs the eye that doth behold his haste;
Yet in the eddie boundeth in his pride
Back to the strait, that forced him on so fast,
In rage sent out, recall'd in rage being past:
Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,
To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

Poems.

188

My particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature,

That it engluts and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself. 37—i. 3.

189

When my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive* in twain;
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
I have (as when the sun doth light a storm)
Bury'd this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:
But sorrow that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth, fate turns to sudden sadness.
26—i. 1.

190

Sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes:
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell.
Poems.

191

'Tis with my mind
As with the tide, swell'd up unto its height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way.
19—ii. 3.

192

Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast. 17—ii. 1.

193

Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots,
As will not leave their tinct.† 36—iii. 4.

194

My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd;
And I myself see not the bottom of it. 26—iii. 3.

195

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy. 35—iii. 2.

* Split. † Colour.

196

My heart is great; but it must break with silence,
Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal* tongue.
17—ii. 1.

197

There's nothing in this world, can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,†
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man. 16—iii. 4.

198

Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away. 22—iii. 1.

199

O, you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untuned and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father! 34—iv. 7.

200

As the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges buckle‡ under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; even so my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enraged with grief,
Are thrice themselves.§ 19—i. 1.

201

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight! 30—iv. 13.

202

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief. 16—iii. 4.

* Free. † Ps. xc. 9. ‡ Bend, yield to pressure.
§ Anger and terror have been known to remove a fit of the gout; to give activity to the bed-ridden; and to produce instantaneous and most extraordinary energies.

203

O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter so,
As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which, in the very meeting, fall and die.
16—iii. 1.

204

Even through the hollow eyes of death,
I spy life peering; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is. 17—ii. 1.

205

The last she spake
Was, Antony! most noble Antony!
Then in the midst of a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips. 30—iv. 12.

206

I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd, and so becoming. 13—iii. 3.

207

Are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart? 36—iv. 7.

208

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit against her will,
In the vile prison* of afflicted breath. 16—iii. 4.

209

A cyprus,† not a bosom,
Hides my poor heart. 4—iii. 1.

210

Ah, cut my lace asunder!
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.
24—iv. 1.

* "Vile body."—Phil. iii. 21. † Transparent stuff.

211

Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it: How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief;
My love admits no qualifying dross:
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.
26—iv. 4.

212

I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs* together.
Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root, with the increasing vine!
31—iv. 2.

213

I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities; but I have
That honourable grief lodged here, which burns
Worse than tears drown. 13—ii. 1.

214

O how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye;
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow:
Sorrow, that friendly sighs sought still to dry;
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.
Poems.

215

Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds. 13—iii. 3.

216

O, how this mother† swells up toward my heart!

* Spurs are the roots of trees. † A disease called the *mother*.

Hysterica passio!—down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's below! 34—ii. 4.

217

I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of. 1—iii. 1.

218

The tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there. 34—iii. 4.

219

O, melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiliest harbour in? 31—iv. 2.

220

Grief hath changed me since you saw me last;
And careful hours, with Time's deformed hand,
Have written strange defeatures* in my face.
14—v. 1.

221

The incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure,† that should confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.
19—iv. 4.

222

O, what a noble combat hast thou fought,
Between compulsion and a brave respect!‡
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silvery doth progress on thy cheeks.
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amazed
Than I had seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figured quite o'er with burning meteors.

* Alteration of features. † Worked the wall.
‡ Love of country.

Lift up thy brow,——
And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Commend these waters to those baby eyes
That never saw the giant world enraged;
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
16—v. 2.

223

Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh: as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds, that sailors rail at. 31—iv. 2.

224

Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose
Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring
The eye of majesty. 26—iii. 2.

225

Grieved I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?*
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates;
Who smirched† thus, and mired with infamy
I might have said, *No part of it is mine,*
This shame derives itself from unknown loins?
But mine, and mine I loved, and mine I praised,
And mine that I was proud on; mine so much,
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her; why, she—O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink! that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again;
And salt too little, which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh. 6—iv. 1.

* Disposition of things. † Sullied.

226

Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.* 6—iv. 1.

227

Tell me, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth;
And start so often, when thou sit'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;
And given my treasures, and my rights of thee,
To thick-eyed musing, and cursed melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars,
And all the currents† of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads‡ of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream:
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd
Such as we see, when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden haste. O what portents are
these? 18—ii. 3.

228

Give me no help in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments:
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the watery moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!
24—ii. 2.

229

Why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making?
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have died
With them they think on? 15—iii. 2.

* This is one of our author's observations upon life. Men overpowered with distress, eagerly listen to the first offers of relief, close with every scheme, and believe every promise. He that has no longer any confidence in himself, is glad to repose his trust in any other that will undertake to guide him.

† Occurrences. ‡ Drops.

230

His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds. 1—v. 1.

231

One of those odd tricks, which sorrow shoots
Out of the mind. 30—iv. 2.

232

We scarce thought us bless'd,
That God hath sent us but this only child:
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her. 35—iii. 5.

233

There's something in his soul,
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And, I do doubt, the hatch, and the disclose,
Will be some danger. 36—iii. 1.

234

Gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.
23—iii. 3.

235

Do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out.
10—i. 3.

236

I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd;
But I shall, in a more continuate time,
Strike off this score of absence. 37—iii. 4.

237

Mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds contend in tears;
Their's for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows?
22—iii. 2.

238

Play me that sad note
I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to. 25—iv. 2.

239

The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see:—
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of lament
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortured soul;
There lies the substance. 17—iv. 1.

240

Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds;
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them: Therefore my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death;
The blood weeps from my heart.
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
When means and lavish manners meet together,
O, with what wings shall his affections* fly
Towards fronting peril and opposed decay!
19—iv. 4.

241

His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack. 34—v. 3.

242

The tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. 11—i. 1.

243

Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: 'Would I might never
O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots
My very heart at root. 30—v. 2.

244

I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve: give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one, whose wrongs do suit with mine.

* His passion; his inordinate desires.

Bring me a father, that so loved his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain;
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard;
Cry—sorrow, wag! and hem, when he should groan;
Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters;* bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man. 6—v. 1.

245

Being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes. 16—iii. 4.

246

Ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air—
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation. 24—iv. 4.

247

Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man.
17—iii. 3.

248

I pray thee leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.
35—iv. 3.

* *Candle-wasters* is a contemptuous term for scholars, and is so used by Ben Johnson, *Cynthia's Revels*, act iii. sc. 3. The sense then of the passage appears to be this:—*If such a one will patch grief with proverbs*—ease the wounds of grief with proverbial sayings; *make misfortune drunk with candle-wasters*—stupify misfortune, or render himself insensible to the strokes of it, by the conversation or lucubrations of scholars; the production of the *lamp*, but not fitted to human nature.

249

With the eyes of heavy mind,
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament!
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest.
17—ii. 4.

250

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all the other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general,* subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence. 5—ii. 4.

251

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity. 35—iii. 3.

252

Had it pleased Heaven
To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
I should have found in some part of my soul
A drop of patience: but (alas!) to make me
A fixed figure, for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at,—
O! O!
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
But there, where I have garner'd† up my heart;
Where either I must live, or bear no life:
The fountain, from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!

* People. † Treasured up.

Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion there!
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubim,
Ay, there, look grim as hell! 37—iv. 2.

253

Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!——
O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night disponge* upon me;
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me. 30—iv. 9.

254

Bind up those tresses: O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glue themselves in sociable grief;
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity. 16—iii. 4.

255

We are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our bark;
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air. 27—iv. 2.

256

What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication. 31—iii. 4.

257

Myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary,

* Discharge as a sponge when squeezed discharges the moisture it had imbibed.

The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts, of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment;
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows. 27—iv. 3.

258

I have felt so many quirks of joy, and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto 't. 11—iii. 2.

259

Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me,
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. 33—v. 1.

260

A joy past joy. 35—iii. 3.

261

There was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture: they looked, as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed:* A notable passion of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if the importance† were joy, or sorrow: but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be. 13—v. 2.

262

You have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins:
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;

* This description not only contains the beautiful and the sublime, but rises to a still higher sublimity, or, to speak in the style of the Psalmist, to the *most highest*, in the allusion to sacred writ, relating to the two principal articles in the Old and New Testament, the fall of man and his redemption. Shakspeare makes frequent references to the sacred text, and writes often, not only as a moralist, but as a divine.

† The thing imported.

Where every something, being blent* together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd, and not express'd. 9—iii. 2.

263

O rejoice,
Beyond a common joy; and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars. 1—v. 1.

264

I could weep,
And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy.
28—ii. 1.

265

O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,
Olympus-high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate. 37—ii. 1.

266

Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up.
27—i. 2.

267

His flaw'd heart,
(Alack, too weak the conflict to support!)
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly. 34—v. 3.

268

If the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon† it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagined happiness, that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter. 35—ii. 6.

* Blended. † Paint, display.

269

The course of true love never did run smooth;
But, either it was different in blood;
Or else misgraffed, in respect of years;
Or else it stood upon the choice of friends:
Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness, did lay siege to it:
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied* night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say—Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion. 7—i. 1.

270

O that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal. . . . That same wicked brat of Venus, that was begot of thought,† conceived of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love. 10—iv. 1.

271

O hard-believing love! how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes,
Despair and hope make thee ridiculous!
The one doth flatter thee, in thoughts unlikely,
With likely thoughts, the other kills thee quickly.
Poems.

272

If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully;
Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.
35—ii. 2.

* Black. † Melancholy.

273

Farewell, one eye yet looks on thee;
But with my heart the other eye doth see.
Ah! poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind:
What error leads, must err; O then conclude,
Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude.
26—v. 2.

274

We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
7—ii. 2.

275

She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd;
And I loved her, that she did pity them. 37—i. 3.

276

Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Fair, kind, and true, have often lived alone,
Which three, till now, never kept seat in one.
Poems.

277

We make woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say.
17—v. 1.

278

On a day, (alack the day!)
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom, passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But alack my hand is sworn,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet;
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.

Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee:
Thou, for whom even Jove would swear,
Juno but an Ethiop were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love. 8—iv. 3.

279

Love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over low'ring hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
35—ii. 5.

280

O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away! 2—i. 3.

281

This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower, when next we meet.
35—ii. 2.

282

How silver-sweet sound lover's tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears! 35—ii. 2.

283

Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.
3—ii. 2.

284

Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind;
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjured every where. 7—i. 1.

285

O most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.
When thou impressest, what are precepts worth
Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,
How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame?
Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense,
'gainst shame;
And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

Poems.

286

Love's counsellors should fill the bores of hearing,
To the smothering of the sense. 31—iii. 2.

287

Love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit. 9—ii. 6.

288

Tell me, where is Fancy* bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?

It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and Fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies. 9—iii. 2.

289

Love is full of unbefitting strains;
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;
Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye
Full of strange shapes, of habits and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance. 8—v. 2.

290

Love is a smoke raised with a fume of sighs;
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;

* Love.

Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet. —i. 1.

291

I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow;
By his best arrow with the golden head;
By the simplicity of Venus' doves;
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves;
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen!
By all the vows that ever man have broke,
In numbers more than ever women spoke;—
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee. 7—i. 1.

292

He says, he loves my daughter:
I think so too; for never gazed the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose,
Who loves another best.* 13—iv. 3.

293

O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
To feed for aye† her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted‡ with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but, alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth. 26—iii. 2.

294

If ever (as that ever may be near)

* The other best. † Ever. ‡ Meet with an equal.

peet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
shall you know the wounds invisible
love's keen arrows make. 10—iii. 5.

295

Time, force, and death,
this body what extremes you can;
he strong base and building of my love
the very centre of the earth,
ing all things to it. 26—iv. 2.

296

O you leaden messengers,
ride upon the violent speed of fire,
vith false aim; move the still-piercing air,
sings with piercing, do not touch my lord!
11—iii. 2.

297

Leave you your power to draw,
I shall have no power to follow you. 7—ii. 2.

298

et silent hours of marriage joys. 24—iv. 4.

299

usic be the food of love, play on,
me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
appetite may sicken, and so die.——
; strain again; it had a dying fall:
came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
; breathes upon a bank of violets,
ling and giving odour. 4—i. 1.

300

Love is like a child,
t longs for every thing that he can come by.
2—iii. 1.

301

Tell this youth what 'tis to love.—
to be all made of sighs and tears;
to be all made of faith and service;—
to be all made of fantasy,

All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance.* 10—v. 2.

302

My love's
More richer than my tongue. 34—i. 1.

303

I have done penance for contemning love;
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chased sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O, love's a mighty lord;
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
There is no woe to his correction,†
Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth!
Now, no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love. 2—ii. 4.

304

O brawling love! O loving hate!
O any thing, of nothing first create!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is! 35—i. 1.

305

I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.
Thou hast metamorphosed me;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.
2—i. 1.

* Perhaps, *obedience.*

† No misery that *can be compared* to the punishment inflicted by love.

306

The gifts, she looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart: which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. 13—iv. 3.

307

Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.
19—v. 2.

308

Doubt thou, the stars are fire;
Doubt, that the sun doth move:
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt, I love. 36—ii. 2.

309

Bashful sincerity, and comely love. 6—iv. 1.

310

Here comes the lady;—O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bestride the gossamers,*
That idle in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity. 35—ii. 6.

311

O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity† and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical.‡ 4—i. 1.

312

She bids you,
Upon the wanton rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,§

* The long white filament which flies in the air.
† Value. ‡ Fantastical to the height.
§ This expression is fine; intimating that the god of sleep would not only *sit* on his eyelids, but that he should *sit crowned*, that is, pleased and delighted.

Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep,
As is the difference 'twixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east. 18—iii. 1.

313

She is so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. 36—iv. 7.

314

Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air. 26—iii. 3.

315

It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance, and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.*
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind, that would be mated by the lion,
Must die for love. 11—i. 1.

316

Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight
Adonis, painted by a running brook:
And Cytherea all in sedges hid;
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.
12—*Induction*, 2.

317

My love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was. 2—ii. 4.

318

Now by the jealous queen† of heaven, that kiss

* I cannot be united with him and move in the same *spheres*, but must be comforted at a distance by the radiance that shoots on all sides from him.

† Juno.

I carried from thee, dear; my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since. 28—v. 3.

319

Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow. 31—i. 2.

320

She would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on. 36—i. 2.

321

How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,
And shudd'ring fear, and green-eyed jealousy.
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,
In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess;
I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,
For fear I surfeit! 9—iii. 2.

322

Take, oh, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love; but seal'd in vain. 5—iv. 1.

323

A lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desired. 30—v. 2.

324

If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me:
For, such as I am, all true lovers are;
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save, in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved. 4—ii. 4.

325

I will wind thee in my arms.
So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle,

Gently entwist,—the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm. 7—iv. 1.

326

A loss of her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years,
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre. 25—ii. 2.

327

A love, that makes breath poor, and speech unable.
34—i. 1.

328

You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound. . . .
I am too sore empierced with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers: and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burden do I sink. 35—i. 4.

329

Love goes towards love, as school-boys from their books:
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.
35—ii. 2.

330

This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched* in ice; which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.
2—iii. 2.

331

I would have thee gone;
And yet no farther than a wanton's bird,
That lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,†
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty. 35—ii. 2.

332

So holy, and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,

* Cut. † Fetters.

That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon. 10—iii. 5.

333

Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
30—i. 3.

334

Where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd* kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu;
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken† tears. 26—iv. 4.

335

Friends condemned,
Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die. 22—iii. 2.

336

I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such;

* * * * * *

Or have charged him
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,

* Sealed. † Interrupted.

To encounter me with orisons,* for then
I am in heaven for him;† or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing. 31—i. 4.

337

What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O weary reckoning! 37—iii. 4.

338

O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle‡ back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name. 35—ii. 2.

339

Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will?
35—i. 1.

340

Lovers, and madmen, have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends. 7—v. 1.

341

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth

* Meet me with reciprocal prayers.
† My solicitations ascend to heaven on his behalf.
‡ The male of the goshawk.

› forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
'ns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
›cal habitation, and a name.
h tricks hath strong imagination;
t, if it would but apprehend some joy,
›mprehends some bringer of that joy;
in the night, imagining some fear,
v easy is a bush supposed a bear? 7—v. 1.

342

v wayward is this foolish love,
t, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
l presently, all humbled, kiss the rod! 2—i. 2.

343

love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
›s not alone immured in the brain;
with the motion of all elements,
rses as swift as thought in every power;
gives to every power a double power,
ve their functions and their offices.
lds a precious seeing to the eye;
›ver's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
›ver's ear will hear the lowest sound,
en the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd;
e's feeling is more soft and sensible,
n are the tender horns of cockled* snails;
e's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:
valour is not love a Hercules,
climbing trees in the Hesperides?
tle as sphinx; as sweet, and musical,
›right Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
:es heaven drowsy with the harmony.
er durst poet touch a pen to write,
l his ink were temper'd with love's sighs.
hen his lines would ravish savage ears,
plant in tyrants mild humility. 8—iv. 3.

344

Why; what would you?...
:e me a willow cabin at your gate,

* Inshelled.

And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons* of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night,
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air†
Cry out, Olivia! O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me. 4—i. 5.

345

If he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,‡
I have no judgment in an honest face. 37—iii. 3.

346

To be
In love, where scorn is bought with groans; coy looks,
With heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps, a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished. 2—i. 1.

347

Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words....
I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire;
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason....
The more thou dam'st§ it up, the more it burns;
The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamel'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.

* Cantos, verses.
† A most beautiful expression for an *echo*.
‡ Knowledge. § Closest.

Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step, have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as after much turmoil,*
A blessed soul doth in Elysium. 2—ii. 7.

348

O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily:
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not loved:
Or, if thou hast not sat, as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not loved:
Or, if thou hast not broke from company,
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not loved. 10—ii. 4.

349

What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse† of thought, or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will,—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much:
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. 37—iv. 2.

350

That which I show, Heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living: and, believe it,
. . . . . .
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange

* Trouble. † Either in *discursive* thought, or actual deed.

For this one wish, That you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich yourself. 27—iv. 3.

351

I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: Thou answer'st, She is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheeks, her gait, her voice;
Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman! 26—i. 1.

352

I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.
11—ii. 1.

353

All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test. 1—iv. 1.

354

Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:—
Prince Troilus, I have loved you night and day
For many weary months...
Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?...
Hard to *seem* won; but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever—Pardon me;
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much
But I might master it:—in faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother: See, we fools;
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
But, though I loved you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent! See, see, your silence,

Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel. 26—iii. 2.

355

Nay, 'tis true; there was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of—*I came, saw, and overcame:* For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage. . . . . They are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them. 10—v. 2.

356

Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart. 21—v. 5.

357

If I do prove her haggard,*
Though that her jesses† were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune.
. . . . I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For other's uses. 37—iii. 3.

358

True lovers run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature, in love, mortal in folly. 10—ii. 4.

359

Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming; it had been vicious,
To have mistrusted her. 31—v. 5.

* A species of hawk; also a term of reproach applied to a wanton.
† Straps of leather by which a hawk is held on the fist.

360

What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue!
I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.
10—i. 2.

361

You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart. 29—ii. 1.

362

'Tis not to make me jealous,
To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:*
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me: No,
I'll see, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And on the proof, there is no more but this,—
Away at once with love, or jealousy. 37—iii. 3.

363

The truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign. 10—iii. 3.

364

Jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids; sigh a note, and sing a note; sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love; sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love;—and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away: These are complements, these are humours; these betray nice wenches.
8—iii. 1.

365

The expedition of my violent love
Out-ran the pauser reason. 15—ii. 3.

* *Which makes fair gifts fairer.*

366

O, what damned minutes tells he o'er
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!
37—iii. 3.

367

Admired Miranda;
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,*
And put it to the foil: But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.† 1—iii. 1.

368

I, an old turtle,‡
Will wing me to some wither'd bough; and there,
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost. 13—v. 3.

369

I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar;
And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
Her bed is India: there she lies, a pearl:
Between our Ilium, and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
Ourself, the merchant; and this sailing Pandar,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.
26—i. 1.

370

Love
Will creep in service where it cannot go. 2—iv. 2.

* Owned. † Alluding to the picture of Venus by Apelles.
‡ A widow.

371

Love is not love,
Which alters when it alteration finds;
Or bends, with the remover to remove:
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

Poems.

372

She stripp'd it* from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too. 31—ii. 4.

373

Thou art alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,—
Obeying in commanding,—and thy parts,
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,†)
The queen of earthly queens. 25—ii. 4.

374

I love your son:
My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love.
Be not offended; for it hurts not him,
That he is loved of me: I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit:
Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him;
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope.
Yet, in this captious and intenible sieve,‡
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still: thus Indian-like,

* Her bracelet. † Speak out thy merits.

‡ 'Captious' may mean *recipient*, capable of *receiving* what is put into it; and by 'intenible,' incapable of holding or retaining it.

ious in mine error, I adore
ıun, that looks upon his worshipper,
nows of him no more. 11—i. 3.

375

I will be gone:
eing here it is, that keeps thee hence:
I stay here? No, no, although
ıir of paradise did fan the house,
ıngels officed all. 11—iii. 2.

376

O give pity
ɜr, whose state is such, that cannot choose
end and give, where she is sure to lose;
seeks not to find that her search implies,
riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.
11—i. 3.

377

Disloyal? No:
ı punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,
goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
ould take in some virtue. 31—iii. 2.

378

Thou art full of love and honesty,
weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,—
efore these stops of thine fright me the more:
ıuch things, in a false disloyal knave,
tricks of custom; but, in a man that's just,
r are close denotements working from the heart,
passions cannot rule. 37—iii. 3.

379

This tune—
ves a very echo to the seat
ıre love is throned. 4—ii. 4.

380

pale-faced fear keep with the mean-born man.
22—iii. 1.

381

l such sharp dissension in my breast,

Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
21—v. 5.

382

Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.——
He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.
18—i. 3.

383

A jealousy so strong,
That judgment cannot cure. 37—ii. 2.

384

Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. 34—v. 1.

385

Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still. 4—v. 1.

386

It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be revenged on him that loveth thee. 24—i. 2.

387

Lean-faced Envy in her loathsome cave. 22—iii. 2.

388

The eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set you on. 17—i. 3.

389

Thou dost wrong me; as the slaughterer doth,
Which giveth many wounds, when one will kill.
21—ii. 5.

390

She hath
Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart. 34—ii. 4.

391

High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire. 17—i. 1.

392

Thy sister's naught: she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here—*
(*Points to his heart.*)
34—ii. 4.

393

Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart.
29—iii. 2.

394

O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all.† 37—iv. 1.

395

This man's brow, like to a title-leaf,‡
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume:
So looks the strond,§ whereon the imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.‖
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,¶
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd.
19—i. 1.

396

What haste looks through his eyes! So should he look,
That seems to speak things strange. 15—i. 2.

397

I see a strange confession in thine eye:

* Alluding to the fable of Prometheus.
† The raven was thought to be a constant attendant on a house infected with the plague.
‡ In the time of our poet the title-page to an elegy, as well as every intermediate leaf, was totally black.
§ Beach. ‖ An attestation of its ravage.
¶ Far gone in woe.

Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear, or sin,
To speak a truth. 19—i. 1.

398

The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield. 1—ii. 1.

399

Alas, how is't with you?
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,*
Starts up, and stands on end. 36—iii. 4.

400

A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain.
15—ii. 1.

401

This is mere madness:
And thus a while the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclosed,†
His silence will sit drooping. 36—v. 1.

402

His very madness, like some ore,
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shows itself pure. 36—iv. 1.

403

Divided from herself, and her fair judgment;
Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts.
36—iv. 5.

404

She is importunate; indeed, distract;
Her mood will needs be pitied.

. . . . .

* The hair of animals is excrementitious, that is, without life or sensation.
† Hatched.

She speaks much of her father; says, she hears,
There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats her heart;
Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense; her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim* at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts:
Which, as her winks, and nods, and gesture's yield them,
Indeed would make one think, there might be thought.
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.
36—iv. 5.

405

Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue: the swan's down feather,
That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines. 30—iii. 2.

406

He was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea: singing aloud!
Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,
With harlocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds, that grow
In our sustaining corn. 34—iv. 4.

407

Some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight,
Springs out into fast gait; then, stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts
His eye against the moon; in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself. 25—iii. 2.

408

The exterior, not the inward man
Resembles that it was. 36—ii. 2.

* Guess.

409

Mad let us grant him then; and now remains,
That we find out the cause of this effect:
Or, rather say, the cause of this defect;
For this effect, defective, comes by cause. 36—ii. 2.

410

Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself;
A madman so long, now a fool: What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moss'd trees,
That have outlived the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip, when thou point'st out? Will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'ernight's surfeit? call the creatures,—
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements exposed,
Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee.
27—iv. 3.

APHORISMS.

"We ought to make collections of the thoughts of Shakspeare; they may be cited on every occasion and under every form; and no man who has a tincture of letters can open his works without finding there a thousand things which he ought not to forget."

VILLEMAIN.

APHORISMS.

1 Sin will pluck on sin.* 24—iv. 2.

2 'Tis one thing to be tempted,
Another thing to fall. 5—ii. 1.

3 'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after. 27—i. 1.

4 When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors. 15—iv. 2.

5 Charity itself fulfils the law. 8—iv. 3.

6 Be to yourself,
As you would to your friend. 25—i. 1.

7 Trust not him, that hath once broken faith. 23—iv. 4.

8 There's place, and means, for every man alive. 11—iv. 3.

9 How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes deeds ill done! 16—iv. 2.

10 A heart unspotted is not easily daunted. 22—iii. 1.

11 Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word. 14—iii. 2.

12 Do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation. 22—i. 3.

13 There's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself. 6—v. 2.

* 2 Tim. iii. 13.

14 Small things make base men proud. 22—iv. 1.

15 Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more. 30—ii. 7.

16 Tears show their love, but want their remedies. 17—iii. 3.

17 They, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton. 4—iii. 1.

18 Heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs. 23—iii. 3.

19 They well deserve to have,
That know the strong'st and surest way to get. 17—iii. 3.

20 Mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence. 17—iii. 2.

21 Things may serve long, but not serve ever. 11—ii. 2.

22 One drunkard loves another of the name. 8—iv. 3.

23 God the best maker of all marriages. 20—v. 2.

24 Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a merry feast.* 14—iii. 1.

25 Manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric. 28—iii. 1.

26 Let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses. 31—i. 6.

27 A madman's epistles are no gospels. 4—v. 1.

28 Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light. 8—iv. 3.

29 How poor an instrument
May do a noble deed! 30—v. 2.

30 A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross. 9—ii. 7.

* "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

31 What's gone, and what's past help,
Should be past grief. 13—iii. 2.

32 It is religion, that doth make vows kept.
16—iii. 1.

33 A crafty knave does need no broker. 22—i. 2.

34 Young blood will not obey an old decree.
8—iv. 3.

35 Graces challenge grace. 23—iv. 8.

36 Direct not him, whose way himself will choose.
17—ii. 1.

37 True nobility is exempt from fear. 22—iv. 1.

38 All offences come from the heart.* 20—iv. 8.

39 The will of man is by his reason sway'd.
7—ii. 3.

40 The amity, that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. 26—ii. 3.

41 Be ever known to patience. 30—iii. 6.

42 True hope is swift, and flies with swallows' wings.
24—v. 2.

43 Pleasure, and action, make the hours seem short.
37—ii. 3.

44 Things sweet to taste, prove in digestion sour.
17—i. 3.

45 To weep, is to make less the depth of grief.
23—ii. 1.

46 Conscience is a thousand swords. 24—v. 2.

47 Every cloud engenders not a storm. 23—v. 3.

48 Truth hath a quiet breast. 17—i. 3.

49 Unquiet meals make ill digestions. 14—v. 1.

50 Things ill got had ever bad success. 23—ii. 2.

51 Divorce not wisdom from your honour.
19—i. 1.

* Matt. xv. 18, 19.

52 It is a sin to be a mocker. 9—i. 2.

53 Some innocents 'scape not the thunder-bolt.
30—ii. 5.

54 Seek not a scorpion's nest. 22—iii. 2.

55 Society is no comfort
To one not sociable. 31—iv. 2.

56 Past all shame, so past all truth. 13—iii. 2.

57 Every one can master a grief, but he that has it.
6—iii. 2.

58 He, that will have a cake out of the wheat, must tarry the grinding.* 26—i. 1.

59 So Judas kiss'd his Master;
And cried—all hail! when as he meant—all harm. 23—v. 7.

60 Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds. 30—iii. 11.

61 Pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. 26—ii. 2.

62 Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame. 24—v. 1.

63 An English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.† 25—i. 3.

64 What cannot be avoided,
'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear.
23—v. 4.

65 Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.
22—iv. 7.

66 An hypocrite,
Is good in nothing but in sight. 33—i. 1.

* Grinding—the bolting, the leavening, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

† A palace at Paris.

67 Vice repeated, is like the wand'ring wind,
Blows dust* in others' eyes. 33—i. 1.

68 Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak straws. 29—i. 3.

69 Great griefs medicine the less. 31—iv. 2.

70 Great men have reaching hands. 22—iv. 7.

71 An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.
24—iv. 4.

72 Dread curses—like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an overcharged gun—recoil. 22—iii. 2.

73 Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than their ears. 28—iii. 2.

74 Wishers were ever fools. 30—iv. 13.

75 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying. 30—iii. 11.

76 Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech.†
26—i. 2.

77 What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
21—iii. 2.

78 Never anger
Made good guard for itself. 30—iv. 1.

79 A beggar's book
Outworths a noble's blood.‡ 25—i. 1.

80 The harder match'd, the greater victory.
23—v. 1.

81 There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.
30—i. 1.

82 Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts.
22—i. 2.

83 Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing.
26—i. 2.

84 Friendly counsel cuts off many foes. 21—iii. 1.

* That is, which blows dust.
† Men, after possession, become our commanders; before it, they are our supplicants.
‡ That is, the literary qualifications of a bookish beggar are more prized than the high descent of hereditary greatness.

85 Let that be left
Which leaves itself. 30—iii. 9.

86 Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.* 28—ii. 1.

87 Sleeping neglection doth betray to loss. 21—iv. 3.

88 The present eye praises the present object. 26—iii. 3.

89 Keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. 26—ii. 1.

90 High events strike those that make them. 30—v. 2.

91 Few love to hear the sins they love to act. 33—i. 1.

92 Take all the swift advantage of the hours. 24—iv. 1.

93 Men ne'er spend their fury on a child. 23—v. 5.

94 When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness. 16—iv. 2.

95 A sentence is but a cheveril† glove to a good wit; how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward! 4—iii. 1.

96 If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion, than the wolf? 4—iii. 1.

97 The man, that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast lived, was kill'd with hunting him. 20—iv. 3.

98 Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow. 8—iv. 1.

99 He is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man. 18—v. 4.

100 When law can do no right,
Let it be lawful, that law bar no wrong. 16—iii. 1.

* Isa. i. 3. † Kid.

101 A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour. 11—iv. 5.

102 If he be sick
With joy, he will recover without physic.
19—iv. 4.

103 There's small choice in rotten apples.
12—i. 1.

104 Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind. 8—iv. 2.

105 The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. 8—v. 2.

106 The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.
11—v. 3.

107 Short-lived wits do wither as they grow.
8—ii. 1.

108 The better part of valour is—discretion.
18—v. 4.

109 They sell the pasture now, to buy the horse.
20—ii. *Chorus.*

110 Time is the old justice, that examines all offenders. 10—iv. 1.

111 He, that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.
12—v. 2.

112 Headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.
14—ii. 1.

113 Melancholy is the nurse of frenzy.
12—*Induction*, 2.

114 'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.
33—i. 2.

115 Self-love is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.* 20—ii. 4.

116 Suspicion shall be all stuck full of eyes.
18—v. 2.

* This would be true if *self-love* did not lead into *self-neglect*. False estimation, as vanity, or over-estimation, as pride, leads to neglect of the virtues and most valuable attainments, which is *self* in the highest sense. Self-respect, *l'amour de soi*, is admirably distinguished by *Rousseau* from *l'amour propre*, the injurious and narrow love of self.

117 War is no strife,
To the dark house,* and the detested wife.
11—ii. 3.

118 We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.
16—iv. 2.

119 In delay there lies no plenty. 4—ii. 3.

120 Let the end try the man. 19—ii. 2.

121 It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not he, which burns in't. 13—ii. 3.

122 An honest man is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. 19—v. 1.

123 Strong reasons make strong actions. 16—iii. 4.

124 A rotten case abides no handling. 19—iv. 1.

125 Though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. 20—ii. 1.

126 A lady's verily is
As potent as a lord's. 13—i. 2.

127 Construe the times to their necessities.†
19—iv. 1.

128 He that steeps his safety in true blood,
Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.
16—iii. 4.

129 If ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it. 10—ii. 7.

130 Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief.
8—v. 2.

131 The whirligig of time brings in his revenges.
4—v. 1.

132 Who will not change a raven for a dove?
7—ii. 3.

133 A good conscience will make any possible satisfaction. 19—v. 5.

* The house made gloomy by discontent. (See Prov.)
† *i. e.* Judge of what is done in these times according to the exigencies that overrule us.

134 Gently to hear, kindly to judge.
20—i. *Chorus.*

135 Abstinence engenders maladies. 8—iv. 3.

136 Journeys end in lovers meeting. 4—ii. 3.

137 What is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve.
4—i. 5.

138 Death remember'd should be like a mirror,
Who tells us, life's but breath. 33—i. 1.

139 Cupid's butt-shaft* is too hard for Hercules' club; his disgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is to subdue men. 8—i. 2.

140 Oaths
Are words, and poor conditions. 11—iv. 2.

141 We must be gentle now we are gentlemen.
13—v. 2.

142 Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all.† 11—iii. 2.

143 Death and danger dog the heels of worth.
11—iii. 4.

144 Justice always whirls in equal measure.
8—iv. 3.

145 Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn. 8—iv. 3.

146 He is well paid that is well satisfied. 9—iv. 1.

147 We prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.
4—ii. 4.

148 Turtles pair,
That never mean to part. 13—iv. 3.

149 The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet.
17—i. 3.

* Arrow to shoot at butts with.

† The sense is, From that abode, where all the advantage that honour usually reaps from the danger it rushes upon, is only a scar in testimony of its bravery; as, on the other hand, it is often the cause of losing all, even life itself.

150 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly! 10—ii. 7.

151 Judgment, and reason, have been grand jurymen, since before Noah was a sailor. 4—iii. 2.

152 The weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground. 9—iv. 1.

153 Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear. 11—v. 3.

154 We are time's subjects. 19—i. 3.

155 Mirth cannot move a soul in agony. 8—v. 2.

156 The grappling vigour and rough frown of war
Is cold in amity and painted peace. 16—iii. 1.

157 The blood more stirs,
To rouse a lion than to start a hare. 18—i. 3.

158 Fears attend
The steps of wrong. 16—iv. 2.

159 Grief makes one hour ten. 17—i. 3.

160 Rage must be withstood:
Lions make leopards tame. 17—i. 1.

161 I like not fair terms,* and a villain's mind. 9—i. 3.

162 He's no man on whom perfections wait,
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate. 33—i. 1.

163 Sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus,—Some good thing comes to-morrow. 19—iv. 2.

164 What's to come, is still unsure. 4—ii. 3.

165 Some, Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps. 6—iii. 1.

* Kind words, good language.

166 'Tis seldom, when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion. 19—iv. 4.

167 Fly pride, says the peacock. 14—iv. 3.

168 Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower
safety. 18—ii. 3.

169 In poison there is physic. 19—i. 1.

170 Lovers ever run before the clock. 9—ii. 6.

171 Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night.
16—i. 1.

172 Greatness knows itself. 18—iv. 3.

173 Ourselves we do not owe.* 4—i. 5.

174 Men, that stumble at the threshold,
Are well foretold—that danger lurks within.
23—iv. 7.

175 The bird, that hath been limed in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth† every bush.
23—v. 6.

176 And when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.
23—iv. 8.

177 A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being suffer'd rivers cannot quench.
23—iv. 8.

178 Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-
hives. 22—iv. 1.

179 When the fox hath once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow.
23—iv. 7.

180 Raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And when the rage allays, the rain begins.
23—i. 4.

181 'Tis but a base ignoble mind,
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.
22—ii. 1.

* Own, possess.
† To misdoubt, is to suspect danger, to fear.

182 Nice customs curt'sy to great kings. 20—v. 2.

183 A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.
22—iii. 1.

184 Soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.
21—ii. 3.

185 'Tis beauty, that doth oft make women proud;
'Tis virtue, that doth make them most admired;
'Tis government* that makes them seem divine.
23—i. 4.

186 Far from her nest the lapwing cries away.†
14—iv. 2.

187 Woe to that land, that's govern'd by a child!‡
24—ii. 3.

188 Man and birds are fond of climbing high.
22—ii. 1.

189 Unbidden guests
Are often welcomest, when they are gone.
21—ii. 2.

190 *Thersites'* body is as good as *Ajax*,
When neither are alive. 31—iv. 2.

191 Who does i' the wars more than his captain can,
Become's his captain's captain.§ 30—iii. 1.

192 By medicines life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too. 31—v. 5.

193 The mind shall banquet, though the body pine.
Fat paunches have lean plates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bank'rout quite the wits.
8—i. 1.

194 Celerity is never more admired,
Than by the negligent. 30—iii. 7.

195 It is war's prize to take all vantages.

196 A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man.
26—iii. 3.

* Government in the language of the time signified evenness of temper, and decency of manners.
† Who crieth most where her nest is not. ‡ Eccles. x. 16.
§ Too much fame is dangerous to one in an inferior command.

197 Honesty will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart. 11—i. 3.

198 'Tis pride that pulls the country down. 37—ii. 3.

199 Nothing almost sees miracles,
But misery.* 34—ii. 2.

200 Nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy. 30—v. 2.

201 A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear. 36—iv. 2.

202 Men's vows are women's traitors! 31—iii. 4.

203 The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break. 26—iii. 3.

204 The nature of bad news infects the teller. 30—i. 2.

205 Fools are not mad folks. 31—ii. 3.

206 Short summers lightly† have a forward spring. 24—iii. 1.

207 Security gives way to conspiracy. 29—ii. 3.

208 Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.‡ 33—ii. 2.

209 When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing. 35—i. 5.

210 'Tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit§ with Satan. 4—iii. 4.

211 Time must friend, or end. 26—i. 2.

212 What is the city, but the people? 28—iii. 1.

* The quarto reads:
Nothing almost sees *my wrack*
But misery.

† Commonly.

‡ *i. e.* That makes us scan the inward man by the outward habit.

§ A play among boys.

213 Truth's a dog that must to kennel; he must be whipped out, when Lady, the brach,* may stand by the fire and stink. 34—i. 4.

214 All that follow their noses, are led by their eyes, but blind men. 34—ii. 4.

215 A custom
More honour'd in the breach, than the observance. 36—i. 4.

216 Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own. 36—iii. 2.

217 Great men should drink with harness† on their throats. 27—i. 2.

218 Opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects. 37—i. 3.

219 Nature must obey necessity. 29—iv. 3.

220 Trust not to rotten planks. 30—iii. 7.

221 Guiltiness will speak
Though tongues were out of use. 37—v. 1.

222 Knavery's plain face is never seen, till used. 37—ii. 1.

223 Him in eye,
Still him in praise. 25—i. 1.

224 A man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears. 34—iv. 6.

225 If money go before, all ways do lie open. 3—ii. 2.

226 Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he's worth, to season.‡ 14—iv. 2.

227 The arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just. 18—v. 2.

228 There is no fettering of authority. 11—ii. 3.

* Bitch-hound. † Armour.
‡ A most deeply philosophical reproof on mankind for their tardy progress in knowledge, speculative and moral.

229 No visor does become black villany,
So well as soft and tender flattery. 33—iv. 4.

230 Who makes the fairest show, means most deceit. 33—i. 4.

231 Let them obey that know not how to rule. 22—v. 1.

232 Fire cools fire,
Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd. 16—iii. 1.

233 Advantage is a better soldier, than rashness. 20—iii. 6.

234 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward;
But a harsh hearing, when women are froward. 12—v. 2.

235 A victory is twice itself, when the achiever brings home full numbers. 6—i. 1.

236 To things of sale a seller's praise belongs. 8—iv. 3.

237 The sight of lovers feedeth those in love. 10—iii. 4.

238 Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still *for Measure*. 5—v. 1.

239 Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere. 18—v. 4.

240 There is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour. 4—iii. 2.

241 A friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse. 19—v. 1.

242 Pitchers have ears. 12—iv. 4.

243 The poor abuses of the time want countenance.* 18—i. 2.

* If abuses want countenance, the misconduct of those who are called great is too ready to give them.

244 Small curs are not regarded when they grin;
But great men tremble when the lion roars.
22—iii. 1.

245 Affection is not rated* from the heart.
12—i. 1.

246 Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
22—ii. 1.

247 All that glisters is not gold,
Gilded tombs do worms infold. 9—ii 7.

248 A crooked figure may
Attest, in little place, a million. 20—i. 1.

249 Overflow of good converts to bad. 17—v. 3.

250 Wake not a sleeping wolf. 19—i. 2.

251 A counterfeit, which, being touch'd, and tried,
Proves valueless. 16—iii. 1.

252 The plants look up to heaven, from whence
They have their nourishment. 33—i. 2.

253 To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. 18—iv. 2.

254 Time goes on crutches, till Love have all his rites. 6—ii. 1.

255 Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind:
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.
23—v. 6.

256 Kindness, nobler ever than revenge. 10—iv. 3.

257 Do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.
12—i. 2.

258 He'll be physician, that should be the patient.
26—ii. 3.

* Driven out by chiding.

259 We call a nettle, but a nettle; and
The faults of fools, but folly. 28—ii. 1.

260 Things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs. 26—iii. 3.

261 Equality of two domestic powers
Breeds scrupulous faction. 30—i. 3.

262 Coronets are stars,
And, sometimes, falling ones. 25—iv. 1.

263 We must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures. 29—iv. 3.

264 Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom
Is breach of all.* 31—iv. 2.

265 Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep. 26—ii. 3.

266 They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters? 26—iii. 2.

267 A friend should bear his friend's infirmities. 29—iv. 3.

268 Fortune knows,
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows. 30—iii. 9.

269 Thanks, the exchequer of the poor. 17—ii. 3.

270 A stirring dwarf we do allowance† give
Before a sleeping giant. 26—ii. 3.

271 The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy; his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure. 26—ii. 3.

272 One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor. 33—i. 4.

273 Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is. 26—i. 2.

* Keep your *daily* course uninterrupted; if the stated plan of life is once broken, nothing follows but confusion.
† Approbation.

274 Good words are better than bad strokes. 29—v. 1.

275 In time we hate that which we often fear. 30—i. 3.

276 Sweet love is food for fortune's tooth. 26—iv. 5.

277 The raven
Chides blackness. 26—ii. 3.

278 Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd. 31—iv. 3.

279 Make not your thoughts your prisons. 30—v. 2.

280 To such as boasting show their scars,
A mock is due. 26—iv. 5.

281 Love's reason's without reason. 31—iv. 2.

282 Few words to fair faith. 26—iii. 2.

283 Britain's harts die flying, not our men. 31—v. 3.

284 To fear the worst, oft cures the worst. 26—iii. 2.

285 The best quarrels, in the heat, are cursed
By those that feel their sharpness. 34—v. 3.

286 There is no time so miserable, but a man may be true. 27—iv. 3.

287 Let us be sacrificers, but no butchers. 29—ii. 1.

288 What is aught, but as 'tis valued? 26—ii. 2.

289 Be not peevish* found in great designs. 24—iv. 4.

290 Our stomachs
Will make what's homely, savoury. 31—iii. 6.

291 'Tis the sport, to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar.† 26—iii. 4.

* Foolish. † Blown up with his own bomb.

292 Time is the nurse and breeder of all good. 2—iii. 1.

293 Stony limits cannot hold love out. 35—ii. 2.

294 The public body,—doth seldom
Play the recanter. 27—v. 2.

295 The labour we delight in, physics pain. 15—ii. 3.

296 He that keeps nor crust nor crum,
Weary of all, shall want some. 34—i. 4.

297 Discourse is heavy, fasting. 31—iii. 6.

298 We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring in the winter.* 34—ii. 4.

299 Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping? 36—ii. 2.

300 Revenges hunger for that food
Which nature loathes. 27—v. 5.

301 Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolved to effect. 1—iii. 3.

302 Tyranny sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. 34—i. 2.

303 When the day serves before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light. 27—v. 1.

304 Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. 36—v. 1.

305 Affect
In honour honesty. 25—i. 1.

306 Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts. 2—iii. 1.

307 Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins. 2—v. 4.

308 Nothing can come of nothing. 34—i. 1.

* Prov. vi, 6, and xxx. 25.

309 A solemn air, the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy. 1—v. 1.

310 The hearts, of old, gave hands;
But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.
37—iii. 4.

311 Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.
34—i. 4.

312 Security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy. 15—iii. 5.

313 Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate.*
15—v. 4.

314 Meat fills knaves, and wine heats fools.
27—i. 1.

315 The learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool. 27—iv. 3.

316 Lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time;
So much they spur their expedition. 2—v. 1.

317 Happy, in that we are not over-happy;
On fortune's cap we are not the very button.
36—ii. 2.

318 He that has no house to put his head in, such may rail against great buildings. 27—iii. 4.

319 Serpents, who, though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
33—i. 1.

320 Gripe not at earthly joys. 33—i. 1.

321 Converse† with him that is wise, and says little.
34—i. 4.

322 The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense. 36—v. 1.

323 Love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.
2—v. 2.

324 Ay and no, too, [is] no good divinity.‡ 34—iv. 6.

* Determine. † Keep company. ‡ 2 Cor. i. 17—19.

325 He, that loves to be flattered, is worthy o' the flatterer. 27—i. 1.

326 Men shut their doors against a setting sun. 27—i. 2.

327 Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,*
Learn more than thou trowest,†
Set less than thou throwest. 34—i. 4.

328 Wisely weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort. 1—ii. 4.

329 'Tis the strumpet's plague,
To beguile many, and be beguiled by one. 37—iv. 1.

330 Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift. 35—ii. 3.

331 Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long, that never finds the day. 15—iv. 3.

332 Sad hours seem long. 35—i. 1.

333 One fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish. 35—i. 2.

334 Men in rage strike those that wish them best. 37—ii. 3.

335 Dull not device by coldness and delay. 37—ii. 3.

336 We must speak by the card,‡ or equivocation will undo us. 36—v. 1.

337 One may smile, and smile, and be a villain. 36—i. 5.

338 Men do their broken weapons rather use,
Than their bare hands. 37—i. 3.

* Ownest, possessest. † Believest.
‡ By the compass, or chart of direction.

339 He jests at scars, that never felt a wound. 35—ii. 2.

340 Time and the hour* runs through the roughest day. 15—i. 3.

341 To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield. 33—ii. 4.

342 One sin another doth provoke. 33—i. 1.

343 That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack, when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm. 37—ii. 4.

344 Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth.† 2—v. 4.

345 The devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape.‡ 36—ii. 2.

346 Many do keep their chambers, are not sick. 27—iii. 4.

347 Vaulting ambition o'erleaps itself. 15—i. 7.

348 Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. 34—ii. 4.

349 Venus smiles not in a house of tears. 35—iv. 1.

350 Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content. 15—iii. 2.

351 Tempt not a desperate man. 35—v. 3.

352 Delight
No less in truth, than life. 15—iv. 3.

353 Seeking to give
Losses their remedies. 34—ii. 2.

* Time and opportunity.

† For these one pleased;
By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeased.

‡ 2 Cor. xi. 13, 14.

354 Words are words: I never yet did hear
That the bruised heart was pierced* through the ear.† 37—i. 3.

355 Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
34—i. 1.

356 Nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will. 36—iv. 7.

357 Wisely and slow: They stumble that run fast.
35—ii. 3.

358 Madmen have no ears. 35—iii. 3.

359 Things without remedy,
Should be without regard. 15—iii. 2.

360 Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.
27—i. 2.

361 O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a-year!
3—iii. 4.

362 The private wound is deepest. 2—v. 4.

363 Dry sorrow drinks our blood. 35—iii. 5.

364 Every grize‡ of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below. 27—iv. 3.

365 Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
2—i. 1.

366 Wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun no course to keep them from the light.
33—i. 1.

367 Crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. 27—v. 5.

368 Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.
35—iii. 1.

369 Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows.
1—ii. 2.

370 There's warrant in that theft,
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.
15—ii. 3.

* Pieced, made whole.
† *i. e.* That the words of sorrow were ever cured by the words of consolation.
‡ Step, degree.

371 The appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony. 36—ii. 2.

372 When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps* the mind oppress,
Then music, with her silver sound,
With speedy help doth lend redress.
35—iv. 5.

373 Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.† 15—i. 3.

374 A good man's fortune may grow out at heels.
34—ii. 2.

375 The younger rises, when the old doth fall.
34—iii. 3.

376 Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud.
35—ii. 2.

377 Women may fall, when there's no strength in men. 35—ii. 3.

378 False face must hide what the false heart doth know. 15—i. 7.

379 The law is past depth
To those that, without heed, do plunge into it.
27—iii. 5.

380 Why, let the strucken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play:
For some must watch, while some must sleep;
Thus runs the world away. 36—iii. 2.

381 Honour is an essence that's not seen;
They have it very oft, that have it not.
37—iv. 1.

382 The rarer action is,
In virtue than in vengeance. 1—v. 1.

383 Conceit is still derived
From some fore-father grief. 17—ii. 2.

384 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
15—ii. 1.

* *Dumps* were heavy mournful tunes (doleful ditties).

† *Present fears* are *fears of things* present, which every man has found to be less than the *imagination* presents them, while the objects are yet distant.

385 That thought is bounty's foe;
Being free* itself, it thinks all others so.
27—ii. 2.

386 Advantage doth ever cool
In the absence of the needer. 28—iv. 1.

387 Let mischance be slave to patience. 35—v. 3.

388 Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness and courage. 33—i. 1.

389 Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters.† 27—i. 1.

390 Some falls are means the happier to arise.
31—iv. 2.

391 Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill. 15—iii. 2.

392 Wash off gross acquaintance. 4—ii. 5.

393 In a false quarrel there is no true valour.
6—v. 1.

394 Woe, that too late repents. 34—i. 4.

395 The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young.
34—i. 4.

396 He, that is strucken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.
35—i. 1.

397 'Tis much pride,
For fair without the fair within to hide.
35—i. 3.

398 Nature's tears are reason's merriment.
35—iv. 5.

399 To be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand. 36—ii. 2.

400 To know a man well, were to know himself.
36—v. 2.

* Liberal, not parsimonious.
† Are rated according to the esteem in which their possessor is held.

401 When devils will their blackest sins put on,
They do suggest* at first with heavenly shows.
37—ii. 3.

402 Full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.
11—i. 1.

403 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment.
4—iii. 1.

404 That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear. 5—v. 1.

405 Bootless speed!
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.
7—ii. 2.

406 Thus can the demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.
5—i. 3.

407 Sorrow ends not, when it seemeth done.
17—i. 2.

408 Sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption. 19—iii. 1.

409 Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd. 19—iii. 1.

410 Tyrant's fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than their years.†
33—i. 2.

411 Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than such as do even enemies exceed. 27—i. 2.

412 The swallow follows not summer more willingly . . . nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer birds are men. 27—iii. 6.

413 Opinion crowns
With an imperial voice. 26—i. 3.

414 To be a queen in bondage, is more vile,
Than is a slave in base servility. 21—v. 3.

* Tempt.—2 Cor. xi. 14.

† Their suspicions outgrow their years; a circumstance sufficiently natural to veteran tyrants.

415 Rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose.
8—iv. 3.

416 Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.
3—iii. 1.

417 Too much to know, is, to know nought but fame. 8—i. 1.

418 That's a valiant flea, that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion. 20—iii. 7.

419 Be in eye of every exercise. 2—i. 3.

420 Obedience bids, I should not bid again.
17—i. 1.

421 The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power. 29—ii. 1.

422 Who should succeed the father, but the son?
23—ii. 2.

423 A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise. 8—iv. 1.

424 It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth. 11—i. 3.

425 Do not cry, havoc, when you should but hunt
With modest warrant. 28—iii. 1.

426 Rich honesty dwells like a miser, in a poor house; as your pearl, in your foul oyster.
10—v. 4.

427 I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partizan* I could not heave.
30—ii. 7.

428 Good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used. 37—ii. 3.

429 Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
'Tis not the devil's crest.† 5—ii. 4.

* Pike.

† Though we should write *good angel* on the devil's horn, it will not change his nature, so as to give him a right to wear that *crest*.

430 Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. 6—ii. 3.

431 Murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. 36—ii. 2.

432 Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceive s it is but faintly borne.
17—i. 3.

433 Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. 25—iv. 2.

434 When rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will. 6—iii. 3.

435 At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore, it is too late a week.
10—ii. 3.

436 Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them to men's eyes.* 36—i. 2.

437 One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow. 36—iv. 7.

438 Time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. 18—v. 4.

439 It is as easy to count atomies,† as to resolve the propositions of a lover. 10—iii. 2.

440 Affection,
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loathes. 9—iv. 1.

441 Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
17—ii. 1.

442 Virtue cannot so innoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it. 36—iii. 1.

443 'Tis fond‡ to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at them. 28—iv. 1.

444 Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. 5—ii. 2.

* Numb. xxxii. 23. † Motes. ‡ Foolish.

445 It is a great sin, to swear unto a sin;
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
33—v. 3.

446 Borrow'd passion stands for true old woe.
33—iv. 4.

447 Worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues. 38—iv. 6.

448 Nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. 31—iv. 2.

449 Thoughts are no subjects;
Intents but merely thoughts. 5—v. 1.

450 Scorn at first, makes after-love the more.
2—iii. 1.

451 O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in handicrafts-men. 22—iv. 2.

452 Fishes live in the sea, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones. 33—ii. 1.

453 O, how full of briars is this working-day world!
10—i. 3.

454 'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.
15—iii. 2.

455 Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,
As passes colouring. 13—ii. 2.

456 Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.
4—ii. 5.

457 Merry larks are ploughman's clocks. 8—v. 2.

458 I run before my horse to market. 24—i. 1.

459 To business that we love, we rise betime,
And go to it with delight. 30—iv. 4.

460 Brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes.
36—ii. 2.

461 A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of

a king; and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm. 36—iv. 3.

462 What need the bridge much broader than the flood? 6—i. 1.

463 The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together. 11—iv. 3.

464 Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature. 10—i. 2.

465 Slander lives upon succession;
For ever housed, where it once gets possession.
14—iii. 1.

466 Every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done.
5—ii. 2.

467 'Gainst knave and thief men shut their gate.
4—v. 1.

468 It is not meet
That every nice* offence should bear his comment. 29—iv. 3.

469 Not ever†
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it. 25—v. 1.

470 We are not the first,
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst. 34—v. 3.

471 To offend and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures. 9—ii. 9.

472 All's not offence that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so. 34—ii. 4.

473 Feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom. 13—iv. 3.

474 Though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold. 13—iv. 3.

* Trifling. † Always.

475 'Tis safer to
Avoid what's grown than question how 'tis born.
13—i. 2.

476 Men, that make
Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment,
Dare bite the best. 25—v. 2.

477 Pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly. 27—iii. 5.

478 The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it. 15—iv. 1.

479 A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge.* 15—iv. 3.

480 When did friendship take
A breed for barren metal† of his friend?
9—i. 3.

481 Falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent;
Three things that women highly hold in hate.
2—iii. 2.

482 How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping? 6—i. 1.

483 Our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind.
31—iv. 2.

484 Foolery does walk about the orb, like the sun; it shines every where. 4—iii. 1.

485 Love yourself: and in that love,
Not unconsider'd leave your honour. 25—i. 2.

486 The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. 34—iii. 2.

487 To be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might. 26—iii. 2.

488 We know what we are, but know not what we may be.‡ 36—iv. 5.

* *i. e.* A virtuous mind may recede from goodness in the execution of a royal commission. † Interest.

‡ Of the truth of this Hazael, king of Syria, affords a striking instance. See 2 Kings, viii. 12, 13.

489 Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth
Finds the down pillow hard. 31—iii. 6.

490 Who cannot be crushed with a plot? 11—iv. 3.

491 When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions. 36—iv. 5.

492 We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. 1—iv. 1.

493 What is he for a fool, that betroths himself to unquietness? 6—i. 3.

494 Reputation;—oft got without merit, and lost without deserving. 37—ii. 3.

495 Briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.
31—v. 5.

496 We are made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames. 5—ii. 4.

497 When good-will is show'd, though it come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. 30—ii. 5.

498 A double blessing is a double grace. 36—i. 3.

499 Where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. 34—iii. 4.

500 All difficulties are but easy when they are known. 5—iv. 2.

501 Notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie. 31—iv. 2.

502 Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes.
27—iv. 3.

503 More pity, that the eagle should be mew'd,*
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.
24—i. 1.

* Confined.

504 The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
But for the end it works to. 31—iii. 6.

505 Men, that hazard all,
Do it in hope of fair advantages. 9—ii. 7.

506 Every present time doth boast itself
Above a better, gone. 13—v. 1.

507 Hope to joy, is little less in joy,
Than hope enjoy'd. 17—ii. 3.

508 Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st. 4—v. 1.

509 Fashion wears out more apparel than the man. 6—iii. 3.

510 A great man's memory may outlive his life half a year. 36—iii. 2.

511 We are born to do benefits. 27—i. 2.

512 Conceit* in weakest bodies strongest works. 36—iii. 4.

513 To show an unfelt sorrow, is an office
Which the false man does easy. 15—ii. 3.

514 What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy? 28—i. 10.

515 Though fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us; power no jot
Hath she to change our loves. 13—v. 1.

516 Lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. 26—iii. 2.

517 A tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke,
That it intends to do. 34—i. 1.

* Apprehension.

518 The love that follows us, sometimes is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. 15—i. 6.

519 Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway. 4—iv. 1.

520 To the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind. 36—iii. 1.

521 When once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right. 5—iv. 4.

522 Then we do sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late. 27—v. 1.

523 What simple thief brags of his own attaint? 14—iii. 2.

524 Beggary is valiant. 22—iv. 2.

525 Report is fabulous and false. 21—ii. 3.

526 Things, that are past, are done. 30—i. 2.

527 A little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. 16—iii. 4.

528 Reason and love keep little company together. 7—iii. 1.

529 Fire that is closest kept, burns most of all. 2—i. 2.

530 They do not love, that do not show their love. 2—i. 2.

531 They love least, that let men know their love. 2—i. 2.

532 As jewels lose their glory, if neglected,
So princes their renown, if not respected. 33—ii. 2.

533 Treason is not inherited. 10—i. 3.

534 Love they to live,* that love and honour have. 17—ii. 1.

* *i. e.* Let them live.

535 Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind. 2—iii. 1.

536 Small to greater matters must give way. 30—ii. 2.

537 No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone. 14—iv. 2.

538 The fine's* the crown;
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. 11—iv. 4.

539 Some grief shows much of love;
But much of grief shows still some want of wit. 35—iii. 5.

540 Truth loves open dealing. 25—iii. 1.

541 Fear and love hold quantity;
In neither aught, or in extremity. 36—iii. 2.

542 Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil. 37—ii. 3.

543 Many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing. 11—ii. 4.

544 None can cure their harms by wailing them. 24—ii. 2.

545 He wants wit, that wants resolved will. 2—ii. 6.

546 Brave death outweigh's bad life. 28—i. 6.

547 Beggars, mounted, run their horse to death. 23—i. 4.

548 The ripest fruit first falls. 17—ii. 1.

549 Fathers, that wear rags,
Do make their children blind;
But fathers, that bear bags,
Shall see their children kind. 34—ii. 4.

550 Too much to know, is to know nought but fame. 8—i. 1.

* The end.

551 A surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings.
7—ii. 3.

552 Virtue's office never breaks men's troth.
8—v. 2.

553 There was never yet fair woman, but she made mouths in a glass. 34—iii. 2.

554 Though death be poor it ends a mortal woe.
17—ii. 1.

555 Things, past redress, are past care. 17—ii. 3.

556 What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.
23—iv. 3.

557 There's daggers in men's smiles. 15—ii. 3.

558 O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approved,
When women cannot love where they're beloved.
2—v. 4.

559 One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights founder, strength by strengths do fail. 28—iv. 7.

560 Adversity's sweet milk—philosophy.
35—iii. 3.

561 Better to be disdained of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any. 6—i. 3.

562 Lies are like the father that begets them.
18—ii. 4.

563 What great ones do,
The less will prattle of. 4—i. 2.

564 Beauty's a flower. 4—i. 5.

565 Time goes upright with his carriage.* 1—v. 1.

566 Too light winning
Makes the prize light. 1—i. 2.

* Time brings forward all the exposed events, without faltering under his burden.

567 Grace is grace, despite of all controversy.
5—i. 2.

568 Good counsellors lack no clients. 5—i. 2.

569 Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.
5—iii. 1.

570 Best men are moulded out of faults. 5—v. 1.

571 Some there be, that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss. 9—ii. 9.

572 Every offence is not a hate at first. 9—iv. 1.

573 Fools may not speak wisely, what wise men do foolishly. 10—i. 2.

574 The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.
11—i. 1.

575 Service is no heritage. 11—i. 3.

576 Canker vice the sweetest buds doth love.
Poems.

577 The sauce to meat is ceremony
(Meeting were bare without it). 15—iii. 4.

578 Welcome and unwelcome things at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile. 15—iv. 3.

579 Deep malice makes too deep incision.
17—i. 1.

580 Joy absent, grief is present for that time.
17—i. 3.

581 Urge doubts to them that fear. 17—ii. 1.

582 He doth sin, that doth belie the dead. 19—i. 1.

583 'Tis ever common,
That men are merriest when they are from home. 20—i. 2.

584 With silence, be thou politic. 21—ii. 5.

585 A subtle traitor needs no sophister. 22—v. 1.

586 A begging prince what beggar pities not?
24—i. 4.

587 Honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. 25—ii. 3.

588 Blunt wedges rive hard knots. 26—i. 3.

589 No man
Can justly praise, but what he does affect.
27—i. 2.

590 Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house.* 27—iii. 3.

591 A prodigal course
Is like the sun's ;† but not like his, recoverable.
27—iii. 4.

592 There is boundless theft in limited‡ professions.
27—iv. 3.

593 Poor suitors have strong breaths. 28—i. 1.

594 Tavern bills—which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth. 31—v. 4.

595 Wishes may prove effects.§ 34—iv. 2.

596 Let the galled jade wince. 36—iii. 2.

597 Where the offence is, let the great axe fall.
36—iv. 5.

598 Why should honour outlive honesty? 37—v. 2.

599 Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.
30—ii. 2.

600 There is sense in truth, and truth in virtue.
5—v. 1.

601 Men are men; the best sometimes forget.
37—ii. 3.

602 Thrift is blessing, if men steal it not. 9—i. 3.

603 Such as we are made of, such we be. 4—ii. 2.

604 Wish chastely, and love dearly. 1—i. 3.

* Keep within doors for fear of duns.
† Like him in blaze and splendour.
‡ For legal. § Be completed.

605 Scorn and derision never come in tears.
7—iii. 2.

606 'Tis sin to flatter. 23—v. 6.

607 It is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest. 6—i. 3.

608 Watching breeds leanness. 17—ii. 1.

609 Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut than shown.
33—i. 1.

610 Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows;
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power. 16—ii. 2.

611 'Tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.
17—ii. 2.

612 Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love. 12—iv. 2.

613 Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.
10—i. 3.

614 Though love use reason for his precisian,* he admits him not for his counsellor. 3—ii. 1.

615 Beauty lives with kindness.† 2—iv. 2.

616 More than our brother is our chastity. 5—ii. 4.

617 A light wife doth make a heavy husband.
9—v. 1.

618 Better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one.
2—v. 4.

619 They love not poison that do poison need.
17—v. 6.

620 Care's an enemy to life. 4—i. 3.

* Physician.
† Beauty without kindness *dies* unenjoyed, and undelighting.

621 O theft most base;
That we have stolen what we do fear to keep.
26—ii. 2.

622 Thoughts are winged. 10—iv. 1.

623 Many
Have broke their backs with laying manners on them. 25—i. 1.

624 Travellers must be content. 10—ii. 4.

625 How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature.
31—iii. 3.

626 It will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
11—iv. 3.

627 My stars shine darkly over me. 4—ii. 1.

628 There is no darkness but ignorance. 4—iv. 2.

629 Haste is needful in a desperate case. 23—iv. 1.

630 Good wits will be jangling. 8—ii. 1.

631 Impatience waiteth on true sorrow. 23—iii. 3.

632 A physic,
That's bitter to sweet end. 5—iv. 6.

633 Hasty marriage seldom proveth well.
23—iv. 1.

634 A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a. 13—iv. 2.

635 Since the little wit, that fools have, was silenced, the little foolery, that wise men have, makes a great show. 10—i. 2.

636 While you live, draw your neck out of the collar. 35—i. 1.

637 The cuckoo builds not for himself. 30—ii. 6.

638 A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer.
31—v. 5.

639 Jesters do oft prove prophets. 34—v. 3.

640 It is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother it. 33—i. 1.

641 'Tis the time's plague, when madmen lead the blind. 34—iv. 1.

642 The quality of nothing hath not need to hide itself. 34—i. 2.

643 'Tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. 31—iv. 1.

644 Two may keep counsel, putting one away. 35—ii. 4.

645 Young bloods look for a time of rest. 29—iv. 3.

646 Poison and treason are the hands of sin. 33—i. 1.

647 In delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day. 35—i. 4.

648 Who digs hills because they do aspire,
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher. 33—i. 4.

649 All love the womb that their first beings bred. 33—i. 1.

650 Your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating. 36—v. 1.

651 Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke. 33—i. 1.

652 Cowards living
To die with lengthened shame. 31—v. 3.

653 Bearns are blessings. 11—i. 3.

654 Flowers are like the pleasures of the world. 31—iv. 2.

655 How pomp is followed! 30—v. 2.

656 The clock upbraids me with the waste of time. 4—iii. 1.

657 The earth hath bubbles, as the water has. 15—i. 3.

658 A smile recures the wounding of a frown.
Poems.

659 Foul-cankering rust the hidden treasure frets;
But gold, that's put to use, more gold begets.
ib.

660 The path is smooth that leadeth unto danger.
ib.

661 Oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.
ib.

662 Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,
Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.
ib.

663 Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator.
ib.

664 By our ears our hearts oft tainted be.
ib.

665 For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil;
Birds never limed no secret bushes fear.
ib.

666 Pure thoughts are dead and still,
While lust and murder wakes, to stain and kill.
ib.

667 True valour still a true respect should have.
ib.

668 All orators are dumb, when beauty pleadeth.
ib.

669 Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses.
ib.

670 Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth.
ib.

671 A pure appeal seeks to the heart,
Which, once corrupted, takes the worser part.
ib.

672 Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried.
ib.

673 Treason works ere traitors be espy'd.
ib.

674 Will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends.
ib.

675 Stoop to honour, not to foul desire.
ib.

676 Affection is a coal that must be cool'd;
Else suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire:
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none.
Poems.

677 Tears harden lust, though marble wear with raining.
ib.

678 Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee.
ib.

679 Mar not the thing that cannot be amended.
ib.

680 He is no woodman that doth bend his bow,
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.
ib.

681 Soft pity enters at an iron gate.
ib.

682 King's misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.
ib.

683 Things out of hope are compass'd oft with vent'ring.
ib.

684 Affection faints not, like a pale-faced coward,
But then woos best, when most his choice is froward.
ib.

685 Light and lust are deadly enemies.
ib.

686 Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt,
Ere he can see his own abomination.
ib.

687 True eyes have never practised how
To choke offences with a cunning brow.
ib.

688 Fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,
As palmers that make short their pilgrimage.
ib.

689 It easeth some, though none it ever cured,
To think their dolour others have endured.
ib.

690 Rich preys make true men thieves.
ib.

691 Few words shall fit the trespass best,
Where no excuse can give the fault amending.
ib.

692 The old bees die, the young possess the hive.
ib.

693 To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.
Poems.

694 How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!
ib.

695 Ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
ib.

696 Age in love loves not to have years told.
ib.

697 Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.
ib.

698 What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find.
ib.

699 The strongest castle, tower, and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.
ib.

700 Make assurance double sure. 15—iv. 1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse. 26—iv. 4.

MISCELLANEOUS.

1

O I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time. . . .
Methought, that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And, in my company, my brother Gloster:
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; thence we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befall'n us. As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought, that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks,
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea:
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by. . . .

. . . . . Often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea. . . .
O, then began the tempest to my soul!
I passed, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cried aloud,—*What scourge for perjury*
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?
And so he vanish'd: Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and, he shriek'd out aloud,—
Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;—
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!—
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling waked, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell;
Such terrible impression made my dream.
. . . . . I have done these things,—
That now give evidence against my soul. 24—i. 4.

2

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma,* or a hideous dream:
The genius, and the mortal instruments,
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.† 29—ii. 1.

3

Compunctious visitings of nature. 15—i. 5.

* Visionary.

† This is finely illustrated by the state of Macbeth just before he murdered Duncan.

4

O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known. 29—v. 1.

5

An hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd* forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
Where,—underneath the grove of sycamore,
That westward rooteth from the city's side,—
So early walking did I see your son:
Towards him I made: but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood:
I, measuring his affections by my own,—
That most are busied when they are most alone,—
Pursued my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me. . . .
Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the farthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night:
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

. . . . . .

But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say, how true—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure as know. 35—i. 1.

* Appeared.

6

As I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbraced;
No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd and down-gyved* to his ancle;
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

. . . . . .

He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;
At last, a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
He raised a sigh so piteous and profound,
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,†
And end his being: That done, he lets me go:
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their helps,
And, to the last, blended their light on me. 36—ii. 1.

7

Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And show of love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange‡ a hand
Over your friend that loves you. . . .
Cassius,
Be not deceived: If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,§
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours:
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved;
(Among which number, Cassius, be ye one;)
Nor construe any farther my neglect,

* Hanging down like fetters. † Body
‡ *Strange* is alien, unfamiliar, such as might become a stranger.
§ With a fluctuation of discordant opinion and desires.

Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men. . . .
Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;*
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face? . . .
No, Cassius, for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things. . . .
'Tis just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. 29—i. 2.

8

Yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your arms across;
And when I asked him what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks:
I urged you farther; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: So I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
Which seemed too much enkindled; and withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,†
I should not know you. . . .
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: And upon my knees
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy. . . .
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,

* The nature of your feelings. † Temper

Is it expected, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself,
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife. 29—ii. 1.

9

He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leaped from his eyes: So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman, that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing. 25—iii. 2.

10

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy;
Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,
For Helen's rape the city to destroy,
Threatening cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy;
Which the conceited painter drew so proud,
As heaven (it seem'd) to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life:
Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,
Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife:
The red blood reek'd, to show the painter's strife;
And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer
Begrimed with sweat, and smeared all with dust;
And from the towers of Troy there would appear
The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust:
Such sweet observance in this work was had,
That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty
You might behold, triumphing in their faces;
In youth, quick bearing and dexterity;
And here and there the painter interlaces
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces;

Which heartless peasants did so well resemble,
That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O, what art
Of physiognomy might one behold!
The face of either 'cipher'd either's heart;
Their face their manners most expressly told:
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd;
But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent,
Show'd deep regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,
As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight;
Making such sober action with his hand,
That in beguiled attention, charm'd the sight:
In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver white,
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
Thin winding breath, which purl'd up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice;
All jointly list'ning, but with several graces,
As if some mermaid did their ears entice;
Some high, some low; the painter was so nice,
The scalps of many almost hid behind,
To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear;
Here one, being throng'd, bears back, all blown and red;
Another, smother'd, seems to pelt and swear;
And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,
As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,
It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there;
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,
That for Achilles' image stood his spear,
Griped in an armed hand; himself, behind,
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind:
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to field,

Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy,
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield;
And to their hope they such odd action yield,
That, through their light joy, seemed to appear
(Like bright things stain'd) a kind of heavy fear.
And, from the strond of Dardan, where they fought,
To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
With swelling ridges; and their ranks began
To break upon the galled shore, and then
Retire again, till meeting greater ranks
They join, and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.
To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
To find a face where all distress is stel'd.
Many she sees, where cares have carved some,
But none were all distress and dolour dwell'd,
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,
Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

Poems.

11

I saw a smith stand with his hammer thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet),
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattled and rank'd in Kent:
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.
Old men, and beldams, in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he, that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist;
Whilst he, that hears, makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.

16—iv. 2.

12

This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,

Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-eyed wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse. 16—iv. 3.

13

I had a thing to say,—But let it go:
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,*
To give me audience:—If the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one unto the drowsy race of night;
If this same were a church-yard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had baked thy blood, and made it heavy, thick
(Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes);
Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit† alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
But ah, I will not. 16—iii. 3.

14

The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless‡ butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children, in their death's sad story.
O thus, quoth Dighton, *lay the gentle babes,*
Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, *girdling one another*
Within their alabaster innocent arms;
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,

* Showy ornaments. † Conception. ‡ Merciless.

Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay:
Which once, quoth Forrest, almost changed my mind;
But, O, the devil—there the villain stopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on,—we smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er she framed.
24—iv. 3.

15

See, how the blood is settled in his face!
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,*
Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodless,
Being all descended to the labouring heart;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But, see, his face is black, and full of blood;
His eyeballs farther out than when he lived,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man: [gling;
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with strug-
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdued.
Look on the sheets, his hair, you see, is sticking;
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodged.
It cannot be, but he was murder'd. 22—iii. 2.

16

I was born so high,
Our aiery† buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.
24—i. 3.

17

New honours come upon him
Like our strange garments; cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use. 15—i. 3.

18

I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,

* A body become inanimate in the common course of nature; to which violence has not brought a timeless end. † Nest.

I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more. 25—iii. 2.

19

I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under mē; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new open'd.

. . . . . .

I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. 25—iii. 2.

20

Much attribute he hath; and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues,—
Not virtuously on his own part beheld,—
Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss;
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted. 26—ii. 3.

21

His greatness was no guard
To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.
33—ii. 4.

22

Mine honour was not yielded,
But conqaer'd merely. 30—iii. 11.

23

Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind* exceeds the compass of her wheel.
23—iv. 3.

24

My name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit.
34—v. 3.

* In his mind; as far as his own mind goes.

25

Though now this grain* face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear. 14—v. 1.

26

Silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds.
29—ii. 1.

27

Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awaked in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly. 6—iv. 1.

28

A most poor man, made tame by fortune's blows:
Who, by the art of known and feeling† sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. 34—iv. 6.

29

Poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry. 10—ii. 3.

30

Dispute it like a man.
I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. 15—iv. 3.

* Furrowed.
† *Felt.* Sorrow known, not by relation, but by experience.

31

Famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law.
35—v. 1.

32

My May of life
Is fall'n into the sear,* the yellow leaf:
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not.
15—v. 3.

33

My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart, shows
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
23—v. 2.

34

Thou wert better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well: Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. 34—iii. 4.

35

Thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal.
Nay, do not think I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,

* Dry.

To feed, and clothe thee! Why should the poor be flatter'd!
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant* hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear!
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
She hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please: Give me that man,
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. 36—iii. 2.

36

How his audit stands, who knows, save Heaven!
But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him. 36—iii. 3.

37

Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. 15—ii. 2.

38

If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,
Call me before the exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof.—
When all our offices† have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine; when every room
Hath blazed with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy;
I have retired me to a wasteful cock,‡
And set mine eyes at flow. 27—ii. 2.

39

I would, I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,

* Quick, ready.
† Apartments allotted to culinary offices, &c.
‡ A pipe with a turning stopple running to waste.

As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
Myself of many I am charged withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devised,
By smiling pick-thanks* and base newsmongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission. 18—iii. 2.

40

They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall,† want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honourable,—
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—but
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity—
And so, intending‡ other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,§
With certain half-caps,‖ and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence. 27—ii. 2.

41

I can no other answer make, but, thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks: Often good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:
But, were my worth,¶ as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing. 4—iii. 3.

42

You are liberal in offers;
You taught me first to beg; and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.
9—iv. 1.

43

By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his. 13—iv. 3.

44

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world. 9—v. 1.

* Officious parasites. † *i. e.* At an ebb.
‡ *Intending* had anciently the same meaning as *attending*.
§ Broken hints, abrupt remarks.
‖ A half-cap, is a cap slightly moved, not put off. ¶ Wealth.

45

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword:
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould* of form,
The observed of all observers! quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasy.† 36—iii. 1.

46

What, are my doors opposed against my passage?
Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?
The place, which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart? 27—iii. 4.

47

Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low.
18—iv. 3.

48

O, sick to death:
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden. 25—iv. 2.

49

I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongst the infinite doings of the world,
Sometimes puts forth: In your affairs,
If ever I were wilful negligent,
It was my folly: if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft affects the wisest: these,

* The model by whom all endeavoured to form themselves.
† Alienation of mind.

Are such infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of. 13—i. 2.

50

This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring me from my friends. 33—iv. 1.

51

Good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abysm of hell. 30—iii. 11.

52

My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
23—iii. 2.

53

There is no terror in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. 29—iv. 3.

54

If well-respected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear,
As you. 18—iv. 3.

55

Could beauty have better commerce than with honesty? 36—iii. 1.

56

I ask that I might awaken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush,
Modest as Morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus.* 26—i. 3.

57

Have I lived thus long—(let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends)—a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
. . . loved him next heaven? obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?†
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well.—

* To perceive the beauty of this passage, view it in its connexion in the play. † Served him with his superstitious attention.

Bring me a constant woman to her husband;
One, that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.
25—iii. 1.

58

Those, that do teach young babes,
Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks:
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding. 37—iv. 2.

59

Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclined. When was the hour,
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine,
That had to him derived your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharged? Sir, call to mind,
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: If, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice. 25—ii. 4.

60

I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand sea.* 30—iii. 10.

61

Your changed complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shows me mine changed too: for I must be

* As is the dew to the sea.

A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with it. 13—i. 2.

62

Patience—
Of whose soft grace, I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content. 1—v. 1.

63

Left her in her tears, and dry'd not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestowed* her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not. 5—iii. 1.

64

He that commends me to my own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself. 14—i. 2.

65

Wherefore weep you?—
At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take,
What I shall die to want: But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow†
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no. 1—iii. 1.

66

When maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs‡
As they themselves would owe§ them. 5—i. 5.

* Gave her up to her sorrows.
† Companion.
‡ Freely granted to them.
§ Have.

67

This she? no,
If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself—
This was not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against itself!
Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt; this is, and is not, Cressid!
Within my soul there doth commence a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
Divides more wider than the sky and earth;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle
As is Arachne's broken woof, to enter.
Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolved and loosed;
And with another knot, five-finger tied,*
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques,
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.
26—v. 2.

68

Fear, and niceness
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self.) 31—iii. 4.

69

A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love.
35—iii. 3.

70

Thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an emboss'd carbuncle,

* A knot tied by giving her hand to Diomed.

In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:—
Mend when thou can'st; be better at thy leisure.
34—ii. 4.

71

There is a willow grows ascaunt the brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
Therewith fantastic garlands did she make
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide;
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up:
Which time, she chanted snatches of old tunes;
As one incapable* of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death. 36—iv. 7.

72

They hurried us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared
A rotten carcase of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong....
Alack! what trouble!
Was I then to you!
O! a cherubim
Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd† the sea with drops full salt;
Under my burden groan'd; which raised in me
An undergoing stomach,‡ to bear up
Against what should ensue....
How came we ashore?...
By Providence divine. 1—i. 2.

* Insensible. † Sprinkled. ‡ Stubborn resolution.

73

So long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.....
Thou should'st have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.—
I would have broke mine eyestrings; crack'd them, but
To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle:
Nay, followed him till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept. 31—i. 4.

74

To comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and that poor number saved with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast that lived upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see. 4—i. 2.

75

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him. 1—ii. 1.

76

At thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:

Of nature's gifts, thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose: but fortune, O!
She is corrupted, changed, and won from thee.
16—iii 1.

77

Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtle stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. 4—i. 5.

78

O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head: and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchafed, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;
Civility not seen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd! 31—iv. 2.

79

We were
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal. . . .
We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i' the sun,
And bleat the one at the other: What we changed,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill doing, no, nor dream'd
That any did. . . .
Temptations have since then been born to us.
13—i. 2.

80

When thou, haply, seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel;
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap; and, in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy bead'sman. 2—i. 1.

81

At home,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
He makes a July's day short as December;
And, with his varying childness, cures in me
Thoughts, that would thick my blood. 13—i. 2.

82

We still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And, wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseparable. 10—i. 3.

83

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.

. . . . . .

Bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air. 35—ii. 2.

84

This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
Ran on the green sward;* nothing she does, or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place. 13—iv. 3.

85

Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time

* Green turf.

For parting us,—O, and is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our neelds* created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rend our ancient love asunder?
7—iii. 2.

86

I have lived
To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy. 28—ii. 1.

87

What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!
36—ii. 2.

88

See, what a grace was seated on this brow:
Hyperion's† curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station‡ like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man. 36—iii. 4.

89

I have, in this rough work, shaped out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug

* Needles. † Apollo's. ‡ The act of standing.

With amplest entertainment: My free drift
Halts not particularly,* but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax:† no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind. . 27—i. 1.

90

How this grace
Speaks his own standing! what a mental power
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret. 27—i. 1.

91

The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: these pencill'd figures are
Even such as they give out.‡ 27—i. 1.

92

Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, doth wear an angel's face,
Seize with an eagle's talons.§ 34—iv. 4.

93

There be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellow'd, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably. 36—iii. 2.

94

Hath he so long held out with me untired,
And stops he now for breath? 24—iv. 2.

95

What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish myself

* My design does not stop at any particular character.
† Anciently they wrote upon waxen tables with an iron style.
‡ Pictures have no hypocrisy; they are what they profess to be.
§ Thou resemblest in thy conduct the harpy, which allures with the face of an angel, that it may seize with the talons of an eagle.

against such a good time, when I might have shown myself honourable? how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope, his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind: and tell him, this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. 27—iii. 2.

96

Now do I play the touch,
To try if thou be current gold, indeed. 24—iv. 2.

97

To build his fortune, I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. 27—i. 1.

98

For herein fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use,
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty. 9—iv. 1.

99

Can such things be,
And overcome* us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? 15—iii. 4.

100

I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. 15—iii. 4.

101

Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself; and what remains is bestial. 37—ii. 3.

102

O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! 29—iii. 2.

* Pass over us.

103

I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.
36—iii. 4.

104

Common mother, thou,
Whose womb immeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root.
27—iv. 3.

105

I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be throned. The base o' the mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states:* amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate,——
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

. . . . . .

All those, which were his fellows but of late
(Some better than his value), on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings† in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrop, and through him
Drink‡ the free air.——
When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,
Spurns down her late beloved, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their hands and knees, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot. 27—i. 1.

* To advance their conditions of life.
† Whisperings of officious servility. ‡ Inhale.

106

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits, and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
And then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then, the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow: Then, a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden* and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth: And then the justice;
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern† instances,
And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side:
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.
10—ii. 7.

107

The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. 1—iv. 1.

108

So tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival

* Violent. † Trite, common.

To an impatient child that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. 35—iii. 2.

109

He hath persecuted time with hope: and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time. 11—i. 1.

110

Time travels in divers paces with divers persons: I'll tell you who time *ambles* withal, who time *trots* withal, who time *gallops* withal, and who he *stands still* withal. He trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, time's pace is so hard, that it seems the length of seven years.—He ambles with a priest, that lacks Latin, and a rich man, that hath not the gout: for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: These time ambles withal.—He gallops with a thief to the gallows: for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.—He stays still with lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves. 10—iii. 2.

111

The swallowing gulf
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion. 24—iii. 7.

112

Mellow'd by the stealing hours of time. 24—iii. 7.

113

In the dark backward and abysm of time? 1—i. 2.

114

The blind cave of eternal night. 24—v. 3.

115

Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,

The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense. 7—iii. 2.

116

The silver livery of advised age. 22—v. 3.

117

He's walked the way of nature. 19—v. 2.

118

Dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
15—v. 2.

119

The nonpareil of beauty! 4—i. 5.

120

The cool and temperate wind of grace. 20—iii. 3.

121

A raven's heart within a dove. 4—v. 1.

122

And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. 1—i. 2.

123

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.
7—v. 1.

124

Like to the time o' the year between the extremes
Of hot and cold, he was nor sad, nor merry.
30—i. 5.

125

Music! hark!
Nothing is good, I see, without respect;
Methinks, it sounds much sweeter than by day. . . .
Silence bestows that virtue on it. . . .
The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by seasons season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection! 9—v. 1.

126

Do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music: Therefore, the poet
Did feign, that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature:*
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted. 9—v. 1.

127

This music crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air. 1—i. 2.

128

O, for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention. 20—i. *Chorus.*

129

Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourish'd: The fire i' the flint
Shows not, till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes.† 27—i. 1.

* Such is the *general* character of music.

† Perhaps, the sense is, that having touched on one subject, it flies off in quest of another. Old copy reads *chases*.

130

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water; the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that [silver;
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion (cloth of gold of tissue),
O'erpicturing that Venus, where we see,
The fancy out-work nature; on each side her,
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With diverse-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.* . . .
Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings: at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame† the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthroned in the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature. 30—ii. 2.

131

Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,—
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona. 37—ii. 1.

132

O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it;

* Added to the warmth they were intended to diminish.
† Readily perform.

The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe pronounced
The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass.*
1—iii. 3.

133

Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,—
Being native burghers of this desert city,—
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads
Have their round haunches gored. . . .
Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that.—
To-day, my lord of Amiens, and myself,
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook, that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears. . . .
But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle? . . .
O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping in the needless† stream;
Poor deer, quoth he, *thou mak'st a testament*
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much: Then, being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
'Tis right, quoth he; *thus misery doth part*
The flux of company: Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him; *Ay*, quoth Jaques,
Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;

* The deep pipe told it me in a rough bass sound.
† The stream that wanted not a supply of moisture.

'Tis just the fashion: Wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
10—ii. 1.

134

I was with Hercules, and Cadmus, once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding;* for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder. 7—iv. 1.

135

My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd,† so sanded;‡ and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn.
7—iv. 1.

136

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.
12—*Induction*, 2.

137

I with the Morning's Love§ have oft made sport;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.
7—iii. 2.

138

As free as mountain winds. 1—i. 2.

139

These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle summer's spring,‖
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,

* Sound. † The flews are the large chaps of a hound.
‡ So marked with small spots.
§ Cephalus, the paramour of Aurora.
‖ Midsummer shoots, second spring.

By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
Have every pelting* river made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents:†
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
The crows are fatted with the murrain flock;
The nine men's morris‡ is fill'd up with mud;
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable;
The human mortals want their winter here;
No night is now with hymn or carol blest:—
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound:§
And thorough this distemperature,‖ we see
The seasons alter; hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hyem's chin, and icy crown,
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds,
Is, as in mockery, set: The spring, the summer,
The chilling¶ autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries: and the 'mazed world,
By their increase,** now knows not which is which.

7—ii. 2.

140

I see, queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,

* Petty. † Banks which contain them.
‡ A game played by boys.
§ That the moon does create tides in the atmosphere, as well as in the sea, is the opinion of several eminent modern philosophers.
‖ Perturbation of the elements.
¶ Autumn producing flowers unseasonably. ** Produce.

Drawn with a team of little atomies*
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams:
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash of film:
Her wagoner, a small gray-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:
On courtiers' knees, that dream of court'sies straight:
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees:
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:†
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep—
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear; at which he starts, and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
That plats the manes of horses in the night;
And bakes the elf-locks‡ in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.

35—i. 4.

141

My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,

* Atoms. † A place in court.
‡ *i. e.* Fairy-locks, locks of hair clotted and tangled in the night.

That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.—
That very time I saw (but thou could'st not),
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throned by the west;
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon;
And the imperial vot'ress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.*
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,—
Before, milk-white; now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness. 7—ii. 2.

142

Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey-bags steal from the humble bees,
And, for night-tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes;
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies. 7—iii. 1.

143

The purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshut his troubles,
How he outruns the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles:
The many musits through the which he goes,
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

Sometimes he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell;
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;

* Exempt from love.

And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer;
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear.

For there is smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt;
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

By this, poor Wat, far off, upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still;
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear;
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore-sick, that hears the passing bell.

Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay;
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low, never relieved by any.

Poems.

144

As it fell upon a day,
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring;
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone:
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity:
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry,
Teru, Teru, by and by:

That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah! (thought I) thou mourn'st in vain;
None take pity on thy pain:

Senseless trees they cannot hear thee;
Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee;
King *Pandion*, he is dead;
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead:
All thy fellow birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing.
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.

Whilst as fickle fortune smiled,
Thou and I were both beguiled,
Every one that flatters thee,
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find.
Every man will be thy friend,
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want;
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call;
And with such-like flattering,
"*Pity but he were a king.*"

If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
But if fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown:
They that fawn'd on him before,
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need;
If thou sorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep:
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear thee part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend, from flattering foe.

Poems.

145

That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.... And the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits

with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef, and iron, and steel they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils. 20—iii. 7.

146

O England!—model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,—
What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
20—ii. *Chorus.*

147

Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy. 22—iv. 7.

148

Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains* poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
Big Mars, seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.
Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hand: and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips;
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes;
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal† bit
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless;
And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour. 20—iv. 2.

149

Alas, poor country;
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd, our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and shrieks, that rent the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy;‡ the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken. 15—iv. 3.

* Colours. † Ring. ‡ Common distress of mind.

150

Tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch,
So nightly toils the subject of the land?
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war;
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week:*
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day?
36—i. 1.

151

'Tis the soldiers' life,
To have their balmy slumbers waked with strife.
37—ii. 3.

152

The tyrant custom
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize†
A natural and prompt alacrity,
I find in hardness. 37—i. 3.

153

What rub, or what impediment, there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not, in this best garden of the world,
. . . put up her lovely visage?
Alas! she hath too long been chased;
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies: her hedges even-pleached,—
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,—
Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
Doth root upon: while that the coulter‡ rusts,
That should deracinate§ such savagery:
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,

* Fourth Commandment. † Acknowledge. ‡ Ploughshare.
§ To deracinate, is to force up the roots.

Conceives by idleness; and nothing teems,
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility.
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness;
Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,
Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country;
But grow, like savages,—as soldiers will,
That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
To swearing, and stern looks, diffused attire,
And every thing that seems unnatural. 20—v. 2.

154

In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness, and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage:
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully, as doth a galled* rock
O'erhang and jutty† his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit
To his full height!—On, on, you noblest English,
20—iii. 1.

155

Thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war;
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of Peace,‡
And be no farther harmful than in show. 16—v. 2.

156

Our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up;
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent

* Worn, wasted.
† A mole to withstand the encroachment of the tide.
‡ Exquisite allegorical painting!

Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And, with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruised,
We will bear home that lusty blood again,
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.
16—ii. 2.

157

This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection,* and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England:—

. . . . . .

Dear for her reputation through the world. 17—ii. 1.

158

The natural bravery of your isle; which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscalable, and roaring waters;
With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
Of, *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame:* with shame
(The first that ever touch'd him), he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping,
(Poor ignorant baubles!) on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells moved upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks: For joy whereof,
The famed Cassibelan, who was once at point
(O, giglot† fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons strut with courage. 31—iii. 1.

159

That pale, that white-faced‡ shore,

* Should it not be *insection?* † Strumpet.
‡ England is supposed to be called Albion, from the white rocks facing France.

Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring
And coops from other lands her islanders,
Even till that England, hedged in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her king. 16—ii. 1.

160

I' the world's volume
Our Britian seems as of it, but not in it:
In a great pool, a swan's nest. 31—iii. 4.

161

England never did (nor never shall)
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true. 16—v. 7.

162

England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune. 17—ii. 1.

163

Britain is a world by itself. 31—iii. 1.

164

To prove that true
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower;
Three times they breath'd, and three times they did drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who, then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank,
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants. 18—i. 3.

165

Suppose, that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers, the young Phœbus fanning.
Play with your fancies; and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing:
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
To sounds confused: behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge. 20—iii. *Chorus.*

166

Where's the king? . . .
Contending with the fretful element;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curved waters 'bove the main,*
That things might change, or cease; tears his white hair;
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear† would couch
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all. 34—iii. 1.

167

Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promised me eternal happiness;
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,
Assuredly. 25—iv. 2.

168

As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:

* The main land, the continent.
† Whose dugs are drawn dry by its young.

Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard; no man cried, God save him;
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,—
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,—
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But Heaven hath a hand in these events;
To whose high will be bound our calm contents.
17—v. 2.

169

All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him: Your prattling nurse
Into a rapture* lets her baby cry,
While she chats him: the kitchen malkin† pins
Her richest lockram‡ 'bout her reechy§ neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him: Stalls, bulks, windows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges horsed
With variable complexions; all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: seld‖-shown flamens¶
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station:** our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask, in
Their nicely-gawded†† cheeks, to the wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,
Were slily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture. 28—ii. 1.

170

I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak: The matrons flung their gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he pass'd; the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue; and the commons made

* Fit. † Maid. ‡ Best linen.
§ Soiled with sweat and smoke. ‖ Seldom. ¶ Priests.
** Common standing-place. †† Adorned.

A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and shouts;
I never saw the like. 28—ii. 1.

171

I saw young Harry,—with his beaver on,
His cuisses* on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,—
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch† the world with noble horsemanship.
18—iv. 1.

172

This town is full of cozenage;
As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers, that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such like liberties of sin. 14—i. 2.

173

Thou trumpet,
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek
Out-swell the colic of puff'd Aquilon:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;
Thou blow'st for Hector. 26—iv. 5.

174

Do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready braced,
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder. 16—v. 2.

175

From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly‡ sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire; and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd§ face:

* Armour. † Bewitch, charm. ‡ Gently, lowly.
§ Discoloured by the gleam of fires.

Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty* French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited knight,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger; and their gesture sad,
Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head!
For forth he goes, and visits all his host;
Bids them good-morrow, with a modest smile;
And calls them—brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note,
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night:
But freshly looks, and overbears attaint,
With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
A largess† universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear. 20—iv. *Chorus.*

176

His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand‡ then wiping, forth he goes;
Like to a harvest-man, that's tasked to mow
Or all, or lose his hire. 28—i. 3.

* Over-saucy. † Bounty.
‡ *i. e.* His hand covered, or armed, with mail.

177

That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live:
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.
24—iii. 6.

178

The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder* than ignorance;
. . . . . .
And skill-less as unpractised infancy. 26—i. 1.

179

I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have seen thee,
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
Despising many forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air,
Not letting it decline on the declined;†
That I have said to some my standers-by
Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling. 26—iv. 5.

180

To what base uses we may return! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till it find it stopping a bung-hole? As thus, Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth: of earth we make loam: And why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer barrel?

Imperious Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away;
O, that the earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!
36—v. 1.

* Weaker. † Fallen.

181

I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble land at harvest-home;
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box,* which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again——
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff;—and still he smiled and talk'd;
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me:
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,†
Out of my grief‡ and my impatience,
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what;
. . . . For he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the mark!)
And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti, for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villanous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall§ fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier. 18—i. 3.

182

O Hero! what a Hero had'st thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart!
6—iv. 1.

183

Those he commands, move only in command,

* A small box for musk or other perfumes. † Parrot.
‡ Pain. § Brave.

Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief. 15—v. 2.

184

His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his mouth:
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. 28—iii. 1.

185

Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences. 20—i. 1.

186

So much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty, and so many, my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,—
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,—
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
20—iii. 6.

187

A sponge that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end: He keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed: When he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.
36—iv. 2.

188

He hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him farther trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at nought. 28—iii. 1.

189

So cowards fight when they can fly no farther;

So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers. 23—i. 4.

190

That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught, and bulk, unprizable;
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of loss,
Cried fame and honour on him. 4—v. 1.

191

To seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love. 28—ii. 2.

192

The common people swarm like summer-flies:
And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun? 23—ii. 6.

193

They do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance. 28—iii. 1.

194

How smooth and even they do bear themselves!
As if allegiance in their bosom sat,
Crowned with faith and constant loyalty. 20—ii. 2.

195

He's loved of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;
And, where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. 36—iv. 3.

196

Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the lightness of you common men. 23—iii. 1.

197

He, that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye!
With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble, that was now your hate,
Him vile, that was your garland. 28—i. 1.

198

Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? Or had you tongues, to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment? 28—ii. 3.

199

He that trusts you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: You are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. 28—i. 1.

200

You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize,
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air. 28—iii. 3.

201

What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,
That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs? 28—i. 1.

202

You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat? 28—i. 4.

203

You are potently opposed; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween* you of better luck,
I mean, in perjured witness, than your *Master*,†
Whose minister you are, whiles here he lived
Upon this naughty earth? 25—v. 1.

* Think. † Christ.

204

It was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. 19—i. 2.

205

The clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it. 22—iv. 2.

206

The caterpillars of the commonwealth. 17—ii. 3.

207

Being not propp'd by ancestry (whose grace
Chalks successors their way), neither allied
To eminent assistants, but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that Heaven gives for him. . . . .
I cannot tell
What Heaven hath given him, let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: Whence has he that,
If not from hell? 25—i. 1.

208

We must suggest the people, in what hatred
He still hath held them: that to his power, he would
Have made them mules, silenced their pleaders, and
Dispropertied their freedoms: holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war; who have their provand
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them. 28—ii. 1.

209

I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and *aves* vehement:
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
That does affect it. 5—i. 1.

210

Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,
Govern the motion of a kingly eye. 16—v. 1.

211

Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror, so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution. 16—v. 1.

212

Show boldness and aspiring confidence. 16—v. 1.

213

Something, sure, of state,
Hath puddled his clear spirit: and, in such cases,
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so;
For let our finger ache, and it indues
Our other healthful members ev'n to that sense
Of pain. 37—iii. 4.

214

Who is so gross,
That cannot see this palpable device?
Yet who so bold, but says—he sees it not?
Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,
When such bad dealing must be seen in thought.
24—iii. 6.

215

For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves: I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd, and scatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars. 28—iii. 1.

216

The man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wiped it out;
Destroy'd his country; and his name remains,
To the ensuing age, abhorr'd 28—v. 3.

217

Behold destruction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless antics, one another meet. 26—v. 3.

218

Be factious for redress of all these griefs;
And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest. 29—i. 3.

219

Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and Jove's accord,
Nothing so full of heart. 26—i. 3.

Civil dissension is a viperous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.
21—iii. 1.

221

Cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves: when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;
But float upon a wild and violent sea,
Each way, and move. 15—iv. 2.

222

Great promotions
Are daily given, to ennoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.
24—i. 1.

223

We hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm;
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.
17—ii. 1.

224

The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try: What's open made to justice,
That justice seizes. What know the laws,
That thieves do pass on thieves? 5—ii. 1.

225

If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye,
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
Appear before us? 20—ii. 2.

226

We must not make a scare-crow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror. 5—ii. 1.

227

We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforced from our most quiet sphere
By the rough torrent of occasion. 19—iv. 1.

228

Poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails. 22—ii. 1.

229

Contention, like a horse,
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him. 19—i. 1.

230

The tag,—whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are used to bear. 28—iii. 1.

231

Tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. 28—iii. 1.

232

The present time's so sick,
That present medicine must be minister'd,
Or overthrow incurable ensues. 16—v. 1.

233

O conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough

To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou put thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus himself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention. 29—ii. 1.

234

Diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are relieved,
Or not at all. 36—iv. 3.

235

Such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong. 16—v. 2.

236

If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
'Twill come,
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep. 34—iv. 2.

237

Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here delivered me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin. 17—iv. 1.

238

These growing feathers, pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch:
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. 29—i. 1.

239

Before him
He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears.
28—ii. 1.

240

When first this order was ordain'd,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth;
Valiant, and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;

Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes. 21—iv. 1.

241

The horn and noise o' the monsters. 28—iii. 1.

242

Our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.
29—i. 3.

243

Authority bears a credent bulk,
That no particular scandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather. 5—iv. 4.

244

Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness;
Or whether that the body public be
A horse, whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur:
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in. 5—i. 3.

245

His life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice;
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself, which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others: were he meal'd [nous;
With that which he corrects, then were he tyran-
But this being so, he's just. 5—iv. 2.

246

What his high hatred would effect, wants not
A minister in his power: You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and I know, his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and, it may be said,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. 25—i. 1.

247

When he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier: Do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you. 28—iii. 3.

248

He bore him in the thickest troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat:
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs;
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him. 23—ii. 1.

249

I do not think, a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds. 18—v. 1.

250

In speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others. 19—ii. 3.

251

He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better bettered expectation.
6—i. 1.

252

In war was never lion raged more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild.
17—ii. 1.

253

He, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindicative than jealous love. 26—iv. 5.

254

He stopp'd the fliers;
And, by his rare example, made the coward
Turn terror into sport; as waves before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem. 28—ii. 2.

255

I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them. 28—ii. 2.

256

Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich. 27—i. 2.

257

His death (whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp)
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best temper'd courage in his troops.
19—i. 1.

258

He has been bred i' the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill-school'd
In bolted language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. 28—iii. 1.

259

O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fallen. 30—iv. 13.

260

The present wars devour him: he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant. . . . .
Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon. 28—i. 1.

261

Who lined himself with hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply,
Flattering himself with project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts;
And so, with great imagination,

Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
And, winking, leap'd into destruction. 19—i. 3.

262

Whilst lions war, and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity. 23—ii. 5.

263

Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
Smiled at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: Their discipline
(Now mingled with their courages) will make known
To their approvers, they are people, such
That mend upon the world. 31—ii. 4.

264

A fellow
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster: unless the bookish theoric,
Wherein the toged consuls can propose
As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership. 37—i. 1.

265

The gallant militarist, that had the whole theoric* of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape† of his dagger. 11—iv. 3.

266

Captain! thou abominable cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called—captain? If captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain, you slave! for what? 19—ii. 4.

267

That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty! 34—ii. 2.

* Theory. † The point of the scabbard.

268

A soldier—not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous, and did tremble. 28—i. 4.

269

A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;
And yet, incaged in so small a verge. 17—ii. 1.

270

My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen; my crown is call'd, content;
A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy. 23—iii. 1.

271

Sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace. 15—iv. 3.

272

When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected?* Degree being vizarded,†
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture,‡ course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,§
In noble eminence enthroned and sphered
Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,

* The meaning is,—*When the general is not* to the army, *like the hive to the bees*, the repository of the stock of every individual, that to which each particular resorts with whatever he has collected for the good of the whole, *what honey is expected*—what hope of advantage?

† Masked. ‡ Constancy.

§ Here is more than a hint of the Copernican system. Copernicus died 1543; twenty-one years before the birth of Shakspeare.

And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans* check, to good and bad: But, when the planets,
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents? what mutiny?
What raging of the sea? shaking of earth?
Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate†
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixture? O, when degree is shaked,
Which is the ladder of all high designs,
The enterprise is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods‡ in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable§ shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere‖ oppugnancy: The bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right: or, rather, right and wrong
(Between whose endless jar justice resides)
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And, last, eat up himself.——
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking.
And this neglection of degree it is,
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
It hath to climb. The general 's disdain'd
By him one step below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath; so every step,
Exampled by the first pace, that is sick

* Without.
† Force up by the roots.
‡ Corporations, companies.
§ Divided.
‖ Absolute.

Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation. 26—i. 3.

273

While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The advised head defends itself at home:
For government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one concent;
Congruing in a full and natural close,
Like music. . . . .
Therefore doth Heaven divide
The state of man into divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience: for so work the honey bees;
Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of sorts:
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad:
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor:
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons, building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executor's pale,
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,—
That many things, having full reference
To one concent, may work contrariously:
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Fly to one mark;
As many several ways meet in one town;
As many fresh streams run in one self sea;
As many lines close in the dial's centre;
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. 20—i. 2.

274

One would have ling'ring wars with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third man thinks, without expense at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
21—i. 1.

275

Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war. 23—iv. 8.

276

Mirror of all martial men. 21—i. 4.

277

Were it good,
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good; for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope. 18—iv. 1.

278

The commonwealth is sick of their own choice,
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited. 19—i. 3.

279

Omit no happy hour,
That may give furtherance to our expedition:
For we have now no thought in us but France;
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore, let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected; and all things thought upon,
That may, with reasonable swiftness, add
More feathers to our wings. 20—i. 2.

280

This might have been prevented, and made whole,
With very easy arguments of love;
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate. 16—i. 1.

281

Good fortune bids us pause,
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.
23—ii. 6.

282

The fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon. 16—iii. 3.

283

God, if thy will be so,
Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace,
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!
24—v. 4.

284

Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive? 16—v. 1.

285

Now join your hands, and, with your hands, your hearts,
That no dissension hinder government. 23—iv. 6.

286

Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith. 16—v. 4.

287

We will untread the steps of damned flight;
And, like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd
And calmly run on in obedience. 16—v. 4.

288

I find the people strangely fantasied;
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.
16—iv. 4.

289

They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i' the Capitol: who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines; side factions, and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,

And feebling such as stand not in their liking,
Below their cobbled shoes. 28—i. 1.

290

When drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-faced soothing! 28—i. 9.

291

Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude. 28—ii. 3.

292

The Providence that's in a watchful state,
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;
Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery in the soul of state;
Which hath an operation more divine,
Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to.
26—iii. 3.

293

We must not rend our subject from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take,
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber:
And, though we leave 't with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. 25—i. 2.

294

These exactions,—
Most pestilent to the hearing; and to bear them,
The back is sacrifice to the load. . . . .
This makes bold mouths:
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them: their curses now
Live, where their prayers did; and it's come to pass,
That tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. 25—i. 2.

295

It doth appear: for, upon these taxations,

The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger,
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And Danger serves among them. 25—i. 2.

296

This double worship,—
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wis-
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no [dom,
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness; purpose so barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose: Therefore, beseech you,—
You that will be less fearful than discreet;
That love the fundamental part of state,
More than you doubt the change of't; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump a body with a dangerous physic,
That's sure of death without it,—at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison: your dishonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
By that integrity which should become it;
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control it. 28—iii. 1.

297

It is a purposed thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:
Suffer it, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be ruled. 28—iii. 1.

298

I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
19—iv. 1.

299

When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection:
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then, but draw anew the model
In fewer offices; or, at least, desist
To build at all? Much more, in this great work,
(Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,
And set another up,) should we survey
The plot of situation, and the model;
Consent upon a sure foundation;
Question surveyors; know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite; or else,
We fortify in paper, and in figures,
Using the names of men, instead of men:
Like one, that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.* 19—i. 3.

300

In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems:
So the proportions of defence are fill'd;
Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat, with scanting
A little cloth. 20—ii. 4.

301

It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe:
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
(Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in question,)
But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation. 20—ii. 4.

* Luke xiv. 28, &c.

302

If we
Cannot defend our own door from the dog,
Let us be worried ; and our nation lose
The name of hardiness, and policy. 20—i. 2.

303

They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;
Count wisdom as no member of the war;
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand : the still and mental parts,—
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on ; and know, by measure
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity :
They call this—bed-work, mappery, closet-war.
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,
They place before his hand, that made the engine ;
Or those, that with the fineness of their souls,
By reason guide his execution. 26—i. 3.

304

Take heed
How you awake the sleeping sword of war ;
We charge you in the name of God, take heed :
For never two such kingdoms did contend,
Without much fall of blood ; whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,
'Gainst him, whose wrongs give edge unto the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality. 20—i. 2.

305

Will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war ?
And move in that obedient orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light;
And be no more an exhaled meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times ? 18—v. 1.

306

'Tis better using France, than trusting :
Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,

Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend ourselves;
In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies. 23—iv. 1.

307

The king-becoming graces,
Are justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude. 15—iv. 3.

308

That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might be set abroach,
In shadow of such greatness! 19—iv. 2.

309

Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread,
But as the marigold at the sun's eye;
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd.
Poems.

310

They do abuse the king that flatter him:
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that breath gives heat and stronger glowing;
Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
33—i. 2.

311

Majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow. 18—i.

312

The strawberry grows underneath the nettle;
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best,
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:

And so the prince obscured his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer-grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crescive* in his faculty. 20—i. 1.

313

The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep itself from 'noyance; but much more
That spirit, upon whose weal depend and rest
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it, with it: it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes, ten thousand lesser things
Are mortised and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boist'rous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.
36—iii. 3.

314

A sceptre, snatch'd with an unruly hand,
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd:
And he, that stands upon a slippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up. 16—iii. 4.

315

The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends;
As it disanimates his enemies. 21—iii. 1.

316

Never was monarch better fear'd and loved,
Than is your majesty; there's not, I think, a subject,
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government. 20—ii. 2.

317

Within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his court: and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;

* Increasing.

Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable, and, humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell king!
17—iii. 2.

318

We are no tyrant, but a Christian king;
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject,
As are our wretches, fetter'd in our prisons. 20—i. 2.

319

O hard condition! twin-born with greatness,
Subjected to the breath of every fool,
Whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing!
What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,
That private men enjoy?
And what have kings that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What is the soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose.
20—iv. 1.

320

'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,

The enter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the king.
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world—
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave:
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse;
And follows so the ever-running year
With profitable labour, to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king. 20—iv. 1.

321

Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.
The shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.
23—ii. 5.

322

The colour of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set.
16—iv. 2.

323

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!

That keep'st the ports* of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night!—sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
As he, whose brow, with homely biggin bound,
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour, worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety. 19—iv. 4.

324

Let me speak, sir,
For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.
This royal infant, (Heaven still move about her!)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be
(But few now living, can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes, living with her,
And all, that shall succeed: Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: Truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be loved and fear'd: Her own shall bless
her:
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow: Good grows with
her:
In her days, every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her: But as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself;

* Gates.

So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,)
Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd: Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations: He shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him:—Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless Heaven. 25—v. 4.

325

Now call we our high court of parliament:
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best-govern'd nation.
19—v. 2.

326

The commons, like an angry hive of bees,
That want their leader, scatter up and down,
And care not who they sting in his revenge.
22—iii. 2.

327

No simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This should'ring of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites,
But that it doth presage some ill event.
'Tis much, when sceptres are in children's hands;
But more, when envy breeds unkind division:
There come's the ruin, there begins confusion.
21—iv. 1.

328

This late dissension, grown betwixt the peers,
Burns under feigned ashes of forged love,
And will at last break out into a flame:
As fester'd members rot but by degrees,
Till bones, and flesh, and sinews, fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.
21—iii. 1.

329

Thus we debase
nature of our seats, and make the rabble
our cares, fears: which will in time break ope
locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows
eck the eagles. 28—iii. 1.

330

our alliance be combined,
best friends made, and our best means stretch'd
out;
let us presently go sit in council,
covert matters may be best disclosed,
open perils surest answer'd. 29—iv. 1.

331

e it is, when raging war is done,
mile at 'scapes and perils over-blown. 12—v. 2.

332

l use the olive with my sword:
e war breed peace; make peace stint war; make
each
cribe to other, as each other's leech. 27—v. 5.

333

ore shall trenching war channel her fields,
bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
stile paces: those opposed eyes,
ch,—like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
f one nature, of one substance bred,—
ately meet in the intestine shock
furious close of civil butchery.
l now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
h all one way; and be no more opposed
nst acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
ore shall cut his master. 18—i. 1.

334

, if you fight against God's enemy,
will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers;
u do sweat to put a tyrant down,
sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;

If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit it in your age.
24—v. 3.

335

O war, thou son of hell!
Whom angry heavens do make their minister.
22—v. 2.

336

This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
Forced by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea,
Forced to retire by fury of the wind:
Sometime, the flood prevails; and then, the wind;
Now, one the better; then, another best;
Both tugging to be victor, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered:
So is the equal poise of this fell war. 23—ii. 5.

337

The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
Their iron indignation. 16—ii. 2.

338

Doubtfully it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art. 15—i. 1.

339

He could not
Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace

Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war. 28—iv. 7.

340

I raised him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: Who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends: and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free. 28—v. 5.

341

You shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I loved my little should be dieted
In praises sauced with lies. 28—i. 9.

342

He now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth:
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for. 18—iv. 3.

343

O, he sits high in all the people's hearts;
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness. 29—i. 3.

344

The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker,
To nature none more bound; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself.
Yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well disposed, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly,
Than ever they were fair. 25—i. 2.

345

At some time when his soaring insolence

Shall teach the people (which time shall not want,
If he be put upon't; and that's as easy,
As to set dogs on sheep), will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever. 28—ii. 1.

346

To the common people—
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesy;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
Wooing poor craftsmen, with the craft of smiles,
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 'twere, to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of draymen bid—God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With—*Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends.*
17—i. 4.

347

He speaks home; you may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar. 37—ii. 1.

348

This man so complete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces,
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. 25—i. 2.

349

God forbid
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth. 20—i. 2.

350

O, who shall believe,
But you misuse the reverence of your place;
Employ the countenance and grace of Heaven,
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonourable? 19—iv. 2.

351

For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i' the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to. 25—iii. 2.

352

He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one that, by suggestion,
Tied all the kingdom: simony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law: I' the presence
He would say untruths; and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful;
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
25—iv. 2.

353

It better show'd with you,
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you, to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text;
Than now to see you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword, and life to death.
19—iv. 2.

354

Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal—
More like a soldier, than a man o' the church,
As stout, and proud, as he were lord of all. 22—i. 1.

355

You are meek and humble-mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility: but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune,
Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted,
Where powers are your retainers: and your words,
Domestics to you, serve your will, as't please
Yourself pronounce their office. 25—ii. 4.

356

You, lord archbishop,—
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd;
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd;
Whose white investments figure innocence,
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,—
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war?
19—iv. 1.

357

These things, indeed, you have articulated,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour, that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings, and poor discontents,
Which gape and rub the elbow, at the news
Of hurlyburly innovation:
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours, to impaint his cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pell-mell havoc and confusion. 18—v. 1.

358

You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind;
Why old men, fools, and children calculate;
Why all these things change, from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,
That Heaven hath infused them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear, and warning,
Unto some monstrous state. 29—i. 3.

359

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.

. . . . . .

As, stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,*
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to dooms-day with eclipse. 36—i. 1.

360

There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead:
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
29—ii. 2.

361

The people fear me; for they do observe
Unfather'd heirs, and loathly birds of nature:
The seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.
The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between:
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say, it did so, a little time before
That our great grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.
19—iv. 4.

* In the Prodigies, 36—i. 1. all the editions read "As, stars with trains of fire and dews of blood," &c. and this has caused all the commentators to conclude something preceding has been lost; but I am of a different opinion: by reading "Stars fought with trains of fire, and dews of blood," &c. the sense is complete, and in accordance with the prodigy mentioned in Julius Cæsar, 29—ii. 2. "Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds," &c. See also, Judges v. 20, "The stars in their courses *fought* against Sisera."

362

The night has been unruly: Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death;
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confused events,
New hatch'd to the woful time. The obscure bird
Clamour'd the live-long night: some say, the earth
Was feverous, and did shake. 15—ii. 3.

363

They say, five moons were seen to-night:
Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wondrous motion. 16—iv. 2.

364

Threescore and ten I can remember well:
Within the volume of which time, I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.
. . . . On Tuesday last,
A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl, hawk'd at, and kill'd.
And Duncan's horses (a thing most strange and certain),
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.
'Tis said, they eat each other. 15—ii. 4.

THE END.

INDEX

TO

MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

Abasement, 752
Accusation, 430, 570, 571, 624
Acquaintanceship, 538
Action and elocution, 606
Actions, human, 18
Adoption, 134
Adversity, 54, 110, 149, 615
  and prosperity, 263
  the uses of, 291
Advice, 625, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643
Affection, 224
  conjugal, 647, 648, 649, 650
  false, 442
  natural, 493, 494
Affections, 287
Affliction, 360, 492
  fortitude in, 290
Age and youth, 89, 348, 662
Ambition, 154, 208, 316, 529, 568
  and content, 239
Anger, 150, 552, 668, 682
  female, 368
  its mitigation, 209
  and reason, 543
Anguish, 659
Anticipation, 421
Apathy, 7
Appearances, 261, 364, 401
Arrogance, 137
Art and nature, 33
Ascendency, female, 369
Attention, 695
Authority, 73, 138, 151, 163
Avarice, 335, 392, 479

Beauty, 636
  frailty of, 497
  and goodness, 645
  truth, 232
Benediction, 613, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712
Benignity, 671
Blessings, 11, 198

Calamity, 148
Calumny, 50, 69, 125, 416
Camomile and youth, 188
Care, 523
Carefulness, 489
Carnality, 85
Causes, 726
  honourable, 562
Caution, 144
Ceremony, 127
Chastity, 638
Circumspection, 327
Circumstances, 485
Comfort, cold, 103
  false, 158
  unseasonable, 75
Commotion, 409
Communication, 417

Comparison, 387
Companionship, 57
Compassion, 558
Complaints, 384
Concealment, 681
Condemnation, 733
Confidence, 24
Conflict, 545
mental, 701
Connivance, 143
Conquest, 534, 537
Conscience, 164, 276, 345, 455, 499, 656
guilty, 308, 693
Consideration, 557
Consolation, 714
Contamination, 692
Content and ambition, 239
discontent, 213
Contention, 322, 476, 481
evil of, 765
Contentment, 15, 47, 191
Conversion, 749
Corruption, 341, 441
Courage, 45, 690, 691
Counsel, ill-timed, 700
Courses, bad, 280
Courtesy, pretended, 116
Courtier and peasant, 218
Cowardice and courage, 337, 666
patience, 135,
Craftiness, 496
Crime, 325
Crisis, 136
Crosses and cares, 767
Cruelty, insecure, 296
and lenity, 131
Cultivation, mental, 602
and sterility, 114
Custom, 36
Customs, new, 270

Dalliance, 637
Daringness, 473
Death, 19, 170, 173, 251, 517, 720, 721, 722
joy in, 769, 770
Death, joyous expectation of, 772
triumph over, 764
Debatement, 454
Deceivers, 194
Defects, natural, 221
Deformity, mental, 86
Delays, dangerous, 248, 547
Delights, 346
violent, 653
Delusion, 49, 654
Dependance, 40, 450
Depravity, 79, 91
Desertion, 21
Desires, violent, 484
Despair and hope, 44
Destiny, 399
Determination, 197
Detraction, 34
Developement, 93
Devotion, 713, 763
Discernment, 698
Discipline, 193, 390
Discontent and content, 213
Discordance, 336
Discretion, 328, 620
Disease, 126
Disguise, 182
Disinterestedness, 200
Disquietude, 202
Dissimulation, 35
Distrust, 255
Divine superintendence, 716
Drunkenness, 376, 382, 590, 677
Duelling, 556
Duplicity, 68, 358
Duty, 433, 559
neglected, 142

Earth, nature's mother, 235
Elevation, 17, 514
Elocution and action, 606
Eloquence, silent, 111
Energy, 244
Envy, 332
influence of, 509

Equanimity, 549
Equivocation, 652
Evil, 283
and good, 132, 237, 419
Evils, 28, 250
Exaltation, 157, 203
Examination, self, 622
Example, 243
and precept, 123, 644
Exasperation, 423
Excellence, 394
Excess, 165, 347
Exertion, self, 247
Expectations, 240
Experience, 254, 372, 393
Exposure, self, 696
Extenuation, 608
Extremes, 699
Extremity, 112, 686

Face, 457
Falsehood, 71
Fame, 22, 66, 109, 470
Famine and plenty, 445
Farewell and welcome, 259
Fashion, 271
Father, 446
Faults, 167
extenuation of, 3
Fear, 65, 309, 326, 355, 501
and love, 133
sloth, 486
Fickleness, 67, 141
Fidelity, 77, 156, 434, 553. 554, 669
conjugal, 395
Flattery, 82, 146, 508, 420
Folly, 269
and wisdom, 267
Foolery, 155
Forbearance, 603
Forgiveness, 673
Forethought, 566, 567, 676
Fortitude, 148, 329, 694
Fortune, 120, 220
Frailty, 407, 528
Friends, 465, 595
departed, 226
parting, 706
unstable, 315
Friendship, 58, 404
cold, 160
faithless, 480
hollow, 272, 477
with the wicked, 234
Frivolity, 572
Future, 550
and past, 5, 211
Futurity, 402

Gifts, bartered, 331
not our own, 1, 2
God, authority from, 759
Christian's hope, 751
pleading with, 753
the widow's friend, 754
God's care over his creatures, 748
precedure, 323
Glory, 321
and wealth, 177
worldly, 90
Gold, 389, 396, 397
Good and evil, 132, 237, 419
Goodness, 362
Grace, 717, 718, 757
its conflict, 174
Gratitude, 461
Greatness, 427, 518
Grief, 14, 179, 246, 491, 646, 658
and joy, 356
Guile, 63
Guilt, 452, 503, 702
terrors of, 734

Habit, 655
Happiness, 59
human, 512, 513
real, 238
Heaven, 755
Home, 535

Honesty, 596
Honour, 400, 422, 431, 592, 594
and policy, 589
Honours, 23, 439
Hope, 175, 548
and despair, 44
Hopes, 350
Humanity, 588
Humility, 428, 565, 768
feigned, 192
Hypocrisy, 64, 88, 302, 410, 504, 723

Imagination, 353, 375
Imaginations, 97
Imbecility, 462
Impediments, 52
Imperfection, 478, 561
Impiety, 37
Implacability, 678
Indulgence, over-, 471
Inexperience, 408
Infatuation, 343, 344
Infection, 252
Infirmity, 230
Ingratitude, 415, 424, 438, 488, 580, 610, 667
Injuries, 584
Insinuations, 51, 306
Inspection, self, 426, 604
Intellectual advancement, 62
Intemperance, 16, 334, 555
Interest, self, 9
Interposition, 92

Jealousy, 374, 453, 460, 651
Jests, 268, 338, 569
Joy and grief, 356
Judging, 688
impartiality of, 524
Judgment, 101, 184, 301
divine, 732
and taste, 286
Justice, divine, 74
due to heaven, 299
Justice, public, 128
retributive, 206
self, 593
severe, 313

Kindness, 581, 600, 670
Kings, 166, 429
Knowledge, 104, 105, 106, 386, 542, 560
and virtue, 176

Labour, 124, 130
Lamentation, 42
Learning and wisdom, 284
Lenity, 587
and cruelty, 131
Licentiousness, 95
Life, 199, 212, 219, 242, 515, 527
brevity of, 342, 724, 778
human, 305, 333
instability of, 521
suspension of, 474
Love, 228, 264, 275, 312, 349, 354, 403, 447, 449, 459
decay of, 256
and fear, 133

Magnanimity, 684
Malice, 215, 432
Man, difference in, 169
fall of, 727
frailty of, 99, 528
not a slave to sense, 107
to be studied, 490
and woman, 363
Man's estimation, 233
Mankind, 91, 294
variableness of, 310
Manners, 122
Marriage, 367, 413, 414, 635
Means of Heaven, 536
Meekness, 425
Melancholy, 231, 273, 674

Men, their characters, 190
dying, 8
wise, 6
Mercy, 72, 119, 680, 705, 728
pretended, 204
Mercies, 729, 730
Merit, 117, 118
Mind, 113, 531, 619
disordered, 371
Minds, weak, 60, 78
Mildness, 577, 578
Miracles and means, 27
Mirth and sorrow, 468
Mischief, 207
Misconception, 115
Misconstruction, 180
Modesty, 61, 526
Mortality, 279
Murder, 736, 737
and treason, 205

Name, 463
good, 216
Nature, 607, 614
and art, 33
human, 139, 186, 288 418
perverted, 236
weakness of, 183
News, 171, 563
Novelty, 26
desire of, 522

Oath, 562
Oaths, solemnity of, 540
Obduracy, 766
Obedience, 140, 161
Observation, 616
Obstinacy, 94
Occupation, 380, 381
Office, 178
Omnipotence, 324
Opinion of things, 440
Opinions, modern and present, 4
Opportunity personified, 532
Opportunity, present, 258
Oppression, 80, 411, 444, 664, 665
Order, universal, 378

Pardon, 359
Passion, 388, 703
and reason, 585
Passions, mental, 201
Past and future, 5, 211
Patience, 249, 330, 597, 598, 621
and cowardice, 135
Peace, 435
Peasant and courtier, 218
Performances and promises, 129
Perseverance, 576
Persuasion, 579
Pirates, prodigality of, 365
Pleasure, 370
and knowledge, 530
labour, 130
Plenty and famine, 445
Poetry, 391
Policy, 458
and honour, 589
Pomp, 227
and power, 304
Popularity, 295
Poverty and pride, 377
riches, 181, 265
Power, 36, 456
insolence of, 222
loss of, 274
mental, 357
and pomp, 304
supernatural, 760
Practice and theory, 159, 475
Praise, 583
false, 70
self, 153, 443
Prayers, 41
feigned, 761
insincere, 196
Precept and example, 123
Precipitancy, 412, 623

Prediction, 253
Predictions, 519, 520
Prejudice, 121
Prevention, 172
Pleasure and knowledge, 530
Pride, 32, 46
effects of, 189
and poverty, 377
Pride's mirror, 32, 225
Principle, want of, 469
Procrastination, 38
Profligacy, 448
Prosperity and adversity, 263
Protection, divine, 762
Providence, 25, 715, 740
Provocation, 731
Prudence, 162, 697
Punishment, 451

Qualifications, 464

Reason, 379, 388, 543, 582, 687
and passion, 585
Rebellion, filial, 96
Reconciliation, 689, 704
Recreation, 43
Redemption, 727
Reflection, 685
Reformation, 741
Reparation, 618
Repentance, 98
false, 744, 745, 746, 747
true, 742, 743
Repose, 591
Reputation, 53
Resignation, 487, 541, 660
want of, 758
Resolve, 506
Retirement, devotional, 771
Retribution, 317
Revenge, 373, 505
Reverence, 314
Riches, 223, 282
and poverty, 181, 265
Rumour, 55, 56, 292

Sarcasm, 266
Satan, 84
Satiety, 340
Secrecy, 516
Security, confident, 311
Selfishness, 483
Servants, faithful, 661
Severity, 657
Service, 495
Servitude, 675
Shakspeare's apostrophe to his soul, 779
cure of self-love, 777
detestation of a theatrical life, 775, 776
his faith and hope in Christ, 780
humility, 773, 774
on the shortness of life, 778
Sight, clearest, 307
Silence, 352, 472, 498
Simplicity, 339, 679
Sincerity, 29, 31, 573, 611
Slander, 217, 398
Solemnity, 262
Somnambulism, 511
Sorrow, 30, 289, 318, 405, 436, 507, 510, 539, 599
and mirth, 468
Sorrows, past, 683
subdued, 102
Soul, 719
Sovereignty, divine, 756
Station, 300
Sterility and cultivation, 114
Strength, danger of reliance in, 303
Stubbornness, 195
Studies, 605
Studiousness, over-, 285
Submission, 564, 609, 626, 738, 739, 750
Sufferance, 544
Sufferings, 210, 229
Suicide, 546, 575
Supplication, 725

Suspicion, 361, 482, 525, 586
Sympathy, 229, 467

Taste and judgment, 286
Temperance, 551
Theory and practice, 159, 475
Things opposed, 672
unavoidable, 574
Time, 108, 257, 277, 278, 293, 298, 319, 502
personified, 533
Time's progress, 385
Timidity, 100, 241
Traducement, 81
Treachery, 13
Treason, 214, 366
and murder, 205
Trials, 406
fortitude in, 245
Troubles, 500
Truth and beauty, 232
beauty's ornament, 297

Valour, false, 152
Vice, effrontery of, 48
Vicissitudes of life, 187
Virtue, 20, 145, 185, 260, 281
and knowledge, 176
vice, 39, 83, 87
Vows, sincere, 351

Wealth and glory, 177
Welcome and farewell, 259
Wicked, vengeance on, 168
Wickedness, 320
Wisdom, 10, 147, 612, 617
and folly, 267
learning, 284
Wishes, 12
Woes, 6
Woman and man, 363
World, ill, 466
World, 601
Worth, 76
Wretchedness, self, 437

Youth, 663
and age, 89, 348, 662
camomile, 188

INDEX TO CHARACTERS.

Noble or superior - - - - - - No. 1 to 178
Inferior - - - - - - - - — 179 to 445
Depraved and hypocritical - - - — 446 to 578

FEMALE CHARACTERS.

Superior - - - - - - - - No. 579 to 609
Inferior - - - - - - - - — 610 to 646

INDEX

TO

PAINTINGS OF NATURE AND THE PASSIONS.

Affection, 312, 313, 320, 325, 331, 332, 352, 353
Affliction, 251, 252
Anger, 391
Angling, 81
Appearances, deceitful, 359
Assignation, 291
Autumn, 67

Beauty, 96, 97, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 106, 111, 114, 117, 118, 119, 120, 122, 123, 126, 140
  in death, 85
  modesty, 108
  in sleep, 98
  transient, 104
  in tears, 121, 127
  and virtue, 115, 116, 141, 142
Bee, 74
Blushes, innocent, 137

Cliff, 89, 90, 91, 92
Clouds, various, 50, 51
Conflict, mental, 224, 381, 382
Constancy, 326
Cultivation, 69
Cupid, 314

Day-break, 44
Death, 86, 170, 171, 172, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181
Death, approach of, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 173
  grave, 87
  prospect of, 255
Desertion, in trouble, 257
Distress, mental, 227
Dreams, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149

Envy, 387, 388
Evening, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31
Eye, 110, 129
Eyes, 105, 112, 113, 124, 125

Fairy, 75, 77
Fear, 380
Flowers, 71, 72, 73, 74, 77
Forest, 93, 94

Graces, natural, 95
Grief, 182, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 211, 213, 215, 216, 220, 221, 222, 226, 237, 239, 242, 243, 244, 245, 247, 249, 254
  how mitigated, 235, 236
  and patience, 212
  with needless help, 250
  prayer in, 248
  puissant, 241
  for a son, 240

Honesty, 378

Ingratitude, 393

Jealousy, 357, 383, 384, 385, 386
Joy, excess of, 259, 260, 262, 263, 265, 266
and grief, 258, 267
mutual, 268
and sorrow, 138, 261, 264

Kiss, 318
Kisses, 322

Lamentation, 228, 246
deep, 253
Lion, dying, 163
Love, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 278, 279, 280, 281, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 302, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 315, 317, 321, 329, 330, 342, 347, 366, 369, 370, 371, 375, 376, 379
concealed, 374
confession of, 354
cruelty in, 389, 390
diffidence in, 360
fidelity in, 349, 350
like a child, 300
lunatic, poet, 341
melancholy, 109
power of, 303, 304, 305, 339, 343, 351, 365
trials of, 269, 348
and scorn, 346
Love's pinch, 323
trials, 328, 344
Lover, 107
Lover's gift, 372
Lovers, 282, 324, 355, 358, 364
Lovers, their incongruity, 301
and madmen, 340
parting, 277
poetical, 363

Marriage joys, 298
Meditation on death, 238
Melancholy, 219, 233
Mental dereliction, 401, 402 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410
suffering, 256
Miranda, top of admiration, 367
Moon, 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7
Morning, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26
Music, 78
its power, 299

Nature's product, 70
Night, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 45,
still, 55
tempestuous, 49

Ocean, 5
Overjoyed, 217

Parting, 319
Pictures, Adonis, 316
Pontic sea, 82
Prognostic, 57

Recollection, painful, 394
Rural retirement, 88

Separation, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338
Sincerity in love, 327, 345
Sleep, 150, 151, 152, 153, 155, 156, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162

Sleep, its absence, 157
drunken, 154
Smile and sigh, 223
Smiles and tears, 134, 135, 136
Snail, 80
Sorrow, 189, 190, 191, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 230, 231
parental, 225, 232
relieved, 234
secret, 229
turned to joy, 183
Spring, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65
Summer, 66, 68, 69
Sun, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13
moon, sea, earth, law, thieves, 79

Tears, 128, 130, 131, 132, 133
their power, 139
Tears and sighs, 214
Tempest, 52, 53, 54, 56, 57, 58, 59
mental, 218
Thunder and lightning, 46, 47, 48, 49
Time, its effects, 83, 84, 143, 144
Tragic silence, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400

Unkindness, severe, 392

Virtues breed love, 356

Widow, her lamentation, 368
Wife, 361, 362, 363
faithful, 377
Winter, 76

INDEX TO APHORISMS.

Abstinence, 135
and gluttony, 193
Accusation, 12, 455
Achievement, 76
Acquaintance, gross, 392
Action, eloquence, 73
Actions, black, 366
Activity, 265
Advantage, 233, 386
Adversaries, 257
Adversity, 326, 343, 560
Affection, 245, 440, 518, 684
filial, 649
strong, 675
Affliction, 437
Age, in love, 696

Ambition, 82, 188, 347, 648
Amity, 40
pretended, 156
Anger, 78
Ant, 298
Appeal, pure, 671
Apprehension, 512
Armour, 502
Assurance, 700
Attainment, 566
Authority, 228, 406
gold, 474
Avoidance, 475, 636
Axioms, prudential, 327
Ay and No, 324

Bad, make not worse, 679
Beauty, 564, 613, 615
its effects, 553, 663, 668
and virtue, 185
without virtue, 694
Bearns, 653
Bee, 166
Beggar's book, 79
mounted, 547
Beggary, 524
Benefits, 511
Benevolence, 3
Bird-limed, 175
Bitter, sweet, 106
Blessing, double, 498
Blind men, 214
Blindness, 396
Bloods, young, 645
Boasting, 280
Bondage, 376, 414
Bounty's foe, 385
Braggarts, 266, 626
Brevity, 460
Britain's harts, 283
Business, 459

Calamity, 272
Captain, 191
Care, 620
Case, rotten, 124
Cause and effects, 145
Caution, 250, 357, 370
Celerity, 92, 194
Ceremony, 577
Change, 132
Charity, 5
Chastity, 616
Cherry, pit, 210
Children, toward, 234
Choice, 103
Circumspection, 607
City, the, 212
Cloud, 47
Comfort and sorrow, 328
Compensation, 146
Competition, 239
Conceit, 383
Conscience, 46, 255, 596
good, 133
Constancy, 148
Contentment, 320
Contest, 80
Coronets, 262
Correction, 650
Corruption, 408
Counsel, 644
friendly, 84
Counsellors, 568
Counterfeit, 99, 251
Courage, 157
Courtier, 63
Courtiers, 60
Cowardice, 253, 405, 481
Cowards, 652
Crimes, 367, 391
Cuckoo, 637
Cunning, 179
Cupid, 139, 165
Cup, inordinate, 542
Curs, 244
Curses, dread, 72
Custom, 182, 215

Dainty, 149
Danger foretold, 174
Dead, the, 582
Death, 138, 190, 192, 554
brave, 546
gives possession, 692
Deeds, ill, 9, 11
Deer, strucken, 380
Defamation, 573
Delay, 119, 335, 647
Descent, poor, 481
Desertion, self, 85
Desire, drunken, 686
unsatisfied, 350
Despatch, 459
Desperation, 351
Detection, 436
Determination, 216
Detraction, 430
Devil, 345

Devil's crest, horn, 429
Difficulties, 500
Diffidence, 517
Diligence, 19
Discourse, 297
Discretion, 108, 348
Dishonesty, 50
Dissimulation, 446
Dolour, its influence, 689
Doubtfulness, 454
Downfall, 390
Dream, 492
Drones, 178
Drunkard, 22
Dwarf, a stirring, 270

Earth, waters, 657
Ears, influence of, 664
Elephant, 271
End, 120, 538
Enemy, 96
Envy and malice, 476
Equality, 574
Equivocation, 336
Events, high, 90
Evil, 537
Exactness, scrupulous, 94
Example, 563
  bad, 243
Exercise, 419
Expectation, 273
  s, 435
Extravagance, 346, 591
Eye, mistake of, 661
Eyes, blind, 483
  true, 687

Faithfulness and courage, 388
Faith, plural, 618
Falsehood, 481
False sorrow, 611
Fame, 191
  posthumous, 510
Fashion, 509
Fasting, 297
Father and children, 549
Father and son, 422
Fault, 466
Fear, 4, 158, 171, 284, 373, 404, 581
  and hate, 275
Feast, 253, 473
Feasts, 360
Feasting, 314
Feigning, 403
Fellowship, in woe, 688
Festivity, 577
Feuds, domestic, 49
Fidelity, 515
Figure, crooked, 248
Fire, 232
  straws, 68
Flattery, 98, 229, 325, 606
Flea, lion, 418
Flowers, 654
Folly, 203, 259
  and wisdom, 89, 402
Foolery, 25, 484
Fools, 205
Forgiveness, 382
Fortune, 268, 278, 374, 464
Fortune's tooth, 276
Foul cankering rust, 659
Frailty, 377, 496
Fray, 253
Friend, 267, 411
  at court, 241
Friendship, 150, 480
Fruit, 152
  ripe, 548
Fury, 93
Futurity, 164

Gamester, 416
Gentleman, 141
Giant and dwarf, 270
Giddiness, self, 111
Gifts, 423, 520, 535
Gluttony, 253
Gold, its power, 315, 699
Good, comparative, 105
  excess of, 249
  will, 497

Grace, 521, 567
Graces, 35
Gravity, 210
Greatness, 172, 421, 456
Grief, 31, 45, 57, 69, 130, 159, 333, 539
Guests, 189
Guilt, 158, 221

Habit, 166, 322
evil, 166
Harms, wailing of, 544
Hands and hearts, 310
Haste, 629
Havoc, 425
Hazard, 505
Heart bruised, 354
Hercules, 246, 304
Heretic, 121
Home, 8
keeping, 365
Honesty, 122, 399, 426, 561
Honour, 51, 142, 381, 677
and beauty, 662
honesty, 305, 598
Honour's train, 587
Hope, 42, 306, 331, 507
things out of, 683
Hospitality, 24
Hours, sad, 332
Humility, 197
Hunger, 290
Hypocrisy, 28, 66, 161, 337 401, 557

Ignorance, 628
and knowledge, 65
Impatience, 631
Improvement, 311
Inconstancy, 307
Indiscretion, 109, 543
Industry, 298, 504
and honesty, 602
Inevitably, lamenting, 64
Infidelity, 329
Infirmity, human, 601
Inflexibility, 271
Ingratitude, 395, 678
Injustice, 62
Innocents, 53
Insincerity, 330
Insociability, 55
Instinct, 86
Instruction, 26
Instrument, weak, 29
Integrity, 286

Jesters, 639
Jewels, princes, 532
Joy, 102
grief, 580, 634
Joys, 495
earthly, 320
Judas, 59
Judgments, blind, 483
and reason, 151
Justice, 144, 299

Kindness, 134, 256, 615
Kingdom, 187
Kings, 182
misdeeds of, 682
Knavery, 33, 222
Knavish speech, 201

Labour, 295
pleasant, 698
Ladies, 129
Lady's verily, 126
Lapwing, 186
Law, 100, 379
Learning, 417
Legal, professions, 502
Licentiousness, 112
Lies, 562
Life, 438, 463
condition of, 364
a dream, 492
love of it, 534
its trials, 453
Light and lust, 685

Lion, 244
Lion's skin, 97
whelp, 75
Listener, 242
Love, 81, 276, 281, 323, 487, 529, 530, 531, 558, 604, 614, 670
and fear, 541
fire of, 697
its power, 293
ruined, 695
and time, 254
its wit, 693
Lovers, 136, 170, 237, 316, 439
vows, 516

Madmen, 358, 641
Madmen's epistles, 27
Malady, 499
Malice, 579
Man, 603
effeminate, 196
foolish, 77
Manners, evil, 433
good, 209
Marriage, hasty, 633
Marriages, 23
Meals unquiet, 49
Mediocrity, 317
Melancholy, 113
Men, frail, 570
great, 217
when merriest, 583
Men's vows, 202
Mercy, 368, 477
Mind, golden, 30
ignoble, 181
Mirth, 155
Misery, 199, 369
Mockery, sinful, 52
Monarchs, 609
Money, 225, 361
Mortality, 118
Motion, 260
Murder, 431, 651

Music, a comforter, 309
its effects, 372
Mutability, 21

Nature, 200, 219, 356, 625
human, corrupt, 442
virtuous, 479
Necessity, 127, 486
Neglection, 87
Nettle, folly, 259
News, bad, 204
Nobility, true, 37
Nothing, 308, 642
Noses, 214
Novelty, 88, 223

Oaths, 140, 445
Obedience, 231, 420
Obligation, 137
Offence, 468, 472, 572, 597
and judgment, 471
Offences, their origin, 38
Opinion, 208, 218, 413
Opportunity, 263, 303
neglected, 15
Ostentation, 230

Partizan, 427
Path, to danger, 660
Passion, 519
Patience, 41, 58, 104, 125, 331, 387
Peevishness, 289
Persistency, 301
Perverseness, 441
Physic, 632
Pity, soft, 681
Plants, 252
Pleasure and action, 43
false, 44
and revenge, 61
Plot, 490
Poison, medicinal, 169
and treason, 646

Pomp, 655
Poor wretches, 669
Posthumous fame, 510
Poverty, its effects, 318
Power, 70, 261, 452
Praise, 236, 447, 589
  self, 13
Precaution, 220
Precedence, 536
Precipitation, 458
Pretext, 183
Prevention, 177
Pride, 14, 167, 198, 397
Prince, a begging, 586
Privacy, 640
Prodigality, 623
Prognostic of evil, 627
Prolixity, 462
Prudence, 54, 321
Public bodies, 294
Purpose, flighty, 478

Quarrel, 393
Quarrels, 285

Rage, 160, 334
  and tears, 180
Raillery, 318
Rashness, 448
Raven, 277
Reason, 39
  and love, 528
  actions, 123
Reciprocity, 176, 238
Regret, 153
Regularity, 264
Remedies, 353
Remedilessness, 359
Repentance, 344, 394
Report, 525
Reputation, 494
Resignation, 556
Resolution, want of, 545
Retaliation, 619
Retribution, 291
Reverence, 20
Revenge, 300
Rhymes, 415
Rivalry, 239
Roman, 638
Rumour, 409

Sacrifice, 287
Safety, 168
Scar, 101
Scars, jests at, 339
Scorn, 450, 605
Scorpion's nest, 54
Security, 312
  confident, 207
Self, 6, 173
  desertion, 85
  knowledge, 400, 488, 508, 550
  love, 115, 485
  neglecting, 115
  praise, 13
  will, 36, 258
Serpents, 319
Service, 575
Shadow's bliss, 571
Shamelessness, 56
Silence, 584
Simplicity, 71
Sin, 1, 162, 342, 408, 522
Sincerity, 282
Slander, 465
Smile, hypocrisy, 337
  influence of, 658
Society, 55
Soldier, 184
Snow, 527
Sophistry, 585
Sorrow, 363, 407, 491
  and comfort, 328
  feigned, 513, 611
  notes of, 501
  sudden, 163
  weighed with comfort, 328
Strength, 559
  Hercules, 246
  with strength, 610

Strife, domestic, 117
Strokes, inevitable, 443
Subserviency, 315
Success, 83
Succession, 375
Sufferance, 470
Suitors, 593
Summer and spring, 206
Surfeit, 551
Suspicion, 116, 255
Swallow, men, 412

Tardiness, 517
Tavern bills, 594
Tears, 16, 398, 676
Temptation, 2
Terms, fair, 161
Thanks, 269
Theft, 621
Thief, 255
Thieves and judges, 444
knaves, 467
Things, misdeeds of, 682
past, 526, 555
Thoughts, 279, 313, 449, 622, 672
pure, 666
unstained, 665
Time, 110, 154, 211, 226, 292, 340, 457, 506, 565, 599, 656
and love, 254
Tombs, gilded, 247
Traitor, 585
Transmutation, 461
Travellers, 624
Treachery, 7
Treason, 533, 673
Treaty, 514
Triumph, of the vile, 503
Truth, 48, 424, 540
life, 352
unpalatable, 213
and virtue, 600
Turtles, 148
Tyranny, 128, 302
Tyrants, 114, 410

Unfeelingness, 680
Unquietness, 493

Valour, 108, 240, 405
true, 667
Value, 389
Venus, tears, 349
Verdict, 469
Vice, 67, 91, 523, 576
Victory, 235
Villains, rich and poor, 434
Virtue, 451, 552, 569
courageous, 10
Virtues, 433
Vows, 32
lover's, 147

War, 195, 227
Wastefulness, 296
Watching, 608
Wealth, 590
Weapons, broken, 338
Weariness and sloth, 489
Wedges, blunt, 588
Weeping, joy, 482
Welcome, 371
and unwelcome, 578
Whirligig of time, 131
Wickedness, 378
Wife, 617
Will, 39, 674
Wine, 428
Wisdom, 51, 519
and folly, 89, 341, 402, 635
Wishers, 74
Wishes, 595 604,
Wit, 95, 107
Wits, 630
Woe, 432, 437
Woman, 643
beauty, 612
froward, 234

Woman, masculine, 196
Words, 17
deeds, 384
few, 282, 691
good, 274
World, 224
Worth, 143, 288
Wound, private, 362
Wrath, dragon, 355
Wrong and blame, 62
Wrongs, 18

Youth, 34
home-keeping, 365

MISCELLANEOUS INDEX.

Affection, 28, 29, 30
Age, 25, 26, 27, 116
Agincourt, preparations for battle, 175
Ambition, 16, 17
political, 352
to be checked, 238
Apprehension, 52
Arbitrary ministers, 206, 207, 208
Arthur's death, 11
Austerity, political, 339
Authority, 193, 194, 195, 243, 244

Bad doings, 214
Bear hunting, 134
Beauty, 119
Blessings undervalued, 69
Braggart, 239
Bravery, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255

Calamity, mental, 45
Captain, a slave, 266, 267
Civil dissension, 220
Clarence's dream, 1
Cleopatra's barge, 130
Common people, 192
Commons, 326
Conflict, bloody, 164
Conscience, its power, 1, 2, 3, 132
Consideration before war, 298, 299, 300, 301, 303, 304, 305
Consistency, 191
Conspiracy, 233
Contention, 229
Country in affliction, 149
Courage, in battle, 248
false, 189
true, 190
Coxcomb, 181
Cozenage, 172
Cranmer's prophecy, 324

Daughter, want of feeling, 70
Death, 117
a leveller, 180
Deceitfulness, 92
Deed, good, 44
Deer, wounded, 133
Degrees in states and communities, 272, 273
Desdemona at sea, 131
Despondency, 64, 65
Destruction, 217
Detraction, 24

Discord in parliament, 327, 328, 329
Diseases of the times, 234, 235
Dissension in a state, 296, 297
Distress, 46, 47
Distribution, 225
Doubts and fears, 100
Drum, 174
Duplicity, 42

Earth, its bounty, 104
Elevation, political, 343, 344
England, 145, 146
its greatness, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163
English, characters of the, 204
courageous, 263
Excuses to the distressed, 95
Expectations realised, 86

Fairies, 139, 140, 141, 142
Fawner, 187
Fear and niceness, 68
Female, beautiful, 83, 84
Fidelity, 60, 61
in office, 49
Firmness, 211, 212
Flattery, 290
political, 340, 341
Freedom, 138
Friendship, 82
fickle, 85
real, 35
unfaithful, 94
Foresight, 227
Fortune, change of, 76

Government, concord in, 285
Graces, external and internal, 182
Greatness, 21
departing, 18, 19, 20

Hare, 143
Head of a mob, 241
Heaven, the judge, 36
Heavenly bliss, presage of, 167
Honesty, 53, 54, 55
its appeal, 38, 39
Honour, 22
lost, 216
Hounds, 135, 136
Humility, 186
Hypocrisy, 121, 237
political, 342, 346, 348

Illness, severe, 48
Impatience, 108
Infidelity, 67
Ingratitude, 291
Insensibility, 63
Insincerity, political, 350
Insolence, political, 345
Instability of mankind, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202
Integrity, 23
Invasion, 284
Irresolution, 178

Judgment, perverted, 102
Julius Cæsar's fame, 177
Jury and justice, 224
Justice, 228

Kent, 147
Kindness, 120
in adversity, 97, 98
and firmness, 219
King-becoming graces, 307
beloved, 315, 316
King's content, 270, 271
embarkation, 165
mental conflict, 166
Kingly firmness, 210
Kings, 308
their cares, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323

Kings, flattered, 269, 310
mortal, 317
must be respected, 311
a sympathy to, 313
should be no tyrants, 318
Knight of the garter, 240

Law, 226
Life, its fluctuation, 50, 51
Lions and lambs, 262
Lucrece, 10

Maidens, suing, 66
Man, dependant, 34
how noble, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91
Martial man, superior, 276
Melioration, 118
Midnight, 123
Mind troubled, 4, 5, 6 7, 8, 9, 213
Modesty, 56
Morning, 137
Murder, 12, 14, 15
contemplated, 13
Muse, 128
Music, 125, 126, 127

Night, 114, 115
Nightingale, 144
Nobleness of mind, 184, 185

Oblivion, 111
Ophelia, drowned, 71

Parallelism in life, 245
Parliament, 325
Parting, its pang, 73
Patience, 62
Peace, 282, 283, 332, 333, 334
mild in, 275
recommended, 287
after war, 155, 156
Persecutions, 203
Pilate, 237
Players, 93
Poetry, 129
Political conjectures, 289
surfeit, 278
Populace, 230
not to be flattered, 215
Popularity, 169, 170, 171, 209
Poverty, 31
Power, revengeful, 246
its authority, 183
Precaution, 227
Premature old age, 32
Priest, political, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357
Prince's favourites, 309
Prodigies, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364
Promotions, 222
Providence, confidence in, 72
in a state, 292
Purity, 43

Queen Elizabeth, 324

Rage, 231
Rebellion, 286
Redress, 218
Reformation, 312
Reformers, 205
Remembrance, 122
Reputation, 101
Resister of law, 188
Retribution, needful, 236
Richard II. in affliction, 168
Rumour, its evil, 221
Rumours, 288

Security, false, 223
Self-defence in war, 302, 306
inspection, 103
Serenity of mind, 124
Shipwreck, 74, 75
Sincerity, political, 349, 351

Soldier, 247, 256, 258
honest, 347
with mere prattle, 264, 265
true, 268
vain, 260, 261
Soldier's death, lamented, 257
fallen honours, 252
life, 151
in time of war, 148
Submission to Providence, 33
Sufferance, 242
Sympathy, 80

Taxation, 293, 294, 295
Temptations, 79
Thanks, 41
Thoughtfulness, 37
Time, 109, 110, 112, 113
Time's sad appearance 232
Touchstone of sincerity, 96
Trojan courage, 179
Trumpeter, 173

Unanimity, political, 330
Usurper, 314

War, 152, 153, 154, 331, 335, 336, 337, 338
bold in, 275
different opinions on, 274
preparations for, 150
prudence in, 277, 279, 280, 281
Warrior, 176
Wife, 57, 58, 59
Wonder, 99
World, its dissolution, 107
duplicity, 40
a stage, 106
ts way, 105

Youth, 81
their happiness, 79
Youth's perfections, 77, 78